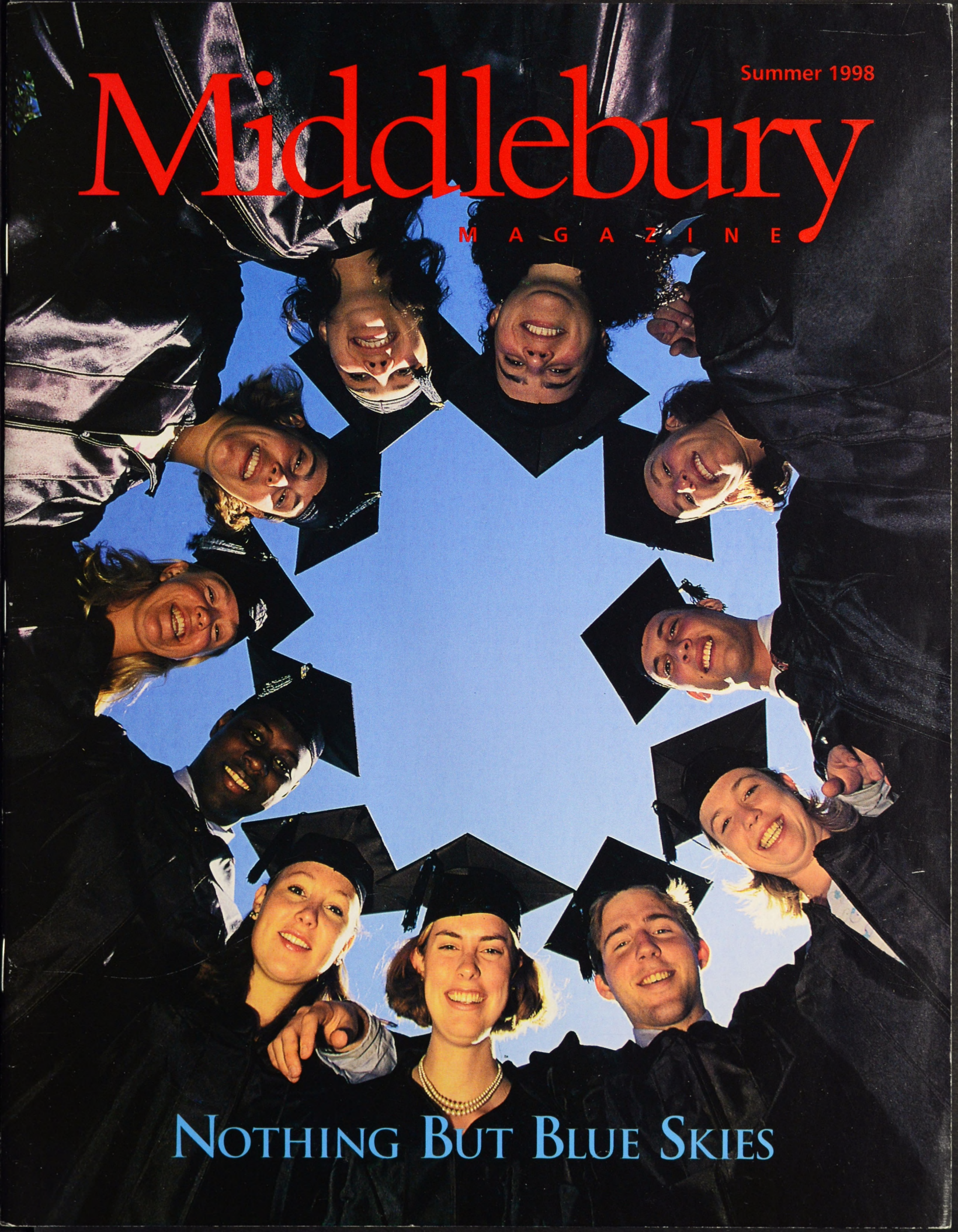
Summer 1998

Middlebury

MAGAZINE



Nothing But Blue Skies

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THE DAWN OF NEW TRADITIONS

By daybreak Sunday, Commencement had officially begun in what has become a traditional rite: seniors went to Youngman Field to watch the sun rise over the mountains on their last day as Middlebury students. Though this tradition does have some odd convolutions—apparently sometimes students feel the need to observe the day dawning over the mountains in the *nude*, sometimes in the *nude* on the *roof* of the field house or a nearby social house. And one Commencement morning, a student was found 25 feet up an evergreen in front of Old Chapel. On a couch. Clothed, but fast asleep.

Last year a steady rain must have disheartened a number of roof revelers because a new tradition was born when, at about 3 A.M., a group of students stood in the pouring rain on President McCardell's lawn and began to sing. Their choice of tune, it turned out, served as a good omen for the Commencement exercises to come: "The Sun Will Come Out, McCardell," they sang—a take-off of a song from the musical *Annie*. "And it did," recalls President McCardell. "For the fifth (and now, this year, the sixth) straight year, we've had Commencement outdoors."

This year an even larger group of students appeared in the McCardell yard, and, under clear skies, they roused the president with an enthusiastic rendition of "Gamaliel Painter's Cane." Like the year before, President McCardell then accompanied the seniors to Steve's Park Diner for a big pre-Commencement breakfast, where they treated the waiters and other bystanders to a song reprise.

That song and its complement—the rapping cane—does keep popping up in Middlebury tradition and lore. David Stameshkin, in his first volume of the history of the College, describes "cane rushes" of the late 1800s, where any freshman carrying a cane into chapel was swarmed by sophomores attempting to remove it; and Lyle Glazier '33 mentions the caning of freshmen as they emerged from Chapel by sophomores (see Letters, page 5). Ed Sommers '60 recalls that in his day the Blue Key Society would wake up freshmen in the middle of the night and make them stand on the steps of Hepburn and sing "Gamaliel Painter's Cane" and other College songs.

Recently Middlebury inaugurated a new Commencement tradition: every graduate receives a cane, along with a diploma. New alumni bring their canes back for Reunion, and at ceremonial events canes are rapped, raised in victory, and waved in greeting. Now that everyone gets a cane, one is just grateful that the canes are bestowed *after* that sunrise ceremony. It doesn't take much imagination to envision seniors silhouetted against the pink dawn sky, canes swaggered in mock daybreak duels. Fought on rooftops. In the nude. ■ *RM*

Middlebury

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Features

18 Separating the Lambs from the Wolves
Good guys, bad guys—it's massacre politics as usual in Zaire. For a human rights worker, the question becomes, "Does it matter *whose* human rights?"

24 Fighting for a Chance to Heal
As if med school isn't tough enough, this doctor-to-be must also scramble over obstacle courses and rappel down towers. She is in basic training—for the Army and for a medical degree.

28 A Life Ripped Open
"It couldn't happen to me" is how many of us would like to view the descent into mental illness. But it could, and it did, happen to Nancy Price Graff '75—a major depression tore her otherwise normal life apart. Here's her story.

Departments

2 Letters *Chauvinism, confessions, canes, classics—Midds have opinions.*

8 Commencement Address *Moynihan warns of nuclear confrontation.*

10 Uphill/Downhill *Commencement, Reunion, and other comings and goings.*

36 The Sporting Life *Bike racing champ brings fashion design into sport.*

38 First Editions *Elder on the mountains, Knobler on O.J.*

40 Northern Exposure *Midd in summer splendor—a centerfold pin-up.*

42 Midd Connections *The Denver chapter goes to the museum.*

44 Class Notes *News of alumni happenings from Greenwich to Greece.*

79 Classifieds *Rent a cottage, sail the seas, find a date, buy art and antiques.*

80 Educated Opinion *Bob Pack had a greater influence than his own dad.*

Letters

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Thank You, D-8

Each June I make the drive from the Midwest to Cape Cod. This year, I added a new challenge to the trip—my traveling companions were three dogs, each weighing between 50 and 100 pounds, and a cat. I knew I had to make the trip alone and without stopping to sleep with that menagerie. But I wasn't worried; I had the secret. Any time I began to be bored or a bit tired, I simply popped in one of the two D-8 CDs and started to sing along! The animals were mesmerized by the experience, and I was energized the louder or more in tune I sang, or the more I sensed I knew the words to good ol' No. 15 on the first CD! As I came across the Bourne Bridge, windows slightly down to enjoy the salt air, three pairs of dog ears and some cat hair blowing in the breeze, I realized the time in the car had flown by. Thank you, D-8, for making great tunes by which to travel.

Barbara Schneider P'97
Hudson, Ohio/East Falmouth, Massachusetts

Forgotten Protestants

President McCardell addressed the College's commitment to racial and religious diversity in the winter edition of *Middlebury Magazine*. He illustrated the diversity of the class of 2001 by citing the following statistics: 23 percent "profess" to be Catholic; 8.5 percent Jews; 29 percent no religious affiliation; 10 percent American-born students of color; 7 percent natives of another country; 77.5 percent total.

The religious demographic of the U. S., according to the latest census, is as follows: 56 percent Protestant; 28 percent Roman Catholic; 2.5 percent Jewish; 14 percent other; 100 percent total.

Why doesn't the president have a category for Protestants? Does our admissions policy exclude Protestants? Are Protestants not recognized as a religious group by our admissions department? If the Middlebury class of 2001 is truly going to reflect the religious diversity of our country, the administration should immediately expel six percent of the Jews, add five percent to those who "profess" to be Catholic and perhaps consider adding a category for the dominant religion of our country, Protestantism.

Even more disturbing to me than the above, was President McCardell's commendation of Freedman's "candor" when he chose to disclose that Dartmouth's erstwhile policy was to restrict the admission of Jews during the 1930s and '40s. Yes, Dartmouth had quotas regarding Jews, and yes, the policy was deplorable. Has that policy been changed? Yes. All President Freedman's pronouncement did was to open old wounds and direct our attention to what divides us rather than what brings us together—so much for "inclusivity."

I respectfully suggest that President McCardell's successor, 50 years from now, be applauded as well for his candor should he choose to reveal the unflattering news regarding the admission statistics for the Middlebury class of 2001. I do not suggest or imply that Middlebury has a quota system for Protestants. However, there is absolutely no denying the only conclusion one can draw from the statistics—Protestants, 56 percent of the United States population, do not merit men-

tion—so much for "inclusivity."
Janice Netland Fenner '55
North Key Largo, Florida

Cartoon Chauvinistic

If a misanthropic lesbian makes an utterly chauvinistic statement (news flash to feminazis—sexism works both ways), and there are no politically correct sycophants around to drool their approval, does the statement, considering it appears in a publication that is practically hysterical in its pursuit of "diversity" (as is the College it represents), constitute intellectual fraud? Or is it merely contemptible? I used to read *Mad* magazine—now I just wait for my issue of *Middlebury Magazine* to arrive.
Peter Kempers '73
Fairfield, Maine

Classics Prof On-line

I would like to let former students in classics and other subjects know that I have put together a comprehensive Web site that touches on dozens of topics with which I have been involved over the years. I find the Web just what I needed to get me publishing before I perish, and being of an independent turn of mind, I prefer being my own desktop editor at last. <http://www.middlebury.edu/~harris/>

Next year perhaps I can post a gallery of polychromed steel sculptures from years back on the Web but composing music is my present work. You can see my musical persona at <http://www.goddard.edu/wgdr/kalvos/harrisb.html> but the downloaded piano pieces are early and rougher than what I am doing now. My e-mail is harris@middlebury.edu and I would be glad to hear from any of you ... incidentally, I do answer mail.
Bill Harris, Professor
Emeritus of Classics
Shoreham, Vermont

Coach's Wife Confesses

I, too, am sports impaired! [Viewfinder, Spring 98] However, I am married to the Middlebury Panthers football coach, and I've been trying to watch football for the past 36 years (25 of those here at Middlebury). I go to all the games and try so hard, but I focus on the wrong things: what so and so is wearing, someone's new hair style, the two cute kids fighting over mom's lap, the gorgeous view of the Green Mountains. I have taken in a few of the finer points of being a spectator, though. Just so you know: The song you referred to as "Fight Boys Fight" is actually "Cheer Boys Cheer." The song was brought to Middlebury by Duane Ford '78 and Will Graham '76. They had to sing their Holderness Fight Song during preseason here at Midd. Their school didn't have a fight song, so they made one up on the spot! That's now "Cheer Boys Cheer" and has been associated first with football, and now with all Midd sports. But, I have a husband who understands my disability. Not to worry, he has his too! I also focus on music (I'm an opera fan!), and I love to hear the pep band—when one shows up! And "Cheer Boys Cheer" is a favorite old standby.
Carol Heinecken
Cornwall, Vermont

Dr. Freeman and the Next Century

The article on Dr. Freeman was most interesting. And his photo demonstrates how little he has changed since I was a student. (Wish I could say the same about me!) Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I thought the next century begins January 1, 2000. If so, 101 birthdays will allow Dr. Freeman to claim three centuries. Your magazine is truly outstanding. Many thanks to you and all your staff.
Howard Thompson '53
Darien, Connecticut

Don't Disparage Non-American Athletes

As a Middlebury alum who is now director of sports information at the University of Vermont, I read with interest the piece in the Spring 1998 issue about the NCAA ski

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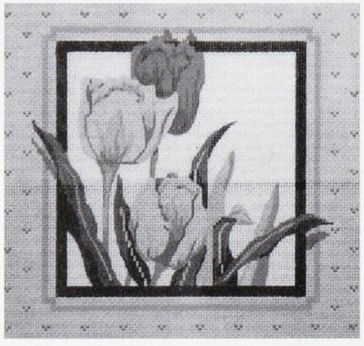

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championships. I applaud Middlebury's Brooke Laundon '00, who won the women's slalom title, and the entire Panthers ski team for their great performance in Bozeman, Montana. I must take exception, though, with the statement that the Middlebury women's nordic team "was the third Eastern team behind UVM (and their three Norwegians)..." The statement troubles me for two reasons. First, it is not accurate. (There were two Norwegian women and one from South Pomfret, Vermont, on the UVM nordic team.) And second, it seems like a gratuitous criticism of foreign athletes in general, and the two Norwegian women who competed in the NCAAs on our nordic team in particular.

Here at UVM, we celebrate diversity in our student body. The Norwegian women you referred to—Caroline Mjoen and Anette Nilssen—are excellent students, solid citizens, and a credit to this institution. Another Norwegian, Thorodd Bakken, won both men's nordic races in Bozeman and became the first skier in NCAA history to win four individual national titles. We are happy to have them represent the University and its athletic department.

Ironically, in the story on the Middlebury hockey team's remarkable fourth straight NCAA title, the two players who scored goals in the title-clinching win are both foreign—one is Russian, and the other is from the Czech Republic. Middlebury, I'm sure, is proud of those two young men and the entire hockey team—as proud as UVM is of all of our athletes, whether they are American or not.

Gordon W.T. Woodworth '84
Burlington, Vermont

Thanks for Midd's Accessibility

My husband (Chris White '63) and I have recently returned from a wonderful reunion weekend at Middlebury. I want to thank the College for its efforts to make the campus

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as accessible as possible. Because of my M.S., I use a motorized scooter to participate in life to the fullest extent possible—and I was able to go to everything I wanted to while at Middlebury.

It occurred to me, however, that I was the one and only person using any kind of wheeled accessibility aid—at least I saw no others. I don't believe I can be the only alum for whom this is a fact of life. There are many reasons why people don't return for reunions. For a person with my needs, fear of accessibility is always a concern. I would like all to know that in the seven years I have been returning to Midd with M.S., as I have made my needs known and as my needs have progressed, the College has always been ready, willing, and able to accommodate—to the extent of building a ramp on Allen this year.

I do wish there was an electric opener on the door by the ramp at Proctor, but there were always plenty of people anxious to open the door for me. Thank you whoever you were, and thanks Middlebury for helping to make the reunion weekend successful for me.

Susan Blume White '68
Cranberry Isles, Maine

Cane Symbolizes Moral Righteousness

At the 1998 meeting of the Gamaliel Painter's Cane Society, President McCardell's half-hour talk was appropriately threaded on the symbolism of Painter's gift of his cane as a token of the rugged individualism and liberality of the founder of the College.

I remember our first daily chapel in September 1929, when President Paul D. Moody at the end of his address displayed the cane and used it as a moral force by advising sophomore men that he was aware of an incident a year earlier when they were freshmen and had been the last class out the door of the chapel. As they started down the steep sidewalk toward Old Stone Row, they were assaulted by sophomore men, lined up, belaboring them with fists or cudgels or whatever weapons they could lay hands on.

Standing on the dais in front of us, Prexy Moody advised us that this kind of hazing was infantile harassment and would have no more of it. If sophomores tried it this year, he would conclude the recessional by following freshmen down the steps and caning the sophomores with the cane which he now raised high, thrashing the air in warning.

His words had little effect. When we freshmen emerged, we ran the gauntlet. True to his word, Prexy was striding behind us using his cudgel on sophomores lined up on the north side of the walk,

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then switching to the south side, back and forth from one side to the other, whaling sophomores trying to conceal themselves among young trees recently planted on both sides of the walk.

The next day in chapel, we got hell and high-water damnation from Prexy, who let us know that never again after first chapel would he tolerate such a spectacle. And his moral force was enough, and that was the end of that kind of hazing. It was an unforgettable moral example in which he used the cane as a symbol of righteous wrath.

That post-chapel episode was not the only time President Moody displayed a nearly modern reformist zeal. In June 1930, a brilliant young graduate of Columbia, who taught the required course in contemporary civilization, had a bucket of water emptied on his head from the top floor of South Painter as he was entering the building to go to his ground floor office—he was being harassed for being gay. President Moody used his influence to have the teacher hired at a leading Ivy League men's college, where for years he enjoyed a distinguished career.

Prexy saw to it that a young woman who had been forced to resign from the Women's College when she became pregnant was invited back to read her poetry in the Abernethy Room after her poems were published in the *Untermeyer Anthology*. When the leading tenor in the Glee Club was found in bed with a teenage village boy, Prexy quietly got the tenor transferred to the University of Massachusetts.

On Friday afternoon of reunion this year, I told President McCardell that I comprehended his argument—that in the present crisis of antifeminism, anti-African Americanism, and anti-homosexuality, he must represent not only the activists but the majority who are offended by cries for reform. However, I told him this argument is false: The dominant majority already have privileges activists are denied. The majority take no risk. It's not a question of who loves Middlebury most. We all love Middlebury. The question is whether it's right to tolerate antifeminism, anti-homosexuality, and racism through an instinct for self-empowerment by reducing a defenseless victim to a nonperson. This kind of baiting should never be tolerated on a campus that claims to be morally and politically fair.

Lyle Glazier '33
Bennington, Vermont

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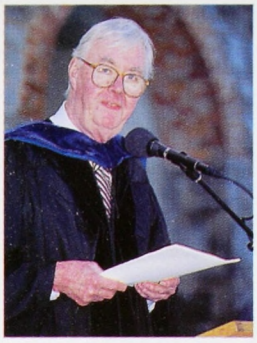


Commencement Address

Daniel Patrick Moynihan,
United States Senator
May 24, 1998

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan spent two years at Middlebury during World War II as a trainee in the Navy V-12 program. What follows is an unedited transcript of his address at Middlebury's Commencement exercises. It takes the place of President John McCardell's regular column, President's Perspective, which will return in the fall 1998 issue of this magazine.

This is so fine and hopeful and fitting an occasion that it seems somehow lacking in good manners to speak of troubles to come. And yet having arrived at Middlebury 54 years ago, as a member of the Navy's V-12 program, and being alive to tell of the years that followed, speaks of troubles surmounted. Troubles greater by far than any we now face or are likely to do.

1944 was a grim year. War raged across the world. War would go on a long while; and young men did not have much time. I was then a great reader of A. E. Housman and took on many of his knowing airs. How do the lines go?

I to my perils
  Of cheat and charmer
  Came clad in armour
By stars divine.
Hope lies to mortals
  And most believe her,
  But man's deceiver
Was never mine.

The thoughts of others
  Were light and fleeting,
  Of lovers' meeting
Or luck or fame.
Mine were of trouble,
  And mine were steady;
  So I was ready
When trouble came.

And trouble surely came. On August 6, 1945, the first atomic bomb was dropped on the Japanese of Hiroshima, three days later Nagasaki, and then V.J. Day—Victory in Japan Day—on August 15. On a purely personal basis this was something of a reprieve. I was not, after all, headed for an amphibious landing somewhere in the Japanese archipelago. But the atomic age had begun. By 1949, the Soviet Union had its own atom bomb, and in 1951 war broke out on the Korean Peninsula. It was sure to spread.

I was then in London on a Fulbright scholarship, still in the Naval Reserve and was called up. Our detail, some dozen officers of various ranks, mustered at the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square. By late afternoon, we were crossing Holland, headed for the former German submarine base at Bremerhaven. I had brought along a copy of Hannah Arendt's recently published masterwork, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*. (A wondrous woman —I would get to know her years later. German, Jewish, she had escaped to the United States in 1941, bringing with her the devastating insights of someone who had seen totalitarianism up close.) I settled into our compartment, began reading and then read aloud her opening paragraph:

"Two world wars in one generation, separated by an uninterrupted chain of local wars and revolutions, followed by no peace for the victor have ended in the anticipation of a third world war between the two remaining world powers. This moment of anticipation is like the calm that settles after all hopes have died."

No one said a word until at last a Lt. Commander allowed as how "There must be a bar car somewhere on this train."

The war did not spread but the threat remained. President Kennedy would capture our mood in an address to the U.N. General Assembly in 1961:

"Today every inhabitant of this planet must contemplate the day when this planet may no longer be habitable. Every man, woman and child lives under a nuclear sword of Damocles, hanging by the slenderest of threads, capable of being cut at any moment by accident or miscalculation or madness."

Yet here we are, near a half century later, and this hasn't happened. Nuclear weapons—soon to include the hydrogen bomb—grew to vast numbers on both sides with ever more threatening modes of delivery: ballistic missiles, nuclear submarines, the like. And yet it never happened. "It" being nuclear war. The bomb proved the ultimate deterrent. There were two "sides" in the world, two vast alliances, but the more weapons accumulated, the more stable the confrontation became. Or so it seemed.

I was a member of the subcabinet of President John F. Kennedy at the time of the Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962. There was almost a nuclear exchange that time, but at the last minute, as Dean Rusk remarked, the Soviets "blinked" and pulled back. Little by little confidence measures evolved. Atmospheric testing was banned. Arms control treaties commenced. At first these did little more than legitimize the plans for

Photograph by John McKeith

increased weaponry on either side, but in time we began to agree on actual reductions between the United States and the Soviet Union. Then, all of a sudden, the Soviet Union imploded. Soviet ideology, once a confident doctrine of universal truths and great expectations, simply vaporized. Without a shot being fired.

Fate seemed to have granted the whole world a reprieve. There were no parades, no celebrations of any kind really, but clearly the cold war was over and the West had won. *America* had won and we would now at the end of the century of warfare, ever more dreadful warfare, finally have peace.

Fate lies to mortals. For all of a sudden we face the prospect of nuclear exchange as we have not done for a generation. In this instance involving, incredibly enough, a nuclear exchange with Russia itself. This has come about with an eerie irony. The vast military forces of the Soviet Union have dissipated, and near to disappeared. All that remains are their nuclear weapons. And so the Russian Duma refuses to ratify the START II treaty, signed by Presidents Yeltsin and Bush in 1993, that would reduce nuclear forces by some two-thirds from their cold war height. As a leader of the largest bloc of votes in the Duma put it recently, "Now that the country's defense complex and armed forces have been ruined, we cannot eliminate the last nuclear shield."

More to the point, some four years ago Russia formally renounced the no-first-use policy that for so long maintained peace with the West. This was reaffirmed in a statement of official strategic doctrine published in Moscow last December.

Russia reserves the right to use all the forces and systems at its disposal, including nuclear weapons, if the unleashing of armed aggression results in a threat to the actual existence of the Russian Federation as an independent sovereign state.

The bomb proved the ultimate deterrent . . . the more weapons accumulated, the more stable the confrontation became. Or so it seemed.

It was in 1936 that Robert K. Merton wrote his famous paper on "The Unanticipated Consequences of Purposive Social Action." Can there have been a more striking example that the end of the cold war, after a half century of containment by the West, would renew the prospect of nuclear war? And next, as if fate were growing malevolent, the United States government set out to expand the North Atlantic Alliance eastward toward Russia—in the case of Poland to the very border of the Russian enclave of Kaliningrad. Having already promised much the same to the three Baltic nations of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania, two of which border directly on Russia.

George F. Kennan, the most revered and validated diplomat and historian of the second half of our century, the man who conceived far back in 1947 of the doctrine of containment—wait the Soviets out—pleaded with the Senate not to ratify the proposed extension by saying that "expanding NATO would be the most fateful error of American policy in the entire post-cold-war era."

In the debate, when at last we took the bother of having one, I offered with Senator Warner of Virginia an amendment that would require Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic first to become members of the European Union, such that their economies might prosper before their armies grew. I got 17 votes. Next, with Senator Warner as lead sponsor, we proposed to wait at least three years before further expansion. We got 41 votes, whereupon the expansion was approved 80-19. All the while Russian officials kept repeating we are risking nuclear war.

And now, less than two weeks ago, the Government of India set off five nuclear explosions, including a hydrogen bomb. The government of the United States expressed consternation. The Indians had deceived us; the intelligence community had failed. On and on. All nonsense.

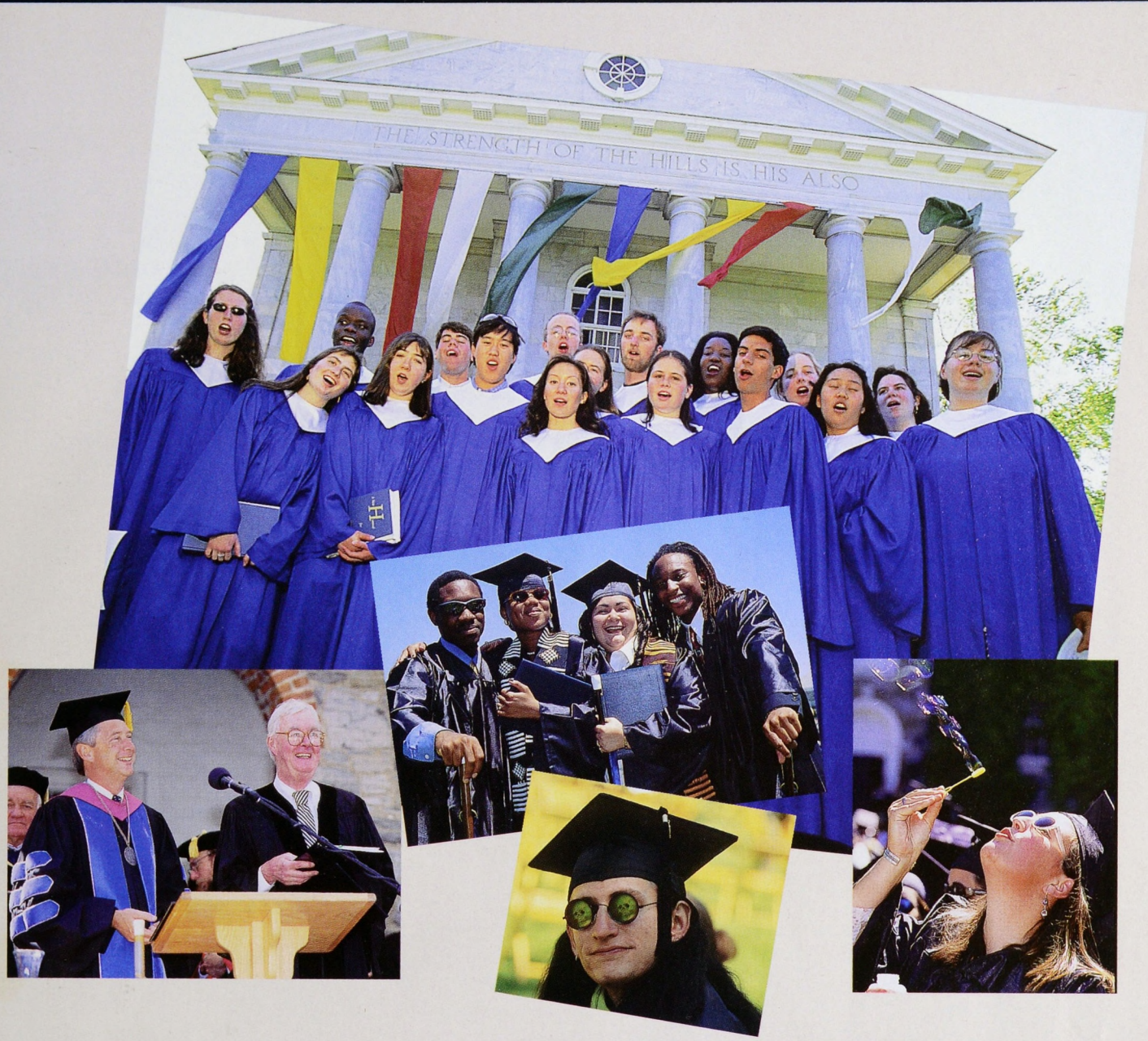
Twenty-four years ago on May 19, 1974, India exploded its first "peaceful" nuclear device. Again consternation, mixed with just a bit of condescension. Did they know how to do such things? I was then our ambassador in New Delhi and it fell on me to call on Prime Minister Gandhi to relate our concern. I had expected a tense encounter; as it turned out it was almost friendly. The Department of State has just released my reporting cable, which begins:

> In a friendly easy talk this morning Prime Minister Gandhi stated that if a comprehensive test ban treaty were 'proposed which brought everybody in and was not discriminatory, then India would be for it.'

Surely this was a proposal to talk these things through. In her closing remarks she asked that I convey her warm regards to President Nixon, the first time ever. India was going to be a nuclear power, but not necessarily a destabilizing one. Alas, we did nothing. President Nixon left office. The cold war went on. The following autumn word leaked in Washington of the American involvement in

(Continued on page 74)

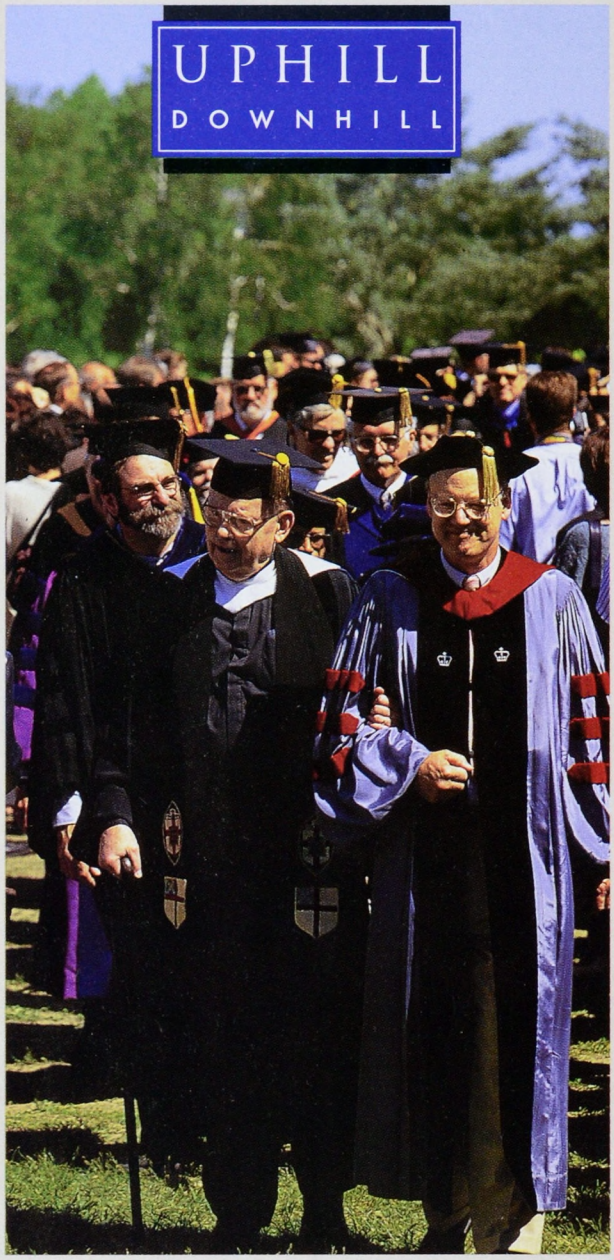
UPHILL
DOWNHILL



A New Day Dawns for Seniors

By daybreak Sunday, Commencement had officially begun with the traditional sunrise crew at Youngman Field. In what is emerging as a *new* tradition, a few hours later, some 75 students stood on the lawn of the McCardell residence on South Street and serenaded the presidential family with a rousing rendition of "Gamaliel Painter's Cane." For the second year in a row, President John McCardell emerged and accompanied the largely sleep-deprived chorus to Steve's Diner for breakfast. ➤

Photographs on page 10 and this page, top center, by Bob Handelman; other photographs by John McKeith and Luke Powell



Professor Steven Rockefeller (right) arm in arm with Chaplain Emeritus Charlie Scott, who came to Middlebury in 1951 and served as chaplain until 1986. Scott was also a professor of religion.

By the actual start of the ceremonies at 10:00 A.M., seniors had covered most of the frivolity of the previous evening with long black robes. There were the occasional bursts of exuberance in evidence—a flower lei here, a kente cloth there—but generally the flock of seniors looked remarkably sedate and prepared for the ceremony.

The honorary degrees were numerous and worthy: Anne Lincoln Bryant, executive director of the National School Boards Association; Alice F. Emerson, senior fellow for the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation; Millard Dean Fuller, founder and president of Habitat for Humanity International; James Arvey Ibbotson, parent of a Middlebury senior and member of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; Jamaica Kincaid, nationally acclaimed novelist and short story writer; J. Crea Sopher Lintilhac, president of the Lintilhac Foundation; Daniel Patrick Moynihan, U. S. senator from New York; Fred F. Neuberger, Middlebury administrator for 38 years; Rochford J. Thibodeau, founding president of the Alliance for the Mentally Ill of Vermont.

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had spent two years at Middlebury during World War II as a trainee in the Navy V-12 program, delivered an unusually substantive and topical commencement address. Moynihan spoke of India's recent testing of nuclear weapons and warned of the continuing threat nuclear devices pose to the world. "We started this, we must end it," he stated, declaring that the U.S. needs to ratify the comprehensive test ban treaty. (See page 8 for the full text of the speech.)

"Daddy, I did it!" one young woman cried as she approached her family, cane raised victoriously.

Then the students were called up one by one, to receive their diplomas from President McCardell and a cane from Paula Carr '82, the Alumni Association president. The sun was high and hot, and one mom, seeing the black-clad seniors quietly perspiring, ferried trays of water to the young scholars. Valedictorian Laura Ann Brown and salutatorian Irina Marinov received special honors as did those students graduating *summa cum laude*: Emily Christine Bibby, Diane Carol Linden, and Pratima S. Sipahimalani; those graduating *magna cum laude*: Jessica Lynn Bordley, Andrew Michael Jessen, Alexander Perjéssy, and Marina S. Pustilnik; the 15 students graduating *cum laude*; and those elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

President McCardell congratulated this senior class on the money they raised for the Senior Gift Program, money that would be used for internships, among other things. The class had set records—65 percent of them had participated in the fund raising.

The president also noted that five faculty members were retiring (Steven Rockefeller, Robert Pack,

Photograph by Bob Handelman

George Saul, John Spencer, John Wilders), and that four trustees (Milton V. Peterson '58, Dort A. Cameron III '67, Magna Leffler Dodge '68, and Frederic W. Allen) were leaving the Board of Trustees.

When the ceremony was completed, students found their families, gave and received enthusiastic hugs, and posed, arms around their parents and grandparents, their siblings and even their dogs, for the obligatory photos of this momentous day.

Seniors introduced their parents to their teachers in the field afterwards, and some exercised their new-found canes freely. One practiced a baseball swing, another attempted baton twirling, a third used it for a golf club. "Daddy, I did it!" one young woman cried as she approached her family, cane raised victoriously. The family dog, an elderly and overweight beagle mix, wriggled and grinned up to her in adoration and delight. Her father raised his Nikon and clicked. Another Middlebury Moment. ■

Jay Parini, Axinn Professor of Creative Writing, chats with novelist Jamaica Kincaid, who received an honorary degree.

Photograph by John McKeith

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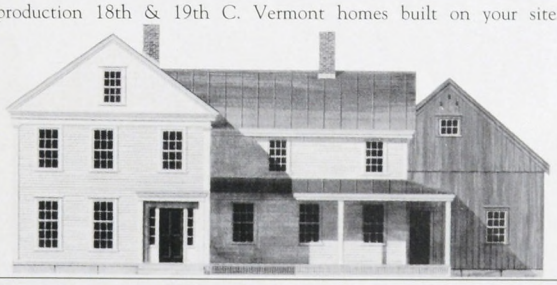

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'98 Reunion

With a record-breaking attendance, Reunion '98 offered a little something for everyone. Dodging showers on Friday afternoon, arriving reunioners gathered in sheltering tents on Proctor Terrace to greet friends, and after hors d'oeuvres, they were offered a lavish array of Vermont entrées. There they discussed with friends and family their plans for the weekend: there was a varied menu of concerts, dances, cabarets, and picnics. Some favorite professors were offering talks, among them Julia

TOP: Wendell Fleming '78 (center), who welcomed alumni back to Reunion on behalf of the MCAA, marches up to Mead for Convocation, flanked by Chaplain Laurie Macaulay Jordan '79 and President John McCardell. Fleming later presented the Alumni Plaque Awards.

LEFT: 1973s Franci Vinal Farnsworth, Scott Helmers, and Dean Nikitas. ABOVE LEFT: Still in shape after all these years! About 50 runners started off on the new Dragone Track. ABOVE: Everybody digs in at the barbecue/picnic.

Photographs by Rose McNulty

Alvarez, John Elder, Robert Pack, Glenn Andres, Jay Parini, Stephen Trombulak, and Christopher Klyza. It all looked good—what to choose? Then there were the after-hours talkfests—who'd have thought we could even stay up that late any more?

Dave '44 and Irmy Nierhaus Stebbins '48. Irmy received an Alumni Plaque Award. A second award went to Sabin Streeter '63.

All six of the oldest alumni received a resounding welcome into Mead at Convocation. Esther Langwill and Helen Abel Brown '23 spent the entire weekend. Helen so charmed the D-8 during their concert (she sat in the front row, by request) that they sang a love song to her and after the concert drove her back to Gifford in their mini-van, singing to her the whole way.

Mimi Sweet Coombs '28, a retired teacher living in Concord, Mass., was driven to Vermont by her son, John Coombs '60, who lives in Macon, Georgia.

Mimi Sweet Coombs '28 , the only attendee from her class, visited Hathaway House (which now houses *Middlebury Magazine*), where she said she helped care for the Hathaway children during her college days to help pay the $150 tuition. A retired English teacher, Mimi has always been a pillar of the Class of 1928 and has chronicled the lives of her classmates for many years as class secretary.

In the 55th Reunion—both Dorothy Hood Bittmann and Margaret Dounce Dale, were recognized for writing the "Walls of Ivy" Alma Mater.

The activities were wonderful, as was the food. But the real highlights were the people. ■

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LOVE OF TEACHING ITS OWN REWARD

Students flock to Stephen Abbot's calculus and upper-level mathematics courses, and they keep him busy during office hours—sometimes up to five hours a day. They jostle for space in his occasional evening impromptu study groups. Why are so many students so turned on to advanced mathematics? Maybe because Abbot is so turned on. "I really enjoy that part of the job. It's not a sacrifice I make; it's something I love."

This kind of teaching is noticed, and recently President John McCardell presented Abbot with the Perkins Award for Excellence in Teaching, which is given each year to an outstanding faculty member in the natural sciences division. The award is funded through a gift from the late Dr. Ruth M.H. Perkins '32, in memory of her husband Professor Llewellyn R. Perkins, who founded and taught in the math department.

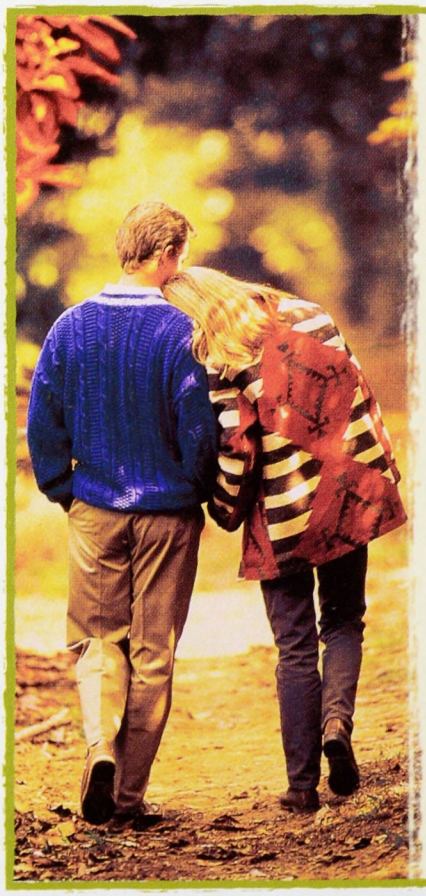
Perkins Award for Excellence in Teaching goes to Stephen Abbot.

Asked to describe what is so effective about his teaching, he says, "I feel that teaching is something that is too hard to ever think you are good at it." But when pressed he adds, "I enjoyed being a student so much that hopefully I still know what it feels like to be at the receiving end of information. I guess that's what I do when I teach—I do my best to empathize."

He has taken the opportunity to branch out in his teaching as well. This year he taught a first-year seminar on Goedel's Incompleteness Theorem, "which is a topic usually taught in logic and philosophy." And for January-term he and theatre professor Cheryl Faraone together taught a course on playwright Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*, a play with a mathematician as a major character.

"I started out as a consultant on technical issues, but it quickly moved into conversations about what the mathematics meant, and what was it doing in the play, and what did it contribute to the emotional meaning of the story."

Abbot will be on leave next year, working on a textbook—*A First Course in Real Analysis.* ■



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NewsMakers

Middlebury seems to be making quite a habit of the Watson. In the past three years, eight Middlebury students have received Watson Fellowships. This year's Watsons (Timothy Bartlett '98, Michael Doyle '98, and Shruthi Mahalingaiah '98) are off to England, Poland, and Java, respectively. But there are other awards and scholarship programs that Midds also regularly contend for, and this year, these students were among the winners . . .

Kate Skonieczki '99 won a Beinecke Scholarship worth $32,000 in support of her graduate education. A mathematician turned Japanese and literary scholar, Kate hopes to go into teaching.

Tyler Nottberg '98 (Japanese and political science) received a Keasbey Scholarship for two years of graduate study at Oxford University.

Sarah Delaney '99 (chemistry) received a Barry Goldwater Scholarship of up to $7,500 to cover college expenses.

John Turner '96 (history and German) received an Andrew W. Mellon Fellowship in Humanistic Studies for one year of graduate study toward the Ph.D.

Nicholas Tuff '99 (environmental studies) won a Morris K. Udall Scholarship in environmental public policy, which covers the college expenses up to $5,000 per year. ■

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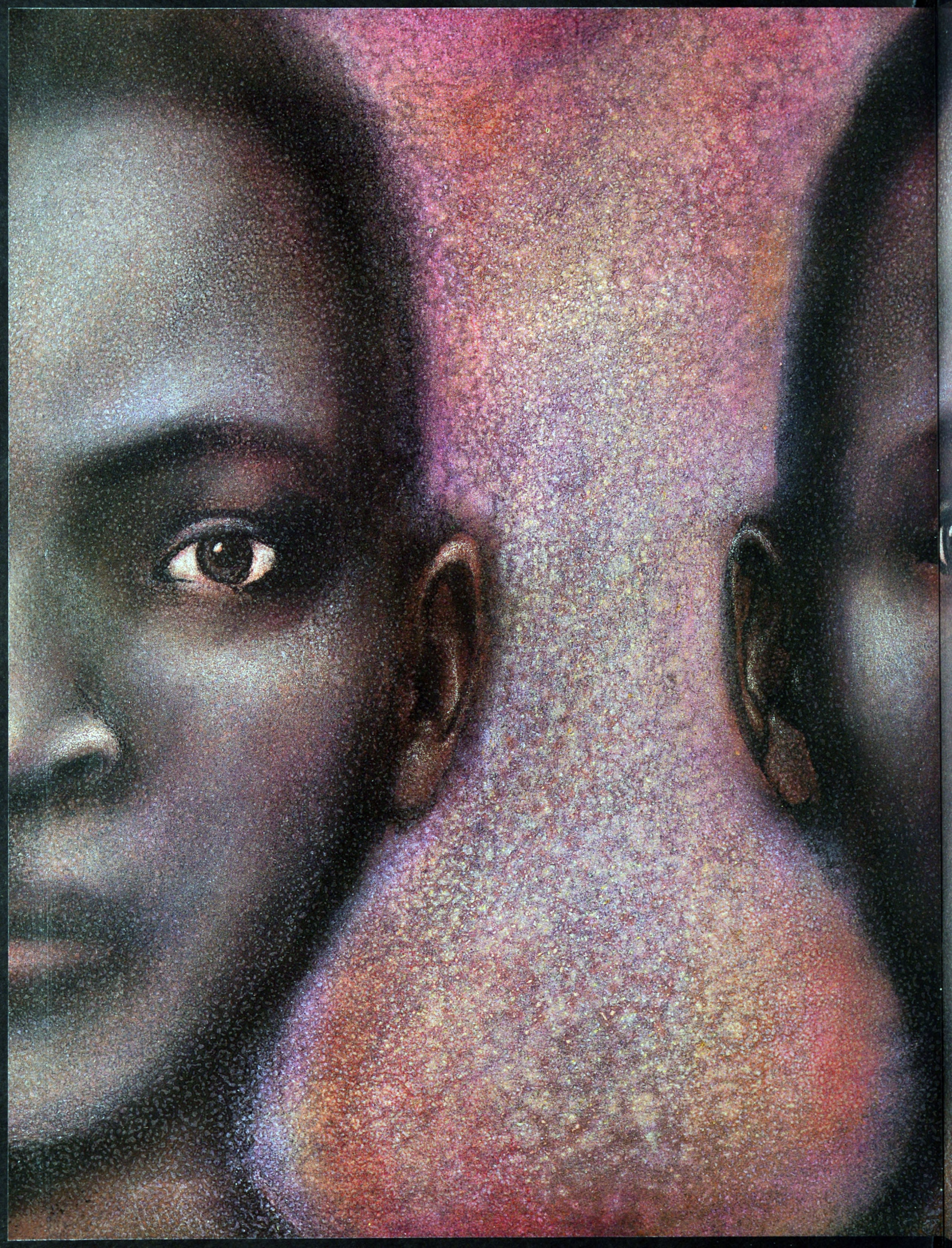
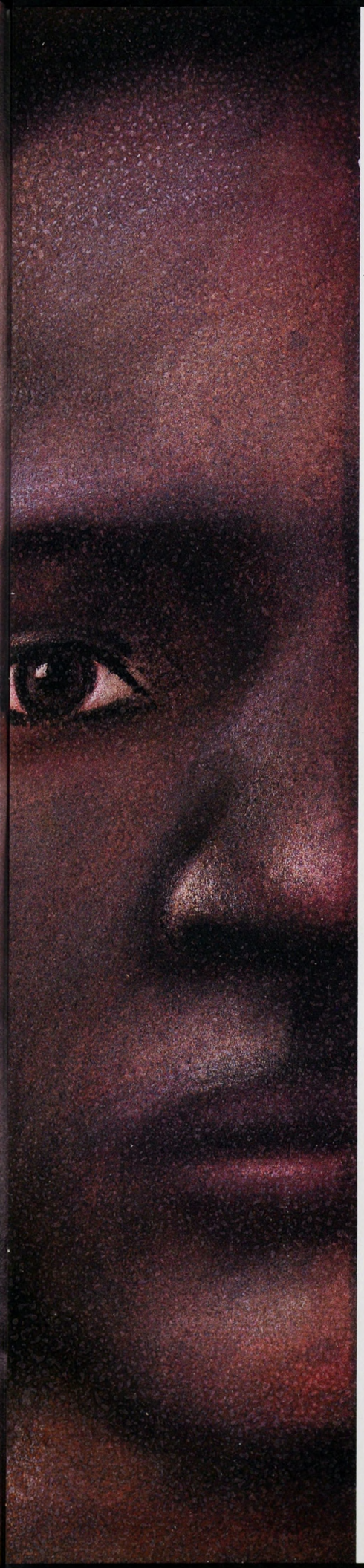




Separating the LAMBS *from the* WOLVES

The murky waters of guilt and innocence in Zaire

By Partridge Boswell '86

The human rights worker clings to the back of the motorcycle as it bumps into the dusty Kindu school yard. Out front, someone has written on a chalkboard: *Hakiza Binadamu* (Rights of Man—Meeting Tonight). They've set up some benches, now occupied by about 100 people—mostly men (young men, old men, boys), very few women. The leaders of the club sponsoring this meeting are happy to have people from the United States with them; it makes them look more professional. It is also a form of protection.

Illustrations by Scott Swales

As soon as they open the meeting for questions and answers, there's invariably one guy toward the back whose hand shoots up, "You said you're from America. We know a lot about America—Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Bill Clinton, and all those guys. It's real funny to see you coming here from America to tell us about our rights when you people have been backing the dictator here since before 1965. You've got a lot of damn gall, to come here and say you're supporting our human rights!"

It isn't the first time this human rights worker, Scott Campbell '86, has been obliged to separate himself from his government and its policies. "The first thing I usually explain is, 'Actually, I don't work *for* my government. I work for a *nongovernmental* organization (NGO), not unlike your own assembled here.' I go on to explain that while I do believe in some of the principles my government is based on, like the constitution and its guarantee of basic rights, some of my government's policies have, indeed, been detrimental to the Zairian people, to many people in developing countries for many years. However, there are *people* in the United States who don't know that and actually do care about their fellow human beings."

Kindu is typical of many Zairian "villages at the end of the earth," hungry for political and economic change. "Mostly, they're just plain hungry," Campbell says. "Hunger is a good motivating force." As Zaire's colonial infrastructure rotted from Mobutu Sese Seko's neglect, the Kindus of the country disappeared into the rain forest. Formerly paved roads had been reduced to foot-traffic-only lanes by May of last year, when the leopard-skinned despot fled Kinshasa with his graft and delusions. But ideological change was also afoot. Many of the basic democratic rights we take for granted were being rediscovered at more than 100 newly created human rights "clubs" across the country.

Enter Scott Campbell. Few Americans would characterize finding themselves in Goma, Zaire, in the midst of a brutal war and catastrophic humanitarian crisis as "a stroke of dumb luck." But Scott figures he couldn't have been in a righter place at a righter time. His bittersweet love affair with Goma began 11 years ago while on a Peace Corps assignment in the Central African Republic. Perched on the northern shore of Lake Kivu, Goma was then a scenic destination, gateway to the famed volcanoes and mountain gorillas of Virunga National Park. While finishing his master's degree in international policy at Columbia, Scott returned to the region in the summer of '94 on the heels of the Rwandan genocide to work for the international relief agency Doctors Without Borders. Various assignments have spun him

"I was pretty overwhelmed at the human rights violations. I don't know how much people really want to know. The things that stand out in my mind? I think they'll blow people away."

GENOCIDE AND COUNTER-GENOCIDE: MASSACRE POLITICS AS USUAL

The extreme contrasts of life in the camps and life in a humanitarian relief boomtown like Goma could not have been more surreal. In the fall of 1994, there were 1,500 humanitarian workers to serve a population of 800,000. "Goma was crazy because you could come from these camps and go out to a wonderful restaurant for Nile Perch Capitaine with a tasty sauce, fine wine," says Scott Campbell, "and then a land mine would go off just across town. Somebody would be blowing something or somebody up, and then you'd have another beer and go home and back to the refugee camps the next day—weird clashes of violence and violent culture amidst peaceful Zairian society."

Any semblance of normalcy in Goma came to an abrupt end when the city and its dependent refugee camps were attacked in early November '96. The Tutsis, who had regained power in Rwanda after the genocide of their people by Rwandan Hutus (of a population of 930,000 Tutsis, 800,000 were killed, alongside 50,000 moderate Hutus who were seen as Tutsi collaborators), surged over the border and, in concert with Tutsi supporters from Uganda and Zaire, attacked Hutus being sheltered in the refugee camps. As the Tutsi coalition's momentum shifted toward Kinshasa, a powerful new force advanced under the command of the anti-Mobutu rebel, Laurent Kabila, who was soon to proclaim himself head of the newly declared Democratic Republic of Congo.

More than half the Hutu refugees near Goma were forced back to Rwanda. The refugees that stayed behind, hoping for asylum in Zaire, were automatically labeled as genocide supporters and were attacked and chased across Zaire by Kabila's troops. According to Human Rights Watch, 213,000 of these Hutus were "unaccounted for."

Although Kabila may now be held politically responsible for what some have termed "counter-genocide," little has been done to stem the tide of massacre-politics-as-usual. Campbell has made appearances on Public Television's *News Hour* and written in the op-ed pages of the *New York Times* stressing that if the U.S. didn't send a strong message, the rebels wouldn't listen.

The Goma he visited last March, as part of a preliminary U.N. mission, hardly resembled the city he was forced to evacuate four months earlier or the quiet little tourist town of his Peace Corps holidays, or even the bustling "relief gridlock" of the fall of '94, when 83 international organizations were jockeying for parking for their Landcruisers and water trucks.

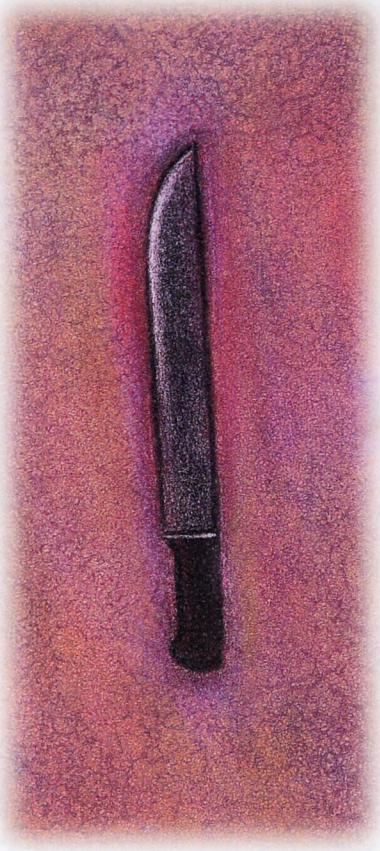
Back on Goma's Avenue des Acacias, Campbell found several of his old neighbors (those who had survived), clinging to a tenuous optimism for growth and development under the new order. But others would talk of disappearances in the night, killings, and a heavier oppression on the streets. The military was degrading and instilling fear in the population.

"A lot of Hutus were being targeted, disappearing in town—my landlord was killed just after the takeover, which illustrates how confusing the ethnicity is—he was half Hutu, half Tutsi and hated the Tutsi regime in Rwanda. Yet he was married to a Zairian Tutsi." This landlord, a trucker who had a $324,000 contract with the U.N. to truck in water to 200,000 refugees for four months, also worked closely with the Zairian and former Rwandan military. "He had a lot of friends in bad places, friends who were extremists in the genocide."

Just as misperceptions between Hutu and Tutsi could and often did mean a matter of life and death, so, too, did the international community's misconceptions or factual ignorance of the moral and social complexities of the region serve to exacerbate the genocide and ensuing refugee "problem."

"The French were involved in arming Rwanda, and there were some French troops that actually fought, at least in a training capacity, alongside or within the Habyarimana government as they were fighting the Tutsi-led RPF (Rwandese Patriotic Front). Militarily the French were big supporters of the army that carried out the genocide, so they would have been in a good position to stop it. In a more global sense, much more could have been done to stop it, once the killings did get started.

"After Habyarimana's plane was shot down, there was a window of opportunity: the U.N. was already there on the ground with several thousand soldiers; the international community had a strong presence. But a strong message to stop was not sent. The reaction was more like, 'We need to protect our nationals and get out,' and it didn't take long for the international community to pull out of Rwanda. Not just the French, but the entire international community failed Rwanda." ■ *PB*



"The press tended to lump all refugees together: a refugee who fled was a killer; therefore, we were feeding the killers."

through Zaire's revolving door a dozen times since.

Scott humbly describes his position as Goma coordinator of the Zaire Empowerment Project of the International Human Rights Law Group (IHRLG)—a project that sought to empower Zairians to promote and protect their own rights and work toward a democratic state—as "very low profile work." "We weren't writing big reports, making statements on the radio . . . more building confidence and rapport on a day-to-day basis: Let's get you a computer, train you how to use it, train you how to do a human-rights report or how to write a letter to your governor. How *do* you write a letter to that general . . . without getting yourself killed?"

Originally, the project's philosophy was "to *shame* governments into behaving themselves." For years, IHRLG personnel would simply "go to strange lands and find out what was wrong there," who was violating whose rights and who was killing whom or repressing political opposition. Then they'd return to write reports and tell on them.

By the time this lanky, former cross-country captain sprinted into action in Goma, the group's philosophy extended well beyond tattling. "My boss understood that change comes from within a society, not from without," Campbell says, "and that it's useful to tell on the outside what's happening. But that's the *outside*. If you really want to make lasting change, people must take matters into their own hands. So we would go in and live with them, build up trust until we were able to assess their needs and exchange ideas with people, learn from them. We were pushed every day."

Initially, Campbell spent most of his time in Goma's notorious refugee camps interviewing Hutu propagandists who'd conducted the mass information campaign of anti-Tutsi hate-speech back in Rwanda. "The radio announcers, media people, journalists—the people who'd said horrible, horrible things, inciting people to kill their neighbors—they started publishing their own newspapers. They would run into town to make photocopies. There were rumors the 'government' in the camps had satellite phones. At first I didn't believe it, but now I'm sure they did."

Distinguishing civilians from the military/government element responsible for the genocide presented an ongoing moral dilemma to international nongovernmental organizations mandated to help those seeking relief. "The first thing you are confronted with is a mass of people. A couple hundred thousand people, a lot of kids and women. You're not wondering who's a former government official or who's military. Then some young men give you a nasty look, one wearing boots and an olive-green sweater, and you scratch your head and think he could've been involved in something. That is one of the trickier things—separating the lambs from the wolves. You can't, or you couldn't, or you could've, but nobody wanted to . . . that's now been done by their successors killing them. It was interesting to interview those nasty people . . . right next to perfectly nice and needy Rwandan villagers who didn't know what the hell had happened, except they were in a refugee camp in Zaire and wanted to go home."

Last spring, he took a job with the United Nations and began to scrutinize more closely the failure of the international community to respond to the genocide and recent rebel reprisals against Hutu refugees in Zaire. "People always ask me, Why is the U.N. so inefficient? Well, how

efficient is *your* government? Not very. Well, neither is mine. And you put the two together with 183 other governments. How efficient are they all going to be together?

"The spirit of collaboration and international brotherhood, working for peace and security is there, but it's always secondary to each country looking out for number one. So the question is on the table: It looks like there's mass killing in Rwanda; *shall we do something*? Each country asks itself the question. 'Well, *we* should do something, but *I'm* not going to do anything. What's in it for me? What do we have to lose in Rwanda? What do we have to gain by going in?' After Somalia, the United States in particular said, 'Politically, at home, this will cost us—big!' It usually boils down to one of three possibilities: 1) Business—Rwanda struck out. 2) Security—the country is not really a key player in terms of our security or strategic interests (no petroleum, no mines). 3) The moral factor—whether there's a moral impetus and whether the American people will be outraged enough by what they see on TV to say, 'Look, we should do something.' That takes time, it usually takes time for people to become informed about what's going on. I think that was the only factor pushing people to get involved in Rwanda. Call it racism, there's less interest in Africa."

The press didn't exactly help mobilize countries that could play more active roles. Since it was virtually impossible to televise the atrocities of genocide, and since in contemporary Western society events not seen on TV do not exist, the story was left primarily to newspaper journalists. Although many journalists put forth a wholehearted effort to distill a convoluted set of social and historical circumstances, they essentially reduced the turmoil to an ethnic conflict—Hutus killing Tutsis. "The media boil things down for us, to make an article coherent and understandable for mom and pop back in New Hampshire. Talking about different 'tribes hacking each other to death in tribal warfare in deepest, darkest Africa,' makes it sound like there are primitive people killing each other, and it's not our business, and since it's not our business and we can't stop them from doing it, then we don't have to worry about them."

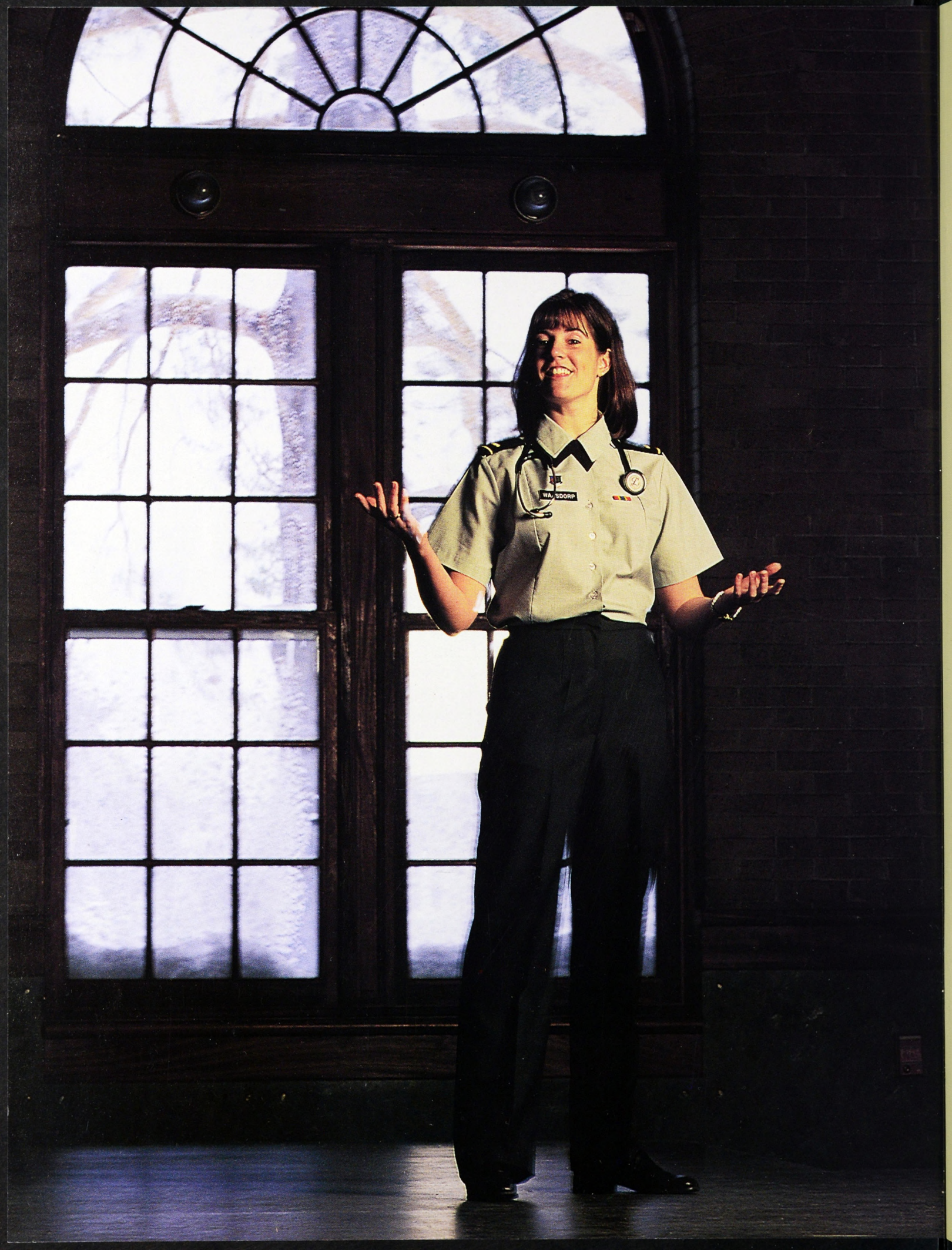
A more egregious error, according to Campbell, was the media's sweeping indictment that all refugees participated in the genocide. "There were many articles that spoke about the Hutus getting aid from the international community, including some of our tax dollars. People were saying, Wait a minute, these people just committed a genocide; we've heard all the horrible stories. The press tended to lump all refugees together: a refugee who fled was a killer; therefore, we were feeding the killers. There was even a cover story in *Time* in the fall of '94, called 'Feeding the Killers.' Aid workers were confronted with this. People from Doctors Without Borders would go to the camps and give out five Band-Aids, knowing that two of the Band-Aids were going on the wounds of some nasty military guys. But the other three were going to children. The situation was grossly simplified by the international press, saying we should not be in these refugee camps. Some people felt we should simply pull out. Of course, then, the military and the strong in the camps would have further exploited the weak in and around the camps.

"So the problem was to separate these nasty people from the rest. And that's where the international community wasn't ready to do it, to go in and separate the lambs from the wolves. There were some aid groups in '94 that didn't even want to talk about it. They were there to help the people. They weren't even going to talk about determining who deserved the help more than whom."

There are, of course, innumerable episodes that Campbell would prefer not to revisit. "I was pretty overwhelmed, even after living in the region for several years, at the quantity and the quality of the [human rights] violations. I don't know how much people really want to know. I mean, the things that stand out in *my* mind? I think they'll blow people away." Despite these harrowing images, Campbell's undying faith in humanity rises to the surface. Speaking with him two weeks after narrowly squeezing out of Kinshasa ahead of Kabila's rebels, one gets the impression his work in central Africa remains unfinished.

"It was a privilege to work with these people, learn from them, hang out with them, encourage and argue with them . . . it's incomparable. There are great leaders within this country, within and outside politics. There are plenty of Hutus and Tutsis who preach peace and reconciliation. Many Rwandans will tell you there are things that they didn't talk about much before the colonial era—their ethnicity. Colonials brought that out within them, and they want to get back to the way they were before. Hutu, Tutsi—it doesn't matter. The lines between the two were always very vague." ■

At the time this article was written, Scott Campbell '86 had returned to Zaire, now the Democratic Republic of the Congo, as a consultant to Human Rights Watch. Partridge Boswell '86 is executive director of the Lebanon Opera House in Lebanon, N.H.



FIGHTING FOR A CHANCE TO HEAL

Caretaker Takes to the Army

By Patricia Wright

It's hard to resist asking about the bayonets, although the reality is that young medical officers are no longer required to stab the stuffing out of enemy gunny-sacks as part of army basic training. "Our sergeant said enlisted people still learn to use them," says Christine Waasdorp '94 politely, sensing our interest. "It sounds terrible, but I think we're trained more to lead from behind."

What sounds terrible? That the enlisted people have to go first, or that they have sharpened steel blades clamped to their high-powered rifles? Probably both do—to an aspiring young pediatrician talking with a visitor in her mother's upstate New York farmhouse. But given Waasdorp's temperament and values, she's probably focusing on the people.

A second-lieutenant-in-waiting while in medical school at UVM, Waasdorp joined the army to finance her professional education. While she "feels strongly that the army is something the country needs," and always thought of herself "as a pretty athletic person," she wasn't exactly looking forward to the combat orientation and the managed exhaustion of basic training.

What astonishes her now is that she loved it, even though she feels trepidation at the fairly remote possibility of having to use her fighting skills as opposed to her healing ones. Given that she'd never touched a gun before last summer's training at Fort Sam Houston, she has no illusions about her abilities as a warrior. "If we had a war right now, I'd be a sitting duck," she says. "But," she adds, "what you have to remember is that the enlisted people under you know exactly what they're doing, and hopefully if you take care of them, they'll take care of you."

Photograph by Bob Handelman

"Taking care" is a phrase that recurs in a conversation with Waasdorp. "I've always wanted to take care of people," she says, which is why she applied to medical school, the "obscene" costs of which she joined the army to cover. "Taking care of families and children, probably in a hospital setting" is the way she envisions herself in the army. "Though, realistically, it's probably inevitable that there'll be some kind of situation, whether it be a Persian Gulf or a Bosnia, during my time on active duty."

Even as an undergraduate she was seen as a caregiver, Waasdorp thinks. "I drove a station wagon, and people were always saying, 'Whose mom is here?' But it was me."

So what was this gentle soul doing out "in the middle of wide-open Texas" last summer, relishing the rigors of calisthenics at dawn, jogging in formation, scrambling up towers, rappelling down them, hauling fictive casualties over very real obstacle courses, lying down in fire ant nests, recovering from dehydration ("I was Hospital Girl," she says philosophically of her three trips to the infirmary, not counting the one for fire ant bites), and rehearsing the finer points of running, dropping, rolling, and crawling? She was fulfilling an initial obligation to the army, of course, but what about the relish? "I was surprised," says Waasdorp, "but I did love it. It was a mental and physical challenge like I'd never had before."

The obstacle course training was an example. Carried out in the heat of day, it involved four young medics-to-be getting a fifth, who was strapped to a stretcher, across a half mile or so of sandpits, tunnels, barbed wire, and at least one wall that wouldn't be a snap to climb even on your own. "Your muscles hurt, your mind hurt," says Waasdorp. "At the wall, for instance, we had to figure out how to get both the patient and ourselves over, including the last person left on the other side. I wasn't sure we were going to make it." But they did, and Waasdorp says she never slept better in her life than on the narrow cot on which she collapsed at the end of the day during the week-long combat casualty course.

This sweet-tempered soldier and her peers did learn to use an M16, acknowledging the possibility "that there might be a situation where we'd be the highest-ranking officer left" and have to take one up temporarily. But the emphasis was on handguns, which is all a medical officer carries unless thrust into a position of command. "As a doctor you're allowed to defend yourself and your patients," says Waasdorp, "but the minute you pick up a rifle, it nullifies your safety under the rules of war. I'm not sure it's actually ever happened that a doctor has been the highest ranking officer," she adds. "I think they just want us to be comfortable with rifles, just in case."

So the young medicos practiced using their handguns, assembling, disassembling, and firing an M16, but even more, they practiced land navigation, methods of defense against biological weapons, and combat casualty technique. This was in addition to classroom work on logistics, military theory, and the structure of the army. And of course there was all the physical training. There was no training in hand-to-hand combat, which is emphatically okay with Christine Waasdorp. Although she accepts that it may be necessary sometime to kill people, she's clear about her personal priority of caring for people, of being "a doctor who just happens to wear green every day."

She's a self-possessed young woman. The extravagant regimentation of army life at first startled, then merely bemused her. She relates, as if describing the unusual customs of another country, her surprise at being shouted out for the first time in her life. Or her amazement that when her company of trainees moved as a unit, each person had to do the exact same thing. "If one person was carrying a water bottle, everybody had to carry a water bottle; if that person had the water bottle in their left hand, everybody had to have it in their left hand."

She even recalls, with as much amusement as irritation, a sergeant pulling aside female soldiers with the admonition, "Ladies, you have to wear jog bras." "It was because everybody had to be the same," says Waasdorp, shaking her head and smiling. "Some people couldn't be bouncing and others not. Everybody having to have their water bottle in the same hand—that's what got me." ■

Patricia Wright is the editor of UMass Magazine.

A Parody

J.CREWD

Nine-In-One

Nine-In-One: Trickle down to a T or bulk to beefcake. Four layers on, five layers off. Seven layers on, two layers off. One layer on, eight layers off. Are you fat? Try on a three-piece. Like to sweat? Then go for the bulk. PRKCHP5 $208. *Sizes XS, S, M, L, XL, tubby*

❖ ❖ ❖

J. Crewd skewers a culture out of control with yuppie marketing and lambastes our most primitive urge: shopping. *J. Crewd*, a parody catalog written by Justin Racz '97 (with help from Jason Tandon '98 and many Midd models) is due out in October from Bantam Doubleday Dell.

A Life Ripped Open

She was living a normal life as a mother, wife, and writer when, without warning, severe depression struck. Nancy Price Graff '75 battled the illness with therapy, drugs, and, finally, hospitalization. This is her story.

Adapted from an article that appeared in *Dartmouth Medicine magazine*

By Nancy Price Graff '75

Several years ago, just about the time I stopped dreaming, two unusual phenomena began to disturb my nights. The first struck when I lay in bed at night waiting endlessly for sleep. Random images, vivid and surreal, would begin whipping past me, each lasting no more than a fraction of a second. Half of the images were fantastic but harmless: people I had never met hurtling through space toward me, packs of dogs running toward me, wind-whipped leaves engulfing me like a thick fog. The other half started off benign but turned grotesque. A tennis ball coming at me over the net might suddenly metamorphose into a hideous, disembodied face just as I swung my racket at it. Laundry flapping on a clothesline would part just as it reached me and reveal some terrifying figure groping toward me.

Photographs and art by Bob Handelman

None of my usual tricks for clearing my thoughts stopped this phantasmagoria. As I soon discovered, the only remedy was to open my eyes to the blank, dark screen of my room. Inevitably, however, my eyes would close again, and the show would resume. So went the cycle, a ceaseless show of horror and distraction, until at last in the early hours of the next day I fell into an exhausted sleep during which I dreamed nothing, or at least nothing that I remembered in the morning. Although the images played in my mind only at night, during the twilit period between wakefulness and sleep, sometimes the more memorable ones revisited me the next day. By daylight, even the grotesque ones could be grimly fascinating. I felt, after all, a strange, compelling curiosity to see what each night's show would reveal.

The other phenomenon overcame me early each morning as I was waking, usually around 4 A.M., after a night of sleep so short and disturbed it, alone, left me irritable and ragged. In the pale light of every dawn, I had a powerful sense that I was underwater, struggling toward the surface. These many months later, I still don't know whether I craved air or the halo of blue light shimmering above me, but my efforts were desperate. I swam upwards, my lungs burning, my head throbbing, until I finally broke the water's surface in a brilliant explosion of water and air. At that split second every morning, I awoke. I never saw the scene above the water's surface; I never saw another living being in the water with me. It was just me, frantic and breathless, stranded on the shoals of another day and fighting to survive. Only rarely could I settle down and go back to sleep after this. Most mornings, I just lay quietly beside my husband, awaiting another bewildering day.

My descent into major depression was not linear. It happened over the course of approximately a year and a half. There were two points along my slide when the black veil lifted completely, a total of several weeks during which I felt wonderful, a still curious and vibrant extension of the self I had begun to discover in my classes at Middlebury almost 20 years earlier. I thought clearly through the complexities of my writing assignments, read avidly, and listened to music. I laughed with my husband and children, was patient with them, enjoyed our family interplay and moved graciously through the daily trials all parents and spouses face. There were other points during which I sensed that I had landed on a ledge, some impossibly narrow shelf of safety and normalcy that afforded me a temporary respite. These periods never lasted very long, though. In another week or two I recognized again the sickening spiral of my mental and emotional free fall.

Neither was my descent spectacular. It was not as if one day I could do everything I normally do and the next day I was helpless and stricken. Rather, it felt more like an erosion of self, a little chipping away every day. Anyone who has watched children grow realizes that none of them ever seems any bigger from one day to the next, yet all the time they are adding to their weight and height. My experience was in reverse. Friends and family regarded me skeptically when I complained that I felt sicker each day. To them I looked fine, but then they did not see me sobbing on the floor in the corner of my bathroom or hiding from the normal clamor of our busy household in the small, dark space of my closet. Until the last stretch that landed me in the hospital, most of them could see nothing different in me, although I felt but a fraction of the person I had once been.

My thinking became so clouded that it took me months to realize that reason had deserted me, that my brain could no longer be trusted to supply a name I had always known or help me with my son's simple math homework or

stop me from screaming at my children for their most minor transgressions or beating the dog until he cried, when the noise of his barking became more than I could bear. Eventually, I could not remember events as current as where I had parked the car downtown in the small city in which I live, and more than once, struggling not to cry in public from how frustrating life had become, I walked home, too ashamed and too confused by what was happening to ask for help.

Week by week that fall of 1992, I shed the routine of my life the way people undress. I gave up reading and writing as I lost my powers of concentration and my ability to comprehend sentences and abstract ideas. I gave up listening to the radio when all noise became intolerable. I gave up driving when I could no longer make safe decisions at intersections. Gradually, I gave up eating, laughing, cooking, playing with my children, visiting with friends, answering the telephone, and finally, leaving the house. It took me even longer to accept the fact that many of my thoughts were openly hostile to my own well being. During the long days when I had once written contentedly at home, I now sat on the edge of the bed or the couch doing absolutely nothing. Time meant little, and I filled the awesome silence of each day until my children were released from school by composing suicide letters in my head and trying to decide whether pills or a gun would end my life most efficiently. By the time I grew aware enough to be terrified of my brain's separateness from the pith of my earlier life, I hardly recognized myself.

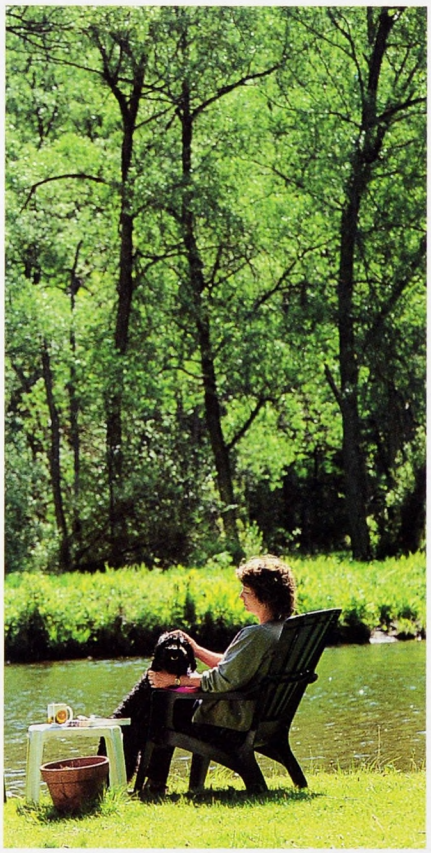
The route to being admitted to a psychiatric ward is a tortuous one, no matter whether it happens abruptly after an attempted suicide or inevitably after a long and painful decline. Ironically, my own articulateness probably hurt as much as it helped my urgent search to discover what was happening to me. Early in the autumn, after a day when my husband had come home from work and found the children hiding in their bedrooms and me sobbing inconsolably on the kitchen floor, I made an appointment to see my doctor, but my insistence that I was suffering from a plague of all-too-physical symptoms left her no option but to order a round of tests that proved to both of us that this was probably not so. Nevertheless, as the weeks passed, I felt myself growing sicker, even deathly ill. I began making regular biweekly visits to my doctor and to a psychiatrist and described to them my bouts of uncontrollable crying and rage, my inability to read or write or tolerate noise of any kind—whether it was the laughter of my daughter or the minuets of Mozart on the radio—and my fear of driving because my attention span was so short that I constantly lost all sense of my car in relation to its ever-changing surroundings.

Eventually, they both diagnosed depression and coordinated a treatment, but the depression I was suffering from was so much more acute than anything they had treated me for in the past, that as long as I was able to sit in their offices, suppressing my tears with a fierce will and describing as accurately as I could the variety of symptoms that were overwhelming me, the last tatters of my self-control made it difficult for them to fathom the severity of my condition. To them and to all outward appearances, my condition changed little and neither did the results of the increasingly expensive tests to which I was subjected. Finally, I gave up going to the doctor altogether, but toward the end I began calling her at home in the evening and on her days off, abusing our friendship shamelessly, but incredulous that no one could hear what I was really saying or see the lifeblood dripping out of me, regardless of what the tests failed to reveal.

I wanted to stop the tornado that was moving through my family with devastating effect, and, most heartbreaking of all, I wanted to look into my young children's eyes and see something other than bewilderment and fear.

What finally brought me to the psychiatric ward of Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center in January of 1993 was almost anticlimactic. My doctor wanted a second opinion. My psychiatrist, who made the arrangements, concluded I needed to be in a secure place, but he did so reluctantly because he knew how resistant I would be to follow this advice. My husband and I agonized over the decision, but he refused to make it for me. As much as he wanted me to get well, he feared that if he made the decision to have me admitted to a ward for the mentally ill, I would blame him for the rest of my life. I had my own fears—a terror of what it would mean to me professionally and socially to have been hospitalized in a psychiatric ward.

In the end, I was moved by the desperation of my situation. I had become another person entirely by then and did not have the slightest clue how to regain the self that I had lost. My husband wanted me to stop hurting, to start eating and sleeping again, to stop crying. My friends wanted me to stop canceling lunch appointments and to make them laugh, as I always had before. I wanted to stop the tornado that was moving through my family with devastating effect, and, most heartbreaking of all, I wanted to look into my young children's eyes and see something other than bewilderment and fear. Although I told my son and daughter at dinner the night before I was to be admitted that I was going into the hospital to find out why my head hurt so much and to stop crying, I really went because I was convinced that at my own hands or by some other means, I was dying.



For 13 years I have struggled with depression. The cold darkness that puts the earth to sleep in winter and gives the natural world time to rejuvenate envelops me like a shroud. I sleep more, cry more, crave carbohydrates, and seek sunlight as desperately as any flower. Over the years I've seen therapists, psychologists, and for the past six or seven years, a psychiatrist. I've changed my diet, increased my exercise, invested in special lights, and tried lithium plus half a dozen antidepressants. All of it has helped to a degree, but a cure has been elusive. Meanwhile, my fear of those bleak winters has grown to be as powerful psychologically as any of the physiological changes winter induces in me.

I've suffered from depression at other seasons, too, but I never felt the sadness or mental confusion so acutely or so devastatingly as I did in the fall of 1992. Only in retrospect can I see those depressive episodes as minor rehearsals for what lay ahead. No episode but the most recent compares to what I experienced three years ago, but that is small consolation. When I am depressed, I am unable to tell myself, "It's okay, things could be worse." In the pitch dark where I have too often found myself, it's hard for me to estimate accurately the size of my opponent. And now I have a new fear: that things will get worse. They have proven they can; perhaps they will again.

The nurse who admitted me was quiet and matter-of-fact. My husband and I answered honestly and as best we could her questions about the reasons that brought me there, but much of it was a mystery, even to us. My fear and confusion kept bringing me back to the same question: Why me? But this was not her concern; she had more immediate questions that needed answers.

When I finally broke down, my husband put his arm around me and finished the interview alone. In my room, I waited submissively while the nurse went through my belongings and removed my razor, my blow dryer, the mirror from my compact, my thyroid and migraine medicines, and everything else that struck her as potentially harmful. It was a humiliating experience because it

confirmed for me that I was no longer able to take care of myself. But even at the time, I understood the necessity of the search and thought it ironic. For months, ever since I had scarred my wrist by grinding a fork into it the day after Thanksgiving, I had thought about suicide daily. Agreeing to be admitted to the hospital was the first life-affirming act I had performed in two months. As the nurse was finishing her search, I whispered to my husband that I did not think I could endure this, but when she left, and later my husband left and the doors locked behind him, I felt mingled with my fear and apprehension an enormous sense of relief. I was not convinced that I would get well and ever again be the person I had once been, but I prayed no harm would come to me here. I had the sense that I had just bought time itself.

The routine of the psychiatric ward reminded me of camps I had attended as a child. The days were filled with a regular schedule of activities, chores, and meals. I fell into step. Accustomed to being free and active, I felt keenly my inactivity and confinement. As soon as I obtained privileges to move about the hospital without an escort, I started walking. Every day I walked, often in weather so cold it hurt to breathe, lap after lap around the hospital, as if I thought it were possible to outrun my illness and lose it in the snow and cold.

Group therapy and the women's discussion group were shocking experiences for me at first. Many of my fellow patients were victims of abuse, incest, poverty, and lack of education. Sitting beside them with my upper middle-class rearing and my Middlebury College degree, I saw myself as privileged, educated, loved, and valued, and I was embarrassed to be in the midst of women who were fighting such heroic battles to survive. The room was often filled with anger so explosive and keen that it charged the air and frightened me. For a long time I believed that I had nothing to share that would be of value to any of the other women who sat in that circle with me, but as I listened I discovered common experiences—above all, a shared dread of what lay ahead for all of us. As patients came and went, I also discovered that privilege is no shield against the acute pain of mental illness. I had as much right to be there as anyone.

The most difficult times of the week were twice-a-week rounds, when a team consisting of the chief psychiatrist, a resident, a social worker, an art therapist, my nurse, and my case manager trooped into my room to discuss my progress with me. After the first awkward meeting, I determined that in the future we would all sit or we would all stand, but I would no longer sit while they stood. I also began writing my questions down so that I would not forget them. My brain, already unreliable, forgetful, and frequently erased as clean as a gray computer screen, was simply not up to the stress of facing what felt like a firing line of health-care professionals who held my future in their hands but who stood there mutely challenging me to take the right first step to save my own life.

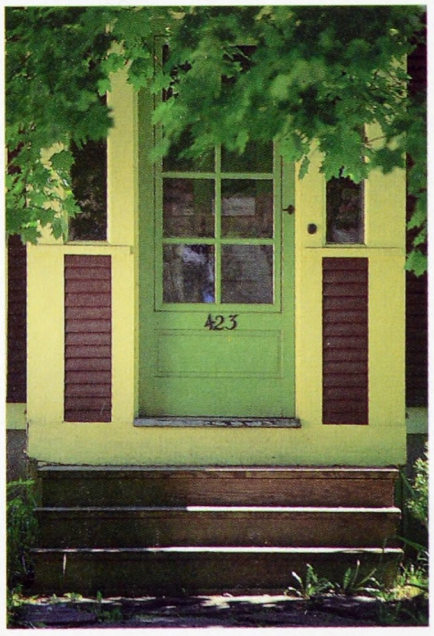
More than once as I faced this line of professionals in my room, I thought about what really separated us. Certainly it was not appearance. Every time I treated myself to a cup of tea in the hospital cafeteria, I was asked by the cashier if I were on the staff. Neither was it education, intelligence, or social class, because within certain parameters, we shared all these, and often interests, too. What separated us was a gulf of competence, and I resented theirs in the face of the loss of mine. I resented the easy grace with which they moved through their work and their dealings with the people around them, just as I once had, and I sobbed on my knees in the privacy of my shower when I thought about what I had lost.

Every weekend I went home on a day pass to the embraces of my

Friends regarded me skeptically when I complained that I felt sicker each day. To them I looked fine, but they did not see me sobbing on the floor in my bathroom or hiding in the small, dark space of my closet.

children and the cautious survey of my husband. The first visits home were difficult for me. Although we skied for the better part of every afternoon, once we went back to the house, the ordinary bustle and noise, my son's whistling, the pressures to finish homework and piano practices, to fold the laundry and help get dinner on the table quickly got on my nerves. All week I had longed to see my husband and children, whose presence had always been a part of my wholeness, but now I found myself retreating to the solitude and quiet of my bedroom. Later, as I drove alone in the dark back towards the hospital after these visits, I cried, not because I had to go but because I wanted to.

As I began to get better, my visits home became much more tolerable, often enjoyable, and leaving each Saturday or Sunday night became harder and harder. But I was surprised to discover within me a growing hurt, even a resentment, that my husband and children were coping so well without me. Toward the end of my month-long hospital stay my husband remarked lightly during a visit one evening that he had finally mastered our home's routine and that he was becoming comfortable as a single parent. I felt as if he had stabbed me. He did not mean it literally, of course, but I knew something he didn't: My illness had given me a sense of what constituted my minimum essential self. After months of feeling myself being whittled away, I was down to the bone. If I lost anything else, including all the mindless chores of motherhood, I would lose it all.



In the laboratory of this sophisticated research hospital, my doctors went looking for a culprit. What they found was abnormal blood chemistry consistent with some of the latest research in biochemical depression. They discovered elevated cortisol levels from my adrenal glands, levels that control feelings, moods, and emotional stability. This finally created an opportunity to begin treating my depression with specific medicines aimed at a physical cure. At long last, we were able to take a step away from the medical game of darts in which one antidepressant after another is thrown in the general direction of the depression in the hope that one of them will have a positive effect. But the medical staff did not stop there.

As my weeks as an inpatient passed, I lost track of how often I answered questions about what had brought me to the hospital in the first place. New nurses, new doctors, new specialists all went over the same ground. I understood they were looking not just for a way to make me well but for clues as to what had made me sick, but their questions took on an ominous tone. I began to feel that we were launched, consciously or unconsciously, on a mission to find someone to blame. Everyone has demons in their lives, and I am no exception, but this particular witch hunt is a slippery and insidious business. Almost everyone I dealt with wondered what grievous memories I might be repressing, and some expressed skepticism that my childhood and marriage were generally as happy as I described them. I could see their reasoning: How could they trust my answers until they had finished probing around in the closets of my past to see what might be hidden there, but I resented their insinuations. When my husband came for a joint session with two of the professionals working on my case, my heart ached for him when I saw how nervous he was under their scrutiny, how acutely he felt indicted for the mess I was in. But when he failed in a critical moment of the interview to live up to the picture I had painted of him, I was ready to throw him to the dogs, because his failure opened the door to questioning all of my other assertions.

Twice I saw a specialist in behavioral medicine. Unlike most of the staff I dealt with, she was ruthless and critical in her questioning of the ways I had

lived my life. When I saw how little she thought of me, I became as desperate as a puppy to please her, to convince her that underneath my illness was a person just as calm and bright, as well educated and interesting as she was. But she didn't buy it. And so we boxed.

Her role, looked at in the most forgiving light, was to provoke me into reconsidering the assumptions that lay behind the way I had lived my life until then; my role was defensive, to keep my gloves high and protect myself against further hurt at a time when I already felt exposed and vulnerable. But it was an unfair contest from the start. After all, I couldn't remember my homework assignments from one visit to the next. I could feel her taking points off for every lapse. I couldn't even finish my sentences, because I lacked the concentration to remember the question I'd been asked. For this, she mentally moved me into the class for slow learners.

She grew increasingly impatient and derisive with me. I started to cry, humiliated by my weakness and apparent stupidity. She made it all too clear that she thought I was mismanaging nearly every aspect of my life. I was a perfectionist, a migraine personality, a type "A." In a moment that sears me still just to think of it, I realized she thought this was all my fault. I left her office crushed, almost physically sickened by the way she conveyed what all too many of us in the psych ward were willing to believe: that we had brought this all on ourselves. Worse still, I wondered if she were right.

For me, all along, one of the most frightening aspects of my illness was the loss of my cognitive skills. Ever since college, when professors such as Bill Catton, Howard Munford, and Glenn Andres had given me the tools to build towers from which it was possible to consider the world beyond my doorstep, I had had a certain image of myself. Clear thinking was what I peddled in my work as a writer and teacher. But all that was gone. Now I spoke slowly because I had access to a small vocabulary and because I had to wait for each word to pop into my head. I had trouble reading and writing because ideas quickly became too abstract for me to follow. Once I turned the page literally or figuratively, I couldn't remember anything on it. I got lost easily, not just in conversations but in physical places I knew well, and in my own thoughts. I forgot things five minutes after they were said to me. One day I left the ward and went up to the gift shop, where I purchased two blank white note pads. Back in my room, I went about writing one word at a time on each page, starting at the back of one of the pads. Some pages I left blank. Toward the end of the second pad, I wrote three words per page, one above the other, each part of a separate sentence. I explained my illness in those books.

When
I
am
depressed
I
think
like
this:
one
word
at
a
time.

These became my flip books. When my case manager flipped through them back to front, she had a sense of what it was like to wait for each word in a thought to appear, how frustrating it was sometimes when no words appeared, how disjointed my thought processes had become, and how confusing it was when many words appeared all at once.

Another time I used a deck of cards to explain to a doctor what I could no longer do in my head. I laid the cards out as if I were playing Solitaire, and then I began moving the cards around. Before I became sick, I explained, I could manipulate

I am looking now

for ways to reinvent

my life and not be

bitter or unhappy

over the way things

have turned out.

I am still luckier

than many others.

(Continued on page 75)

"Cyclocross is like a steeplechase. You've got to get on and off your bike; sometimes you throw the bike on your shoulder and jump!"

Hard Rider

By Justin Racz '97

"This morning is bad. Tonight is no good," says a sweaty Johs Huseby '98. With one hand on the handlebar and one hand on the phone, Johs rides a stationary bike in his dorm room. He's looking for 15 minutes for an interview, and it doesn't look good. "How about 3:45? We can talk while I ride."

Johs (pronounced Yo!, with an S) has little time for idle chit-chat. When he's not designing German Renaissance costumes or dashing off rainbow fleece hats for friends, Johs likes to win mountain biking championships. And that takes a lot of saddle time.

This year he peddled into the top-10 slot of mountain bikers in New England. In cyclocross—a blend of road and mountain biking—he's number three in New England. In 1996, he joined the U.S. National team, which boasts the nation's top cyclists at races in Switzerland and Germany.

"This time of year I am trying to put in miles and hours in the saddle," Johs huffs, five miles into his workout. "A big week right now is somewhere around 20-25 hours. I have to see what my body can do." So what happened last summer doesn't happen again.

In a race at Mt. Snow last summer, Johs's biking career came to a screeching halt. "I was going up a hill and suddenly I lost everything. My legs and body just gave out. I had to drop out." Exhaustion, the doctors told him. For the next two weeks Johs was laid out, unable to move more than a few feet at a given time.

"It was the hardest thing that happened to me. I knew I had screwed up my whole training plan, but I couldn't do anything about it. I just sat on my butt."

It was a strange position for this Putney, Vermonter, who, at two years of age, was pulled out of his crib and placed on skis. Family time with his European family was no Sunday stroll. The Husebys preferred multimile cross-country treks around their home's famed blueberry patches. Rest was for the neighbors.

In the third grade he skated onto his school's hockey team and found his passion. "I still skied a little, but hockey became my life." Passion, for Johs however, is often a few steps from the brink of obsession. In order to become a great junior hockey player, Johs went to what most young boys would consider the edge: "I took modern dance with my mother," Johs said nonchalantly. "It was the best thing for my hockey; it really helped my agility." His league thought so too; they awarded him a scholarship for hockey camp at the

Photograph by Chip Simons

Exeter School the following summer.

That agility soon found its way onto his bike, predictably no Schwinn. "I did all sorts of tricks on a BMX." While other kids were riding around the block, Johs was pulling grasshoppers (leaping up and down on fat wheels) and naval destroyers (doing a handstand on the handlebars).

When Johs was 14, he worked in Putney's local bike shop. He remembers well his first experience with racing: "One day the head mechanic said, 'Come on, you have to go on a race with me.' So we headed up the nearest mountain. He had to push me up the hills toward the end." Johs caught the racing bug, and two years later, he set out for Bromont, Quebec, to enter the World Championship. Competing against the world's finest in mountain biking, he finished 23rd.

In 1996, Johs arrived at the National Championships and did even better despite unusual pressure. "In the middle of the race I pulled over and took a pee. But I was so pumped to go and catch everybody else, I got 12th in a huge field. I couldn't believe I had done so well!"

His fascination with cycling comes from summers spent in Europe where he watched European national teams zip through cheering crowds. "They go crazy over there. Miguel Indurain, Johann Museuw, Marco Pantani—they're their national heroes."

While America does have a professional cycling league, it is still considered a European sport by most. "There's a problem with sports like cycling," said Jimmy Rodewald, *Sports Illustrated*'s chief of reporters. "[Mountain bikers] fly by on their bikes through impossible terrain; fans get a glimpse, and cameras are lucky to catch a letter of the logo on their jersey." Business sponsors want their company name and logo to be center stage for more than a microsecond. So cycling does not command major media attention or major dollars, which makes it a formidable career path. Johs believes that cycling, like soccer, is on the upswing in America, but admits that financially it can be a struggle.

"Right now the top paid rider in the U.S. is John Tomac. He pulls in millions. That comes from the big sponsors, like sunglasses and bike frames. The 20th guy in the U.S. can earn up to $40,000, plus free cranks and chicken" (along with the money they make, cyclists often get parts for their bike and free products from sponsors). When Johs won the criterium (short lap) race in Binghamton, New York, he pulled in $450.

"It's definitely an expensive sport. Bikes run $3,500-$4,000; you have to get special shoes. If you're lucky, you're sponsored." Johs is currently sponsored by Independent Fabrication. In exchange for a racing stipend, the bicycle he rides, and the jersey he wears, he sports their company logo.

"I consider myself very lucky. Some guys can't afford to race. It costs money just to enter, and lodging and airfare aren't cheap. I have worked for a frame manufacturer and a bike shop each summer."

A 15-minute interview has turned into 60, and Johs is still burning calories and chewing the fat. Realizing he can't bank solely on biking, Johs is trying to jump-start a career in fashion and design. A costume-design major, Johs is trying to make the right connections in an industry that happily weds fashion and sports. Last year *Bicycling* magazine featured Johs in a fashion spread where he modeled the latest in cycling couture. This summer he plans to split up his national bike tour with a freelance job as a designer for bike apparel and related bike accessories.

For now, however, he'll settle for spandex and the road ahead. ■

Justin Racz '97 is a writer in New York City, who has just published a parody of the J. Crew Catalog.

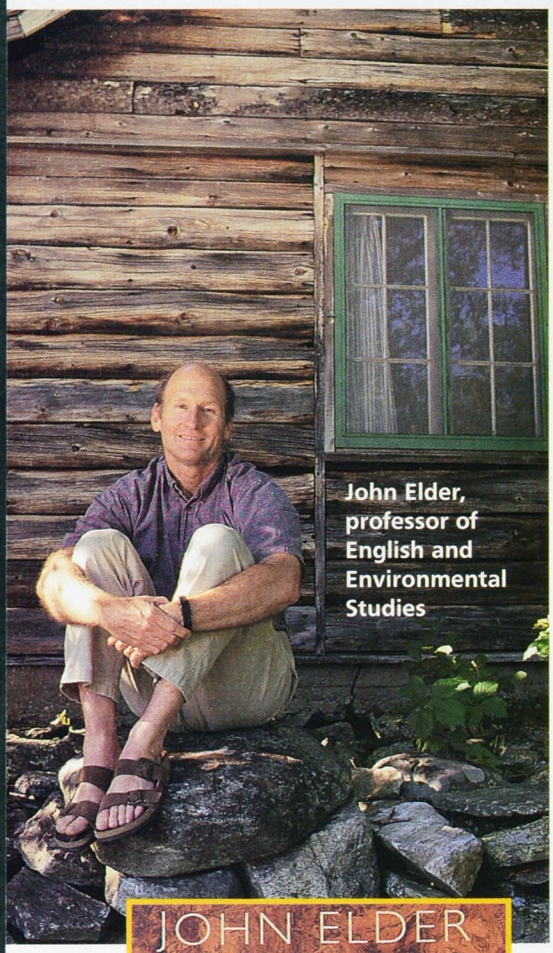
Other Highpoints

Women's track and field enjoyed its best season in years. The team captured the NESCAC championship, while placing 2nd at the ECAC championships. Midd sent five athletes to the NCAA championships with two earning All-American status: Kristy Laramee '01 placed third in the high jump, and Kate Irvin '01 placed fourth in the 1500 meters and 6th in the 800 meters. Head Coach Martin Beatty '84 was named the NCAA New England Regional Coach of the Year.

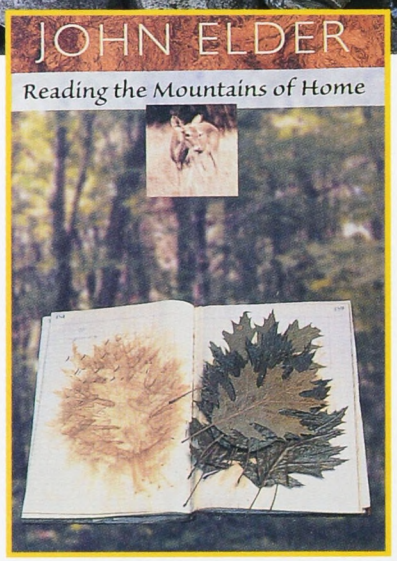
The women's lacrosse team made its fifth consecutive trip to the NCAA National Semifinals. The Panthers were eliminated by the eventual national champions from the College of New Jersey by a score of 12 to 11. Goalkeeper Emily Bracken '98, Lina Chickering '98, Heidi Howard '99, and Amity Wall '99 were all first team All-Americans. Head Coach Missy Foote was named the New England Coach of the Year for women's lacrosse.

The men's lacrosse team made its second NCAA tournament appearance and became the first team in New England Division III history to win an NCAA tournament game. The Panthers defeated Ithaca 16 to 15 in the first round before falling 14-7 at Nazareth. Jed Raymond '00 was a first team All-American while Ian Gardiner '98 was a second team selection. Gardiner was also selected as a Scholar All-American. ■

Want to keep more in touch with Middlebury athletic teams? Receive weekly "SportsNotes" via e-mail. Send message to: bnadeau@middlebury.edu with the words—please subscribe—in the subject of the message.



John Elder, professor of English and Environmental Studies



First Editions

By Daniel Picker BLSE '92

Mountain Walk Becomes Interior Journey Through Frost Poem

Robert Frost, the poet most closely identified with Vermont and particularly with the Bread Loaf School of English, has found his closest reader in John Elder, Stewart Professor of English and Environmental Studies at Middlebury. The poem, "Directive," provides the inspiration for John Elder's new book, *Reading the Mountains of Home*.

"Directive" is the stepping stone from which Elder embarks on a series of hikes traversing the terrain surrounding Bristol, Vermont, the area from which Frost's poem embarks also. Elder's book follows the trail blazed by the literary naturalists of the past two centuries and he traces a path backward, finding common ground from Frost to Wordsworth to Muir to Thoreau. Similarly, Elder finds both peace and sustenance within the New England countryside where wilderness has re-established a strong foothold.

The tradition of natural history grafts fittingly with Elder's investigation of Frost's poem "Directive," which is rooted in the mountains surrounding Bristol where Elder and his family now live. Unlike Thoreau, Elder is both a husband and father, but like Thoreau Elder is somewhat of an outsider. *Reading the Mountains of Home* records his journey from explorer to settled soul. It is both an inner and outer journey "home."

Elder makes connections with authors from Virgil to Leslie Marmon Silko, the Pueblo novelist, as he reads both the "Mountains of Home" and Frost's poem "Directive." From this standpoint Elder quietly ruminates on the notion of fatherhood, loss, and the sense of being "lost," amid the search for "home." There is a rhythmic repetition to these terms throughout the journey.

As Elder moves toward the heart of *Reading the Mountains of Home* he braves a trail through a mid-winter journey in January. Here Elder faces directly the darkness within Frost's literary biography. Elder in the same chapter also moves back to ruminating on his family, and most poignantly the loss of his father. The rhythmic repetition of words and ideas gives Elder's book a quiet poetic power, and his narrative gathers even more force when he writes of the personal.

Elder's hike through the final third of his journey, as recorded in *North Mountain Gyres*, embraces the mother of the modern environmental movement, Rachel Carson, who eloquently recognized the importance of the natural world for all its inhabitants.

"Vermonters are watching falcons' flight with special interest now because, after 30 years in which our mountains never saw them stoop on a jay or heard their high pitched kek-kek-kek, a vast eccentric gyre has finally carried them back... they have really circled home." These peregrine falcons, like Elder, have

Photograph of John Elder by Owen Stayner

finally found a home in Vermont. Elder remarks, "The name 'peregrine' itself, from the Latin for traveler, and with its English connotation of pilgrim, also captures the purposeful aspect of our human journey."

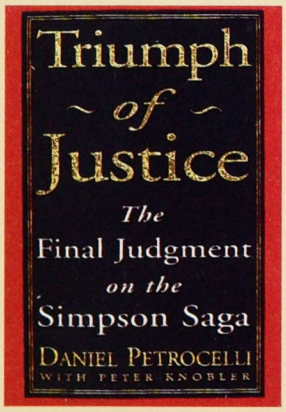
In Elder's final chapter, *A Confusion of Waters*, he contemplates the final two lines of Frost's poem, "Directive." "Here are your waters and your watering place./ Drink and be whole again beyond confusion." In this chapter Elder sets off on a canoeing trip with one of his sons. "All winter, as I worked on my canoe 'Tribute' as a memorial to my father, I envisioned floating on the reedy surface of Bristol Pond. I expected to sit in it and, rocked in the swells of a late afternoon breeze from the south, to reflect on the transitions—from farms to forests, lakes to marshes, and one generation to the next—that unify and renew our world." The continuity that Elder seeks in nature is enriched by the unexpected. Prior to concluding his journey and narrative set within the natural world Elder touches the spiritual world: "Grace, as our ancestors affirmed, is ultimately what sustains every good thing in our lives. But it can neither be earned nor assured. It is the continual surprise of a gift for which we can only say gratia, "thanks." We may say the same for Elder's *Reading the Mountains of Home*. ■

Daniel Picker (M.A. English '92) is an adjunct professor of English in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania. His work has appeared in Harvard Review *and* Sequoia.

Triumph of Justice: The Final Judgment on the Simpson Saga

by Daniel Petrocelli with Peter Knobler '68 (Crown Publishers, 1998)

Okay, the American public is obsessed with the O.J. trial, but another book to add to the over 50 already written on the subject? Resoundingly, yes. *Triumph of Justice* is the most compelling account of the Ron Goldman and Nicole Brown Simpson murders to date. Petrocelli, with the able cowriting of Peter Knobler, gives us something no one, not even O.J., has given before: a full picture of O.J. himself.

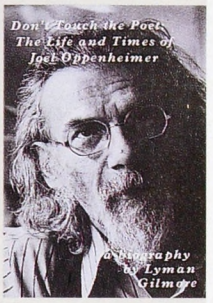


We hear from O.J. from the sworn deposition—the first time Simpson had ever testified about the murders. Then there is the actual questioning. Petrocelli describes why he asks certain questions, what Simpson's responses are, and how he maneuvers Simpson into exposing himself as a liar. There are vivid descriptions of the mountain of evidence, and for the first time Simpson is asked to explain why his blood was at the murder scene, in his car, and on his socks.

Knobler is an old hand at this cowriting gig—he's also collaborated with, among others, James Carville and Mary Matalin, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and also out this year, a book cowritten with no-nonsense crime buster William Bratton (see Also Noted). ■

ALSO NOTED

Don't Touch the Poet: The Life and Times of Joel Oppenheimer **by Lyman Gilmore '56 (Talisman House, 1998): Gilmore delivers a detailed and balanced view of Joel Oppenheimer's life, enlivening the narrative with Oppenheimer's letters and poetry and the recollections of family and friends. This tantalizing story reveals the flowering and decline of the gifted and tortured poet.**



❖

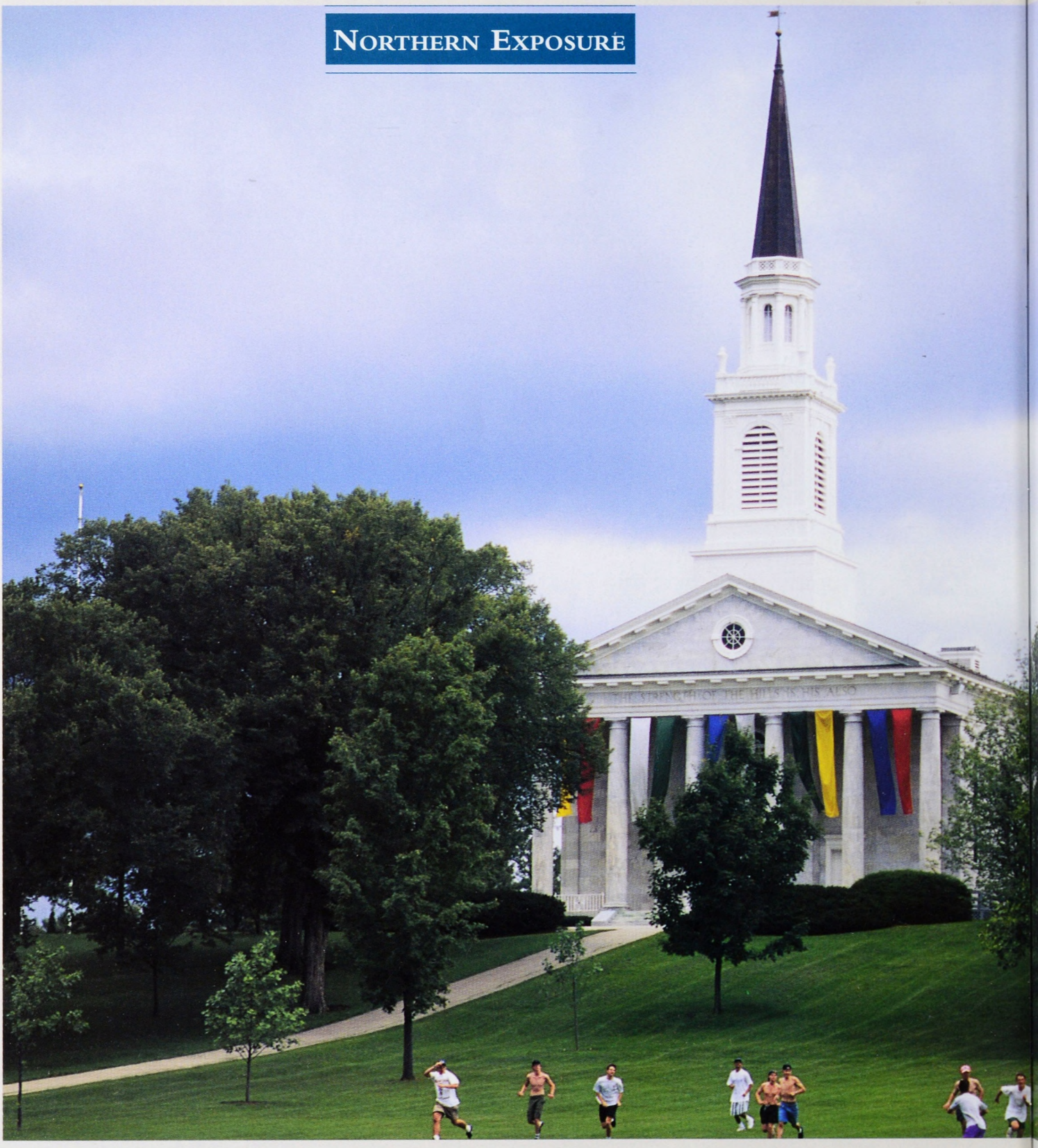
Rainlight **by Alison McGhee '82 (Papier-Mache Press, 1998): Beautiful. Haunting. Uplifting. Told in the alternating voices of the people who are learning to live without Starr Williams, recently killed in an accident, the story takes the reader through loss and pain to wholeness.**

❖

The Fragile City **by Lesley Dauer '87 (Bluestem Press, 1996): This collection of wry, direct poems looks at life and people with good humor and affection. Human foibles are Dauer's fodder. A female identity crisis, for instance, brings women named Estelle to an Estelles Anonymous meeting: "Don't be Estelle, she cries./ I can't help it, sighs Estelle."**

❖

Turnaround: How America's Top Cop Reversed the Crime Epidemic **by William Bratton with Peter Knobler '68 (Random House, 1998): The police chief who succeeded in reversing New York City's crime rate and showed America what really can be done about crime tells his story with the able assistance of Peter Knobler. ■**



FRISBEE FIELDS

Photograph by Luke Powell

When the snow finally melts and the mud finally dries, there's usually time for a quick game of frisbee before summer vacation.

FOREVER

MIDD connections

AUGUST

5	Picnic, *Fairfield County*
6	Wine Tasting, *Baltimore*
22	Picnic/Swimming, *San Francisco*
26	Harbor Cruise, *Boston*
29	Habitat for Humanity, Community Service Project, *Chicago*
30	Reception for Addison County and Rutland Alumni, *President McCardell's house, Middlebury*

SEPTEMBER

2	Chapter Meeting and Welcome Class of '98, *Burlington*
2-6	Alumni College XXIII, *Bread Loaf, Middlebury*
11-13	Gordon C. Perine Golf Tournament, *Middlebury*
13	Braves Game, *Atlanta*
19	Youth Corps Serv-a-thon, *Burlington*
20	Orioles vs. Yankees/Pre-Game Picnic, *Baltimore/DC*

OCTOBER

2-4	Fall Family Weekend I, *Middlebury*
4	Tour of the Getty Museum, *Los Angeles*
9-11	Fall Family Weekend II, *Middlebury*
15	Career Night, *Boston*
23-25	Homecoming Weekend, *Middlebury*
24	Men's Alumni Soccer, *Middlebury*

DECEMBER

8	Holiday Reception, *Boston (Andy Gluck '85, 617-965-4097)*
9	Holiday Reception, *NYC (Shelley Glassner* 802-443-5678)
12	Holiday Reception and Night at the Opera, *Los Angeles (Kim Loewer '76, 949-363-1778)*
12	Night at the Nutcracker, *NYC (Mary Robertson '94, 718-488-8410)*

Photograph by Luke Powell

Atlanta, GA
Baltimore, MD
Boston, MA
Chicago, IL
Denver, CO
Hartford, CT
London, UK
New York, NY
Northern Vermont
Philadelphia, PA
Seattle, WA
Washington, DC
San Francisco, CA
Los Angeles/Orange County

For more alumni information contact the president of your local chapter.

Atlanta: Jill Danieli '90 (404-816-3053), Baltimore: Karen Lewis '97 (410-625-0750), Rich Wagman '84 (410-466-4048), Lynn Holley Krugman '91 (410-664-9596); Boston: Andy Gluck '85 (617-965-4097); Chicago: Carolyn Eppes '92 (773-296-9527); Washington, DC: Kristin Roeder '94 (703-528-7274); Denver: Lucy Garrity '83 (303-722-9625); Hartford: Peter Steinle '62 (860-521-2783); London: Melissa Duryea Lewis '88 (171-727-1418); Los Angeles: Kim Loewer '76 (949-363-1778), Sam Martinuzzi '83 (310-914-4222); New York: Kirtley Horton '95 (212-861-0079), Katie Long '91 (212-861-9307), Mary Robertson '94 (718-488-8410) ; Philadelphia: Stephen Ramos '76 (215-763-0866); Pennsylvania: Richard Brown '88 (610-658-2383); San Francisco: Susan Scheer '92 (415-221-6971); Seattle: Gretchen Hund '79 (206-363-1383); Vermont: Mark and Sarah (Van Tuyl '85) Ray '84 (802-985-3136)

MCAA

CHAPTER NEWS

Spotlight on the Denver Chapter

Joan Carpenter Troccoli '75

In an idle moment, some might wonder, just where do Middlebury College class valedictorians come from anyway, and just where do they go?

In the case of the best and brightest of the Class of 1975, Joan Carpenter Troccoli followed initially in the steps of her college adviser, art history professor John Hunisak, by receiving her master's degree and Ph.D. from New York University's Institute of Oklahoma. As director and curator of the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, Joan now specializes in the art of the American West. Several years ago, she and her husband, Robert, ventured further west to Denver, Colorado. In June of 1996, Joan was appointed Deputy Director of the Denver Art Museum.

Since Joan's arrival, the museum has undergone substantial capital renovation and programmatic development. On the evening of May 6, 1998, a sold-out crowd of over 75 Middlebury alums, their families and friends gathered in the museum's new "digs" to hear about the changes, sample hors d'oeuvres from the museum's acclaimed restaurant, and visit the recently opened exhibit "Searching for Ancient Egypt." Joan's introduction was a great prelude to an outstanding exhibition and those not satiated by the Egyptian treasures lingered on for the museum's monthly "Twilight Art Beat" with live music and dancing.

Jill Cowperthwaite '76

NOTICES

Coming soon...
Middlebury College Bicentennial Alumni Directory Questionnaire. ***Be a part of history!*** Coming to your mailbox this fall.

Call For Dance Memories
Alums who took part in dance activities, both social and performance—please submit memories of dance events, club, performances, program (as participants or observers) for a history of dance at Middlebury. Recollections of the first decade of Carnival Ball committees and the early days of modern dance at Midd (late '30s through the early '50s) especially welcome. Please contact Andy Wentink at: 232 Fycke Lane, Teaneck, NJ 07666 <andy@bccls.org>

Sports News
Want to keep more in touch with Middlebury athletic teams? Receive weekly "SportsNotes" via email! Email to: bnadeau@middlebury.edu with the words -please subscribe- in the subject of the message.

Career Services Update
- The Career Services Office (CSO) is available to alumni at no charge. Call to set up a phone appointment (802-443-5100), drop by Adirondack House the next time you're on campus, or check http://www.middlebury.edu/~cso.
- CSO and the MCAA are reenergizing MiddNet—a network of alumni volunteers who assist with the "it's who you know" part of the job search. MiddNet Chairs in over 15 geographic areas are now looking for volunteers in specific professions. To volunteer or for more information, contact Michelle Marie Millin '88 at 212-546-1769 or Marlisa Simonson '96 at 802-443-5103.
- New alumni update cards will arrive in your mail soon. Please provide an accurate description of your occupation and how to reach you, so we can keep you informed about alumni activities and programs related to your field of interest.
- We're building a web database! The MiddNet database will be a valuable resource for making relevant contacts in your professional area of interest.

CLASS notes

Directors of the Middlebury College Alumni Association

Paula M. Carr '82, President • Richard G. Silton '80, Vice President • Pieter J. Schiller '60, President, Ex Officio • Sara H. Bremner '91, Communications • Richard N. Brown '88, Co-President, Philadelphia Chapter • James R. Calise '88, Class Secretaries/Communications • Sarah O'Herron Casey '88, Admissions • Barbara E. Castle '91, President, Atlanta Chapter • Jean Rau Dawes '61, Admissions • Carolyn R. Eppes '92, President, Chicago Chapter • Wendell C. Fleming '78, Nominating Committee • Lucy C. Garrity '83, President, Denver Chapter • Simon R. Gerlin '80, Communications • Andrew B. Gluck, '85, President, Boston Chapter • Dorothy Kimball Hart '54, Career Services • M. Kirtley Horton '95, Co-President, New York Chapter • Gretchen E. Hund '79, President, Seattle Chapter • James R. Keyes '71, Nominating Committee • Kim Loewer '76, Admissions and Co-President, Los Angeles/Orange County Chapter • Katherine W. Long '91, Co-President, New York Chapter • Robert E. Luce '59, Career Services • Samuel M. Martinuzzi '83, Co-President, Los Angeles/Orange County Chapter • Michelle Marie Millin '88, Career Services • Stephen D. Ramos '76, Co-President, Philadelphia Chapter • Mark S. Ray '84, Co-President, Northern Vermont Chapter • Sarah Van Tuyl Ray '85, Co-President, Northern Vermont Chapter • Kristen Roeder '94, President, Washington, DC, Chapter • Susan Scheer '92, President, San Francisco Chapter • Peter E. Steinle '62, President, Hartford Chapter • Cynthia L. Strong '81, Communications • Christopher J. Waddell '92, Communications

Ex Officio: David W. Ginevan, Treasurer • Elizabeth Hackett Robinson '84, Director of Alumni and Parent Programs • Hugh W. Marlow '57, Executive Secretary of the Alumni Association • James R. Ralph, Jr. '82, Faculty Representative • Beth Karnes, Graduate Alumni • Risé Drake, Director, Annual Giving

E-Mail Directory

Find a friend through our new alumni directory. http://www.digitalfrontier.com/middalum/index.html

1923

Reunion Class

Two '23s arrived in Middlebury to celebrate their 75th Reunion! **Helen Abel Brown** traveled all the way from North Carolina, and **Esther Langwill** came up from Connecticut. Both stayed for the entire weekend and enjoyed all the excitement. When Esther was being transported via golf cart from Mead Chapel to her car one day, the driver called out "Class of '23 taxi coming through!" and "it was like a hot knife through butter" as she proceeded to A-lot amidst cheers and applause. Helen greatly enjoyed Saturday afternoon at the Center for the Arts, where the Dissipated Eight serenaded her with a love song. After the concert, the D-8 took Helen back to Gifford Hall in their mini-van, singing to her all the way. As a remembrance of their visit, Helen and Esther each received an Old Chapel Wedgewood plate as a gift from President McCardell. ■ Though unable to attend reunion, **Orville T. Sincerbox** (who turns 98 in September) is doing very well and "is as sharp as a tack," according to his granddaughter, Gail Norton. Gail also reports that Orville "recalls his years at Middlebury as among the best of his life. Not a visit goes by that he doesn't mention Middlebury and tell me about his classes or his classmates or his dorm room. He remembers it all as if it were yesterday." Middlebury College sends greetings to Orville, along with best wishes for a very happy 98th birthday.

1925

Class Secretary: *Dr. Ward Oliver, 35 North Grand St., Cobleskill, NY 12043.*

Ginny and I remain active in the church, the local Rotary Club, and the local hospital drive. In March, I was reelected to the board of directors of the Bank of Richmondville for another three years and at a subsequent meeting of the board I was appointed chairman. Another one of our activities is serving as honorary chairs of the current fund-raising drive for Bassett Hospital of Schoharie County. With this connection we have enjoyed solicitations and visits with old patients and friends.

1926

Please send your news to the Alumni Editor, Middlebury Magazine, *Middlebury, VT 05753.*

1927

Please send your news to the Alumni Editor, Middlebury Magazine, *Middlebury, VT 05753.*

1928

Reunion Class

Class Secretary: *Mrs. J.D. Coombs (Miriam Sweet), 13 Highland St., Concord, MA 01742 (phone 978/369-5595).*

As you read this column, I shall have answered for you in my letter such important 70th Reunion questions as Who attended? Was our class represented with spirit and dignity at the Mead Chapel Alumni Convocation? Was our Old Chapel banner there? Have our Paul Dwight Moody treasures fared well at Kirk? How well did we cope with dormitory life, 70 years later? What Middlebury items did we buy at our 1928, 70 percent discount? It is traditional to describe reunion experiences in this, the summer column, but I shall answer these and other questions for the record and for our other readers in the fall edition, sparing Dotty McCarty at a frenzied deadline time, working at my less than rapid pace. ■ I can tell you that there was a discussion during reunion weekend regarding how Middlebury's prowess as hockey champions "all began with **Carleton Simmons** and our class." Turning to **W. Storrs Lee** for corroborating information, he kindly replied via the U.S. mail that "this would require sorting out hockey records at Middlebury over a period of multiple years and, as a rather disabled nonagenarian, I don't possess the energy and traversability to attempt it." However, he did go on to offer some very helpful information: "Comparing 1928 with 1998 hockey as a major sport is rather incongruous. Seventy years ago, most colleges were dependent on outdoor rinks, subject entirely to exterior temperatures, snow removal, and 'soft ice.' It's my recollection that Middlebury in 1927 and 1928 was favored with better ice conditions than its competitors and that in part was responsible for our favorable records. Yes, I believe that during the seasons of 1926-27 and 1927-28 Middlebury teams won over all hockey competitors except for one or two marginal loses and were state champions. But as an indication of how casually College officials ranked hockey as an intercollegiate sport, there was not even an official hockey coach. **Carleton Simmons**—still an undergraduate at the time—served as both captain and coach of the Middlebury team, if my recollection can be trusted." Many thanks, Storrs, for reminding us what the sport of hockey was like 70 years ago. ■ Now, I regret to tell you and all who knew her of **Marian Hinman Kemp**'s death on March 18, 1998, at Pennswood Village, near Lancaster, PA. She had lived there since 1983, "a much loved member of Pennswood Community." Marian was born in Middlebury, graduated from Middlebury High School in 1924, and became a member of our class, blending living in town with being active on campus. She was a member of our class volleyball team, one of our more successful athletic enterprises, and also a member of the Women's Debating Club. She was a trusted member of Miss Jennie Bristol's registration staff, also handling student marks. (Did we know this?) She began her career as a dietitian at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, then in Good Samaritan and Philadelphia General hospitals. She married Victor Kemp in 1931. In a career move, she became a home economist with the Philadelphia Electric Co., which sponsored her WCAU Television show, *Marian Kemp's Kitchen.* Marian's husband died in 1977. We remember and send our sympathy to her brother Floyd Hinman '31 and his family and thank her nephew William Kemp and her friend Donna Turner for telling us

about her. ■ Writing about Marian sent me to the 1928 *Kaleidoscope* to check the members of her Middlebury High School class, who became our classmates: **Katherine "Kay" Brainerd** and **Margaret "Tib" Moody**, daughters of Middlebury College presidents; **Lois** and **Louise Robinson**, daughters of Prof. Duane Robinson; **Genevieve Browne, (Sarah) Mary Calvi, Richard (Dick) Gould, Viola Sturtevant**, and **Arthur (Art) Yeaw**. Their hospitality and knowledge of the town made us feel at home and they, in turn, were very much at home on campus and in our activities. A great group. ■ To return to the present: **Margaret "Tib" Rice, Elizabeth Stoughton Westfall, Zella Cole Hibbert**, and **Ruth Simmons Dinkel** are fine in their respective locations. Dr. **John Hoyt** is still driving in his PA environs. ■ Please continue to send your news to your faithful class correspondent.

1929

Class Secretary: *Dr. Raymond J. Saulnier, 230 Heron Point, Chestertown, MD 21620-1676.*

We regret to report the death of **Ronald P. Burrows** on February 25, 1998. Ron was on the football, hockey, track, skating, and ski jumping teams at Middlebury. We send the condolences of the class to his wife, Fredrika Alexander Burrows '29, to his daughter, M. Jane Burrows Curtis '58, and to all the family. A memorial appeared in the spring issue.

1930

Please send your news to the Alumni Editor, Middlebury Magazine, *Middlebury, VT 05753.*

Helen Huntley Pidgeon would enjoy hearing from classmates at Helen Porter Nursing Home, Room 118, East Wing, South Street, Middlebury, VT 05753.

1931

Class Secretaries: *Mrs. Spencer E. Norton (Ellen Kellogg), 27 S. Water St., Vergennes, VT 05491; and Mr. Walton T. Crocker, Ocean View Apt. 218, 52 Falmouth Rd., Falmouth, ME 04105.*

Dick Fear must have obtained a lot of that Fountain of Youth liquid. Every year during the holiday season he travels to England ("land of my ancestors") to take in London's offerings. Last year this consisted of six plays, a musical, a movie, two concerts, and a ballet. He managed to walk seven miles a day while there. ■ **Nat Lewis Emery** is still playing duplicate bridge. Like the **Walt Crocker**s, she has wonderful memories of trips of some distance enjoyed in past. None are planned for the future. ■ Our classmates will be sorry to learn of the death of Betty Bates, wife of **Phil Bates**. She attended many of our reunion gatherings with Phil. He is still singing solos at church affairs. ■ We send the condolences of the class to Martha Bray on the death of her husband, **Edmund C. Bray**, on March 2, 1998. A brief summary of his distinguished career appeared in a memorial in the spring issue.

1932

Class Secretaries: *Dr. and Mrs. Gray N. Taylor (Georgiana Hulett), 133 Lawrence St., Embury 28W, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866.*

Ed Steele writes: "So what have I been doing? The first thing that comes to mind is minding my own business and looking after my retirement funds. I've had a busy year with church and historical society affairs. Because I've been 'through the chairs' at the local church, and on some state and national boards, I am content now to be an Ex and to enjoy the fellowship. In the St. Albans Historical Society, I'm the one that usually gets asked about what happened when and where, and often I can find the answer in the local history book that Dottie (the late Dorothy Crowe Steele '35) edited. I am a volunteer docent one day a week. Pure enjoyment was a trip to Wells, ME. I enjoyed the ocean from Drake's Island to Ogunquit and Perkins Cove, and the way the ocean waves come in among the rocks reminds me of my first trip to the ocean in 1915—just about the earliest memory in my memory bank!" During the winter, Ed recovered from a second knee replacement. ■ With her magnifying glass, **Avis Collins Fleischer** still enjoys her Midd Magazine. She remembers Rose Martin, Spanish teacher, "plus house mother at Spanish House, a very small dwelling on a street near the Château. Miss Martin and I were fond of horses, so we exercised them on the race track as often as possible."

1933

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretary: *Mrs. W. Dale Brown (Miriam Barber), 2830 Elmwood Ln., Mount Dora, FL 32757 (352/735-5761).*

The Intrepid Three ('98 version of *Les Trois Mousquetaires!*)—consisting of **Ruth Nodding ("Noddy") Hopkins, Allyn ("Pete") White**, and **Miriam Barber ("Mim") Brown**—did their best to represent all classmates unable to join us, proudly and enthusiastically. The most touching moments came as we three, accompanied by Grace Smith and Dale Brown, were "clapped-into-chapel," all the way to Row Two by a welcoming assemblage of Middlebury admirers just before the entrance of younger reuning classes, climaxing with the Class of 1948 marching in as the honored class—and the largest 50th Reunion group of all time! We did miss you all terribly, especially those who had never missed a reunion before. Believe us, you were definitely in our hearts every minute all weekend! ■ It is sad to report the loss of several classmates. Memorials appeared in the spring issue for **H. Alan Painter** , who died on January 24, and for **John F. Hartrey**, who died on February 19. The condolences of the class go to John's wife, Gertrude, and to Alan's son, Alan S. Painter '57. ■ Rosemary Short wrote to let us know that her husband, **Douglas F. Short**, died of a heart attack on February 5, 1998. They resided in Fullerton, CA. A note of sympathy was dispatched to her and their three children and a memorial appeared in the spring issue. ■ And at reunion time we learned of the death of **Dorothy Cornwall Cheney** on May 21. Our condolences go to her sister, Frances Cornwall Hutner '40, her daughter, Carol Cheney Wyatt '71, and all the family. ■ Arnold Kramish, a physicist and historian of events and persons who played significant roles during World War II, is writing the saga of **Vladimir Paul Bouryschkine** and is very eager to receive all possible tidbits of info or such mementos as might be of interest to his research. It seems that Val was of invaluable aid to the Allies as they opposed Hitler. If you have info to offer, contact me and I will tell you how to reach Mr. Kramish. To sample his work, read his book *The Griffin*, a fantastic, real-life espionage story.

1934

Class Secretaries: *Mrs. Andrew W. Reid (Eleanor Orde), 25 Walhowdon Way, Lebanon, NH 03766; and James A. Fechheimer, 26 Salem Way, Glen Head, NY 11545.*

"After some 70 years of coping with a chronic 'back' problem," writes **Marion Goodale**, "I have been diagnosed as having fibromyalgia, a not yet curable disorder that lately has been identified as a separate syndrome from other rheumatic-neurological diseases. I have recently organized a local support group that shares information on resources and helpful therapies for this and related disorders. I will be glad to share such information with anyone who is interested. I can be reached at 413/458-4319." ■ **Mary Carrick Hobart** writes that in January 1997 she and her husband, her daughter and son-in-law (who were being transferred to FL), and two dogs, left NH-MA in a Ford Explorer hauling a flatbed with their Voyager. They arrived within a few days in Lakeland, FL, after a "surprisingly" smooth trip. In December 1997 they returned for another winter with their family. En route home in April, they stopped in Okeechobee for some fishing, visited friends in Delray, saw the Everglades, and headed home via the Gulf Coast. ■ **Bud** and **Jeanette Stone Matteson** are happily living in a FL retirement complex. Bud writes that they enjoy delicious daily meals, golf, tennis, a couple of swimming pools, weekly maid service, lectures, cable TV, a woodworking shop (which Bud uses), and more. A large care center is also available, should that become necessary. Bud spent four years at Harvard's dental school after graduating from Midd, followed by a long career as a dentist in Cohasset, MA, interrupted by three years in the Pacific during World War II. The Mattesons have several grandchildren, a musician son and a daughter who is an operating room nurse. Both Mattesons want their classmates to know they're still "perking" and able to read mail at 233 Bentley Dr.,

President McCardell welcomes Helen Abel Brown '23 and Esther Langwill '23 back to Middlebury for their 75th Reunion

Three members of the Class of '33 celebrated their 65th: Ruth Nodding Hopkins, Allyn White, and Miriam Barber Brown

At age 100, Professor Emeritus Stephen Freeman greets former students from many decades during Alumni Convocation

Naples, FL 34110. ■ **Jim Fechheimer** still gets to VT occasionally and spends part of each summer at the Shaw and Shakespeare festivals in Ontario, driving from there to MI for visits with a niece and her descendants, followed by a trip to England where he has a house in Cheshire, close to the borders of Stafford and Shropshire. Back home on Long Island, his interests include gardening and listening to music. In this connection he has served on the board of the Sea Cliff Chamber Players, acting for a number of years as president of that organization. ■ We send belated condolences to the family of **Catharine McDermott Ryerson Broad**, who died on December 6, 1996, at the age of 84. ■ We regret to report the death of **Frances Sargent Hoyle** on March 2, 1998. Her husband, Stephen C. Hoyle '33, died in 1969. A memorial appeared in the spring issue.

1935

Class Secretaries: *Miss Avis E. Fischer, Wood River Vge., #J102, 3200 Bensalem Blvd., Bensalem, PA 19020; and Alma Davis Struble (Mrs. Robert), 1977 Marlboro Rd., Kennett Square, PA 19348.*

In answer to a query as to how El Niño had treated them, **Josephine Knox Divoll** rejoiced that though the storm swirled around them, they were secure on their little hill. She and Natt '34 spend half the year in FL and the other half in VT, where children and grandchildren are nearby. Like a lot of us, they are computer illiterates and feel uneasy enough about it to confess it. ■ **Jean Wiley Zwichel** never mentioned El Niño. The inconveniences of aging are a major annoyance, but husband Abe and son Daniel have taken over many household chores for which she is most grateful. ■ For **Philip Mathewson** also, other events far outshone El Niño. He is a proud great-grandfather of six! A stay in the hospital has curtailed his physical activities somewhat, but he hopes that he can continue his work with the Lyndon Historical Society. As president he has increased membership 200 percent, which is still short of his goal. ■ **Betty Seaver Eichmann** enjoyed a perfectly marvelous trip to New Zealand and Australia. Jet lag proved to be worse than El Niño, which dumped rain "Down Under" where it "never rains." ■ Though **Natalie Dunsmoor** mourns the loss of her sister and was ill a great deal of last winter, she set off enthusiastically in the spring for the fourth gathering of the New England UCC Women's Assoc. held in Portland. Our thanks to her for also enclosing a photo. [Let me warn you now, unless you send *lots* of snapshots, most of our scrapbook will be clippings—and most of them obits!] ■ During a trip to British Columbia, **Avis Fischer** enjoyed a reunion with the South African exchange student, whom she hosted so many years ago. Now her former protégé is studying the school system in Canada for her work with the Mandela government in Africa. ■ We have lost another classmate. **Lester Evans** died on March 8 in FL. At Middlebury he was active in football, track, and intramural sports. After graduation he taught school, served in the Navy during World War II, and retired from Investors Diversified Services. To his wife, Lorraine, and family, the class sends sympathy. A memorial appeared in the spring issue.

1936

Class Secretaries: *Mrs. M.W. Herrington (Ret Hanson), P.O. Box 390, Saranac Lake, NY 12983; and Dr. Angus M. Brooks, 200 Pleasant St., Concord, NH 03301.*

We have the sad news that **Katherine Chaffee Robinson** passed away on February 12, 1998, at the Nursing Care Center of Bristol, CT. Kay attended our 60th Reunion in 1996. A memorial appeared in the spring issue. ■ **Rosamond (Posie) Bishop** was spared the FL tornadoes. She enjoys reading our class notes and seems to be in good spirits, although an ulcerated ankle has kept her confined. She hopes to get back to painting, an activity she formerly enjoyed. ■ **Marion Cole Morhouse** went to CA in December. The high point of the trip was a Brace Bridge dinner (seven courses in three hours), held every Christmas Day in Yosemite National Park. She has been waiting for several years for her name to be drawn and had hoped some of her family could attend, but only one grandson was able to go. She also did a lot of sightseeing while she was in CA. She is very active at Wake Robin in Shelburne, where she chairs the annual tag sale to benefit about 40 Wake Robin organizations. ■ **Janet Howe Adams** sadly reports that her husband suffered a stroke on January 8 and is in the nursing care unit of their retirement home. Two of her granddaughters were recently married. ■ **Mary Dansereau Howard**'s husband, Carl '30, has difficulty getting around due to a back problem, which curtails their activities. A new grandchild was a happy addition to their family in December, joining three other grandchildren, now in their 20s. ■ **Eleanore (Ruggie) Cobb Lee** and husband Armie now live in a retirement complex in Arlington, VA. Though she was skeptical upon entering the community, she is now happy there and involved in the resident organization and tutoring. Armie is having trouble with his back, but is still able to drive. ■ **Isabel Davies Emmerich** spent Christmas with daughter Lucy in Seattle. Now in the process of selling her NJ property, Isabel has moved to a nice apartment in Hamilton, GA (Box 43, 31811), to be near daughter Faith. ■ **Agnes Harris Taylor** is becoming quite a traveler! Going to FL immediately after Christmas with some friends, she decided to take a spur-of-the-moment Caribbean Cruise, which included stopping at several islands, snorkeling, and getting a big hug by a dolphin. She also enjoyed a trip to HI with her cousin in May. ■ **Margaret Leach Harris** made a quick trip to FL to celebrate her brother's birthday. She keeps in contact with Anita Cook (Doc Cook's wife), who lives in Middlebury. ■ **Louise Hubbard McCoy** and **Ret Hanson Herrington** had a delightful lunch at **Agnes Harris Taylor**'s home in Rutland, VT, in early April. Louise writes of a letter she received in July 1996 from the late **Doug Rubb**, from Australia. Says Doug a few weeks after our 60th Reunion, "I'm making plans to return permanently to the U.S. Hope you enjoyed the exciting, emotional, and sometimes humorous aspects of our reunion." He spoke of everyone's efforts to get there and referred to **Arch Tilford** as "that kindly, God-fearing, good family man." Doug wrote of "the thunderous, prolonged applause from other classes as we entered the chapel. It produced a most emotional experience. Surely it will remain a lasting memory." Thank you, Louise, for sharing this letter from one who suddenly became a very meaningful member for everyone at the wonderful 60th Reunion. ■ **Wil Westin**'s wife, Jayne, speaks of their ongoing quiet life in CA. She remembers happily Wil's award from *Sports Illustrated*. For its silver anniversary in 1960, the magazine picked a group of football players from the 1935 season. As chief of surgery at the Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children in Los Angeles, Wil was one of 25 players, chosen from 200 colleges, who later "acquitted themselves in careers and public service with outstanding distinction." Wil lectured countrywide about his hospital's program of bringing back children, as adults, to evaluate their surgical success. ■ **Vic Sanborn** continues his teaching at Valencia Community College (3,000 students) in FL. His longtime specialty continues to be the cultural literacy required for basic reading and writing. As a staff member at Valencia, he is impressed by his colleagues' qualifications and pleased with the availability of computers for the individual student, which results in networking beyond community colleges. He has voluntarily retired five times and is now "at the bottom of the faculty list," though he still finds teaching to be a magnet for ongoing enjoyment. He gained recent notoriety due to "Nala," an escaped lioness who wandered near his backyard. Known as "our Bostonian in Residence," Vic's colleagues thought he might even have taught a hungry, loose animal to return to the cultural advantages of her cage. ■ Telling tales relating to our professors at Middlebury, **Roxana Lewis Blackmore** writes: "One Saturday afternoon in spring, Mlle. Binaud invited me to ride in her cute little car to Burlington for shopping." She also recalls the occasion when "Dr. Freeman showed me how to make pancakes (not crêpes)."

1937

Class Secretaries: *Mrs. Barbara Hopkins (Barbara Gregory), 1021 W. Devonshire Rd., Delafield, WI 53018; and the Rev. Loring D. Chase, Kendal at Hanover, 80 Lyme Rd., #215, Hanover, NH 03755.*

In writing of the hills and valleys of his life, **Townsend Hopkins** describes how he became "disenchanted" with orthodox medical philosophy and studied to have his own practice in osteopathy, acupuncture, homeopathy, and naturopathy. He established a natural health pharmaceutical company with his own formulations. However, in 1992 he became ill and was hospitalized for three years. Upon release, he was paralyzed and had numerous other problems. He now lives in a wheelchair, but enjoys the freedom of driving a modified car. He recently formed a new pharmaceutical company and spends his time studying, writing, and consulting. Townie reminisces that time spent at Middlebury was the most important episode in his life and has to this day provided direction. He loves getting *Middlebury Magazine* and keeps hoping he'll make it back to a reunion. He has six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. ■ **Alice Crosby Loomis** recently moved to the home in which she was born in East Dummerston, VT. Still living alone, she feels happy and content and is enjoying wonderful neighbors. She ended her letter by saying "I am reasonably healthy and doing what I can for myself and others." Good for you, Alice! ■ **Margaret Dow Ludington** insists she *has* no adventurous news to write, but she and her husband were planning to drive to the West Coast in June to visit their daughters and their families. Sounds pretty adventurous to me. ■ **Elizabeth MacArthur** is very busy with her volunteer work in the Middleburg high school library. She anticipated chaperoning an exciting high

school senior trip to Disney World. This summer she and her sister planned to spend a month at Chautauqua, NY, to enjoy the many interesting events going on there. ■ **Frances Brainerd Miller** is living at White Acres retirement community in El Paso, TX. Although she feels a bit "slowed down," she is in good health and has fond memories of her time at Middlebury. ■ **Mary Lance Osborn** writes that she and husband Gordon tried living in a retirement home, but left for a small apartment and are happier by themselves. Her husband's blindness does limit their activities, but they do enjoy taking walks and going for rides in their *new red* Pontiac. Other news is that son Randy is now the director of rehab for a network of six hospitals in Southern IL, where he is promoting the availability of rehabilitation for rural people. ■ **Marion Wishart Packard** writes, as usual, of a very busy and meaningful life. Sad news was that soon after our 60th Reunion, her daughter was critically injured in an auto accident. She was hospitalized for several months, then has been in a nursing home for six months. She hoped to return to her own home (near Marion) by summer, but will need considerable help. Marion feels grateful that her own health is still good enough to allow her to assist her daughter. ■ **Grayce Cookson Pierpont** has had a difficult last few months, coping with the sad deaths of a dear friend and a sister-in-law, causing her to feel like a "lone survivor." Perhaps all of our class could use a support group for this difficult feeling. However, she is enjoying her daughter and her several grandkids, with whom she is involved in baseball, soccer, tennis, careers, and weddings. She was also planning a trip to Salt Lake City to visit a childhood friend, who is "not dead yet!" ■ **Frank Piskor** writes that he and Anne have no planned trips or excursions in the offing. Recovering from the notorious ice storm of January has kept them busy cleaning up the debris and tree damage. They had *no heat* (except a fireplace) and no lights for eight days and *no phone* for five days. They were true survivors. With the help of neighbors and friends, they were able to stay in their home. ■ As always, **Mildred Trask Roesch** has good news of the many activities she and husband George enjoy, such as swimming, walking, and tennis a few times weekly. Mildred is enjoying a rewarding new volunteer project, serving as a mentor for two kindergarten boys at Jensen Beach Elementary School. During a great trip to England last summer, they drove (with son Tom) to many interesting landmarks and also visited her former Oxford Univ. tutor. This summer, she and George planned a cruise to AK. You are indeed an inspiration to us '37ers. ■ **Barbara Gregory Hopkins** thanks everyone for those *great* news letters and for taking the time to write. I have finally recovered from my drastic fire. Someone told me one could never tell an "old lady" lived there! So I'm trying to live up to my new sunny, youthful environment and keeping almost too busy with volunteer work and community involvement. I'm arranging my 65th high school reunion, meaning I have to provide access to wheelchairs, bathrooms, and minimal walking. I recently went on a terrific cruise to Panama and other Central American countries. ■ After more than 10 years of teaching anatomy as a volunteer, **Charles Sawyer** has retired from UCLA Med School. He says that he and wife Ruth (Schaeffer) '36 have grandsons—Joe (16) and Tom (14)—who might be headed for Middlebury in a few years. Remembering that Charles often played the chapel organ at Middlebury, he says his grandsons have inherited his love for music. ■ **Muriel Voter Williams** writes about monarch butterflies. She remembers that she and her father (Prof. Voter, remember?) found them just emerged from chrysalises in a field on the side of Chipman Hill. She goes on: "In the Mexico mountains where the monarchs go for the winter, they cover the trees by the thousands. With the torrential rains of El Niño, the butterflies have been greatly endangered. It takes monarchs at least five generations to make the trip down to Mexico and back north east of the Rockies." She also comments on her 61 years since Middlebury: "I taught four years at Wheaton College and married Carroll Williams, who became a professor of biology at Harvard. While raising four boys, I did serious photography, recognized by the Photographic Society of America, became an honorary member of the Boston Camera Club, and have served as Voter family genealogist for many years. There are three of us now: myself, Wesley (a horticulturist), and Roger, who has now returned from Hollywood and is seeking comparable movie employment here. All is well otherwise, except for my hearing. (Eh, what did you say?)" ■ **Barbara Weaver Street** says there isn't much to report from New Milford, CT. "Because of Jack's health, we feel safest right at home where we know the doctors, some of them former colleagues of Jack. The Canada geese are on my back lawn again! One pair has been coming for 10 years. I expect goslings in two or three weeks. They are sure fun to watch—but what a mess in our back lawn, which goes down to the Housatonic River. "Ain't nature grand!" ■ Robert and **Dorothea Mathison Scott** "returned from our winter of skiing (and baby-sitting) in VT April 1 and are now catching up on NJ chores and activities." The height of their location affords a view of 180 degrees along Cape Cod Bay. Dorothea was excited about a June tour of Spain, Portugal, Gibraltar, and a bit of Morocco. She had lunch with **Sue Hathaway Hopper**, but has not seen classmates otherwise. ■ In a cross-country trip to SD and CO with her daughter and family, **Eileen Whitney Wilson** followed portions of the old Oregon Trail in a new RV, to Mt. Rushmore and Custer State Park. With her brother and his wife in Colorado Springs, they took in the annual Hot Air Balloon Festival and the Peterson Air Force Base 50th anniversary air show. After flying home, she spent some time in her home outside Midd. ■ **Beulah Shepard Towne** writes that husband Bruce is recovering nicely from his second knee replacement in April. She touches base with **Marjorie Fielden Kimball**, who "hasn't been feeling very well lately." ■ **Erwin Warren** complains that "it is getting more difficult to do the chores around our little home," but they expected to drive over to Reno, NV, on Memorial weekend—"now that the chance of a late snowstorm (as we go over the mountain passes between here and there) is over." He says that if we see **Eileen Whitney Wilson**, please give her a hug from him. I (**Chuck Chase**) look forward to it. As for Helene (Cosenza) '38 and me, we've made our (last) move to Kendal in Hanover, a retirement community (see address above), where we expect to stay. We were greeted by Tut and Bee Gee Gates Tuttle '38 when we arrived. Bee Gee and Helene shared Robinson House when they were freshmen at Midd. We'll be writing you!

1938

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Miss Madeline S. Buttles, 33 Christian Ave., #74, Concord, NH 03301.*

A letter from **Ginny Fischer Ellison** reveals that "life at Wood River Village is very different now that Herb is gone, but I keep busy at volunteer activities and interesting projects so the time flies by. I go on day trips to historic places in the Philadelphia area, Norman Rockwell Museum, Pennsburg Museum (summer home of William Penn on the Delaware River), Longwood Gardens in Wilmington, etc. My son and family live only an hour away and include my sister Avis Fischer '35 and me in family gatherings year-round. Next big event is my older granddaughter's wedding in June. This is my 12th year here, and I've found it a wonderful place to live. I'm going to miss the 60th Reunion, but will look forward to news of it and of our classmates." ■ **Marian Hewes McKenney** wrote that she didn't plan to attend reunion—"I would rather remember people when I last visited (our 10th)"—but she sent greetings to everyone and hoped that reunion would be very successful. Marian keeps busy with Christian women's activities and volunteer work, which includes hospitals, bloodmobiles, Bible study,

Jean Dudley Hoadley, Jane Liddle Heath, and Bob Matteson were among the 31 members of the Class of '38 at Convocation

church work, and museum. ■ **Dorothy Simonds Stearns** writes that a recent trip around Middlebury and the campus enabled her to realize the amount of building that present plans include. Buildings are going up to accommodate a growing enrollment. As Dorothy notes, "The campus is indeed growing!" ■ Chuck '37 and **Helene Cosenza Chase** have permanently relocated to Kendal at Hanover, 80 Lyme Rd., Hanover, NH 03755. ■ **Jane Abbott Barry** is permanently situated at Heritage Heights in Concord. Her Concord address remains the same, although the buildings have changed. ■ **Becki Abbott Brooks** enjoyed chatting on the phone with the people on her list during the recent fund-raising drive. "Since then I've had another fall (on March 12) but no broken bones. The hard part is that I fell forward and landed on my right side and sometimes it hurts." A follow-up note from Becki informs us that she was fine as of May 13: "No canes. The best part is that I can *drive* now." ■ **Paul Buskey** sent regrets that he would be unable to be at Midd for our 60th, but hopes to be around for the 65th. Paul has cut back on his off-court tennis activities and our reunion comes at the same time as the National Indoor Senior Tennis Championships. Paul and his partner were to be ranked either sixth or seventh in the country in 80 doubles for 1997. Recently Paul was honored for 25 years of service to the San Diego Tennis Assoc. Although he has retired from that he still runs a major tournament, referees, and umpires. Paul wished to be remembered to his classmates. ■ Our deepest sympathy to **Naomi Heig Drew** whose sister, Ruth Heig Ghents '40, died shortly before Christmas. Those who remember Ruth recall her sense of humor, vivaciousness, and charm. While Naomi lived at Forest Hall during our senior year, Ruth was at Hillcrest. A cousin of Naomi, Gertrude Lutz, is living at Havenwood, and we happened to sit opposite each other at breakfast on the day of this writing and had a great visit. For health reasons, Naomi was unable to attend our reunion in May. Naomi is close to her children and grandchildren and writes fondly of them. At reunion, we were thinking of you, Naomi, and of all the others, who, for one reason or another, could not be present.

1939

Class Secretaries: *Mr. and Mrs. Thor B. Gustafson (Carol Miner), One Prudence La., Brookside, NJ 07926; and Mrs. Raymond J. Skinner (Ruth Coleman), Brainerd St., P.O. Box 52, Danville, VT 05828.*

A newspaper story received at the College covered the news that **Thor Gustafson** has retired from the Mendham Township (NJ) Board of Adjustment after 15 years of service. Appointed to the board in 1982, he was reappointed five times before informing township officials that he did not wish another reappointment. Thor served as township tax assessor for 25 years, was a member of the township Environmental Commission (1988-1994), and served as special liaison to the Morris County Board of Freeholders (1990-1994). Wife **Carol Miner Gustafson** also served the township in the 1970s as a Township Committee member for three years and as the township's assistant clerk for 10 years. ■ The Gustafsons report receiving a most welcome and lengthy letter from **Evelyn Wheeler Stagg**, who was in Naples, FL, with husband Dave '44. They come north to stay at an inn in Rutland in the summer. They have three daughters. Christine, who lives in Montclair, NJ, was skiing in Taos, NM, this spring. Second daughter Bonnie, a graduate of Boston Univ. Theological Seminary, is ordained and is an associate pastor of a Congregational church in Manchester, NH. Third daughter Mimi and her husband, Bill Kevan, live in Randolph, VT, and toured Asia this spring. Evie wrote that she and Dave have had a difficult four years, surviving through cancer, but they are "still on their feet," exercising, going to the Philharmonic, playing bridge, volunteering, and enjoying friends. Evie recently had a reunion in FL with several professors and the former president from Castleton College, where she taught for 16 years. The lifestyle described in her letter makes us realize how well they are doing, and we were so happy to hear from them. Evie's brother has finished a family genealogy, now registered with the Library of Congress, of both their parents, tracing their lineage back to William the Conqueror's Doomsday Book. She should have much to discuss with **Joyce Mackenzie Cropsey**. We hope to see both of them at our 60th. ■ Another most welcome letter and a birthday card arrived from **Ruth Webb**, who resides in New City, NY. Her appreciation of the news in this column was very rewarding. We hope to take advantage of Ruth's invitation to get together with other Middlebury classmates who live near her to celebrate the "occasion of our crossing into our ninth decade of life." Wonderful idea and we hope to get together at her lakeside home when it is convenient. Ruth mentioned that 16 women and 8 men in our class turn 80 this year, so here's a happy birthday to all celebrants. ■ **Bob Rathbone** wrote from his retirement home in Brunswick, ME, that Harriett, his wife of 56 years, died on December 20, 1997. With the help of daughter Anne Rathbone Winskie '75 he is "slowly gaining his composure." All the best to you, Bob. ■ Congratulations to **Dorothy Korb Carter**, who became a great-grandmother with the arrival of Timothy Carter Jewett in OH. ■ In honor of **Ruthie Coleman Skinner**'s 80th birthday, daughters Dale and Becky '73 took her on a four-day trip to Williamsburg, VA. They enjoyed it all, especially learning about the early colonists. ■ **Louise Roberts Avery, Ruthie Skinner,** and **Marge Marsh Veronneau** recently had lunch with **Beverly Browning Gilbert** at Wake Robin in Shelburne, VT. They had a wonderful time together. ■ **Irene Fernandez Anderson** and husband Norman had a beautiful time share in Orlando, FL, last winter and enjoyed entertaining their two sons and family while there. ■ We are about ready to make specific plans for our 60th Reunion. Any suggestions or offers to help would be most appreciated!

1940

Class Secretaries: *Bob and Bobbie Plumer Alden, 51 Otterside Ct., Middlebury, VT 05753.*

Your secretaries wish you would send us your news, so that we can keep our 1940 column alive and interesting. Living in Middlebury has given us the opportunity to watch the new College buildings being constructed. The new ice rink, located near the new pool, is scheduled to be completed by December. It will have a 2,200-seat heated arena, which sounds great. The large crane used to place the girders is a familiar sight on campus. The new Bicentennial Building being constructed beyond Pearsons is very imposing and can be viewed from many places in town. This summer we are once again enjoying our Cape Cod home. The Middlebury Cape Cod Golf Reunion was held the weekend of May 15-17. Being tennis players, we attended the cocktail party, held once again at the Dennis Inn, under the chairmanship of Win Cobb '55 of Dennis, MA. ■ We regret to report the deaths of three of our classmates. **Ellen Rhodes McCarthy** died on January 26 and a memorial appeared in the spring issue. We send the condolences of the class to her son, John McCarthy. ■ **Marjorie Gooch Davis** died on April 27 at her home in Fremont, NH. We send the condolences of the class to all her family, especially her sister, Constance Gooch Perry '37. ■ **Claire Chapin Sages** died on March 28 at Greenwich (CT) Hospital. Our sympathies go to her sons, Ronald and Gregory, and to her sister, Eloise Savage, and her six grandchildren.

1941

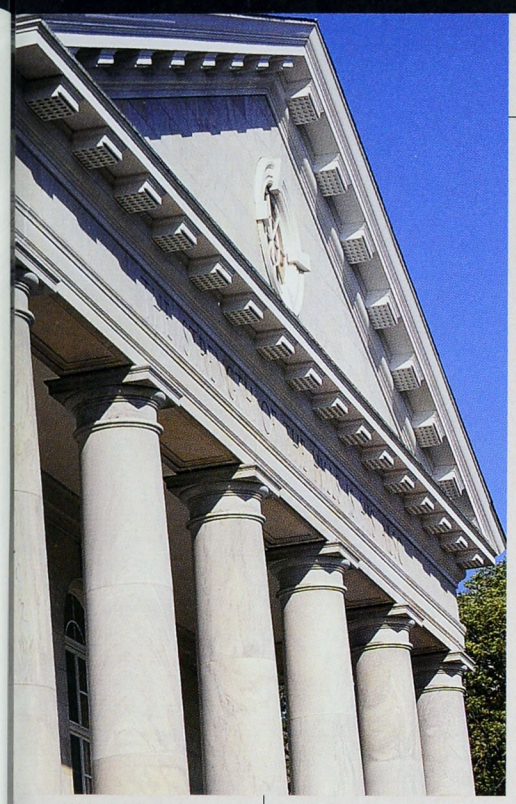
Class Secretary: *Lester W. Ingalls, P.O. Box 583, Middlebury, VT 05753; and Mrs. Charles W. Jones (Ruth Packard), RR 1, Box 86A, Walton, NY 13856.*

Hank and **Eleanor Gillett Blauvelt** are enjoying life at the Fellowship Retirement Community in Liberty Corner, NJ, where they have resided for two years. It's not far from their son and two daughters and seven grandchildren. **Blair Chase Ohaus** lives nearby in Bernardsville, handy for get-togethers. Last fall, the Blauvelts's travel group took a four-day trip through New England during the foliage season, spent two nights at the Middlebury Inn, and toured the campus. "What a treat!" In February they were in FL, where Eleanor enjoyed chats with **Alice Noppel Knight** and **Shirley Metcalfe Handforth**. Recently they attended a regional alumni gathering in Bedminster, where President McCardell spoke about current events at the College. ■ Ole **Gordon Brooks** perused the winter issue of *MiddMag* during a temporary lapse from his customary vigor, now happily restored. He and a medical doctor friend have started a "Stop Smoking" meeting patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous, attracting a substantial number of participants in nine months. "Still chasing the tennis ball when I'm healthy," reports Gordie. ■ **Connie Girard Brown** is busily involved in a variety of volunteer activities: fund-raising for a new library; trustee of the local library friends; co-chair of the historical society membership and education committees. Her three grandsons (one in high school, another a sophomore baseball pitcher at Randolph-Macon College, and the other a soccer goalie at Washington & Lee Univ.) and her only granddaughter (a high school junior planning to become a doctor) are all visited in VA as often as possible. Connie plays a lot of bridge and has resumed playing golf after a hip replacement and two eye implants. She also participates in a book discussion group, which recently considered the works of two Middlebury authors, Jay Parini (Axinn Professor of Creative Writing) and Julia Alvarez (English professor). ■ Vermont's impending 911 emergency service system has given Jack and **Helen "Westie" Burbank** a new mailing address for the Lake Dunmore hacienda: 376 Mountain View Dr., Leicester, VT 05778. ■ Visiting her family along the way in VT and MD, **Packie Jones** returned to her home in Walton, NY, from the winter in FL. While there, she talked with **Caroline "Buttsie" Dodge**, who was also wintering in the Sunshine State. ■ **Malcolm Freiberg** recently moved to 480D Concord Ave., Belmont, MA 02178. Mal and Mil have turned over their former residence to daughter Sarah and her husband, Jeff Ellison, and the two grandchildren, Lenora (3 1/2) and Lloyd Malcolm (6 mos.). The Ellisons moved from Seattle, WA, to MA where Jeff, an inorganic chemist, landed a job at a startup medical firm in Cambridge upon completion of post-doctoral studies at the Univ. of WA. Mal and Mil love the proximity of their family and do not miss the frequent trips to Seattle. Wonderful! ■ We regret to report the passing of **Ed Loftus**, for whom a memorial appears elsewhere in this issue. He was a devoted alumnus whose participation in our class reunions was regular and wholehearted. We extend our deepest sympathies to his wife, **Barbara Warren Loftus**, their son David, daughter Lydia Anderson, and grandson Ross Scherer.

1942

Class Secretaries: *Mr. and Mrs. John F. Bates (Nancy Rindfusz), 621 Laurel Lake Dr., #B119, Columbus, NC 28722.*

Hope Barton Fitzpatrick is living 20 minutes from her former house in a retirement home at 43 W. McKinsey St., #304, Severna Park, MD 21146. Her two daughters moved her, which was a big help I'm sure. Her son is stationed in Seattle, where he is the commander of a destroyer. ■ **Harriet Tillinghast Fuller** has very limited eyesight, but delivers Meals on Wheels. (No, she doesn't drive!) In July, she and Denny headed for the glorious state of AK, traveling on small ships and trains instead of a cruise ship. ■ **Pat Kane MacFadden** gets a star for her energy. She helps chauffeur her three grandchildren to various activities and she takes trips offered by the community college in Wheaton. Of the seven Elderhostels she has attended, some have involved service projects, such as working with forest rangers to save aspen trees in northern AZ and sorting things in the attic of the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. Pat has discovered talking books and listens to them while doing chores like cleaning the cat boxes for her two cats. She found the book by our Waldo Heinrich on tape. ■ **Sue Hulings Ottinger** is no slouch either. She's taking piano and French lessons, the latter to prepare for a fall trip to Brittany and Provence. She is visiting a cousin in Brittany whose home is really her castle. Last winter's vacation was in Barbados. After a June reunion at MIT, Sue and Harry were visiting **Joan Calley Cooper** in NH for a few days. ■ **Bill** and **Meg Buscher Andrews** sent a card from AZ showing the desert flowers in bloom, the result of a cool, wet winter. They plan to return again



New Ways to Give

With Special Ways to Thank You!

Middlebury's Bicentennial Campaign is a watershed event for the College. Reaching our $200 million campaign goal will be an essential historic step toward meeting the future challenges and promises of the next century. Middlebury deeply appreciates the loyalty and enthusiasm of its alumni, parents, and friends who have secured the College endowment with thousands of generous gifts.

Today we are embarking on a special mission to share some new and innovative ways to help us reach our goal. The Planned Giving team at Middlebury has many new giving options that have been designed to complement your financial needs. These products all enable high-level contributions while returning financial benefits to the donor—a special way to say thank you.

Our line of Planned Gifts includes Middlebury charitable gift annuities, unitrusts, pooled income funds, spigot trusts, life estate gifts, and many more. All of these giving products enable us to thank you for your invaluable generosity by giving you back something important—help with retirement, education funds for the children or grandchildren, income for a spouse or a senior parent, or just building a "nest egg."

We want you to learn about these unique giving alternatives because they can secure Middlebury's future *and* yours. We can bring you up the learning curve as quickly or as slowly as you wish. We know that your schedules are busy. Accordingly, we want you to guide us on how and when to show you the power of these new giving products.

Fill out the attached response card today, and we will accommodate you—on your timetable—at your pace. We know you'll be impressed and surprised with what you'll learn about the new ways to give.

Your response could be the beginning of an invaluable investment for both you and Middlebury!

Virginia Beach mini-reunion (see 1944 column)

next year and hope for better golf weather. ■ **Mary Clough Johnstone** was very impressed with the vitality of our class at our 50th and 55th. Little did she realize many of us were putting on an act! Mary does Elderhostels and displays her wares at antiques shows. The high point of the year for her is visiting her daughter and family on Nantucket. ■ **Nina Camuti Danielsen** sent pictures of her twin grandsons wearing Midd outfits. She also wrote how sad she was to receive the program from **Bill Wood**'s memorial service. "He was like a beacon of light, leading all of us by example in courage, gentleness, and joy of living. We will all continue remembering him and be ever grateful to have been counted among his friends." Well said, Nina. ■ **Hope Rood Redway** had to cancel a trip last winter to the Canary Islands because of a case of flu that wouldn't quit. ■ **Charlie** and **Dodie Watson Kitchell** are still battling medical problems that are causing them to exchange their home for a three-stage retirement situation in the near future. ■ The condolences of the class go to Dr. Frederick Erb on the death of his wife, **Ellen Holt Erb**, on February 5. A memorial appeared in the spring issue. ■ On the way south last winter, Arlene and **Bob Bredenberg** visited Myrtle Beach, Jekyll Island, and St. Augustine. Continuing to Tampa, the wind, rain, and cold seemed to follow them. Three tornadoes were sighted and the one in Nashville bombarded them with very large hail stones. In spite of all that, they enjoyed living in their motor home and returned home on April 19. ■ We (**John** and **Nancy Rindfusz Bates**) took a fast trip to FL in March to attend a reunion luncheon for Montserrat ex-residents. We spent a night with **Helen Hooley Young**; Gordie Brooks '41 and wife Anne joined us for dinner. We visited kids and friends through floods and high winds, sans sun. In June we're taking a river trip from Amsterdam to Vienna via the Rhine, Main, and Danube. We had only four cards from which to concoct this column. Now, if you want to have something to read, you'd better shape up. Please put us on your Christmas list. You can skip the gifts, just send us a card with a handwritten message on it!

1943

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Mrs. Whitney C. Doe (Charlotte Johnson), 327 Ayer Rd., Harvard MA 01451; and Dr. John S. Gale, 24 Beach Rd., Gloucester, MA 01930.*

How could we have known that the 55th Reunion would be so much fun? People from all over—AK, TX, NJ, IN, CO—kept showing up and pounding their canes at Convocation! Not only did our class set a new record for giving for a 55th Reunion class this year, but we also won the Gold Key Award for the greatest percentage of participation in a post-50th Reunion class by raising $1,377,000 with 72 percent of the class participating. ■ The unwelcome news of the death of **Bob Adsit** on May 7, due to a rapidly progressing widespread malignancy, introduced a note of sadness that was with us all during the weekend. Bob was a bigger-than-life member of the class, with his ever-present broad grin, his gruff voice full of encouragement, and his seemingly inexhaustible energy, whether on the athletic field or in the service of his class, college, city, or state. Letters of sympathy have gone to his wife, Mary Louise, and family. ■ Our thanks to Nancy Cranker for informing us of the death of her father, **Keith R. Cranker**, on March 30. She contacted the College during reunion weekend: "I know how important his college days were to him and I am sure he will be with his class in spirit." We send the condolences of the class to Nancy Cranker and to Judith Cranker MacPherson '72 and all the family. ■ Our sympathy also goes to the family of **Rita Smith Burke**, who died on December 31, 1997. A memorial appeared in the spring issue. ■ The College provided a variety of "continuing education" opportunities on both Friday and Saturday. On Friday evening after the buffet at Proctor, Gifford lounge proved a wonderful place for catching up with other people's lives. ■ Saturday morning a brief memorial service was held at our class tree for the 27 members of the class who had passed away since our 50th Reunion. **Ted Peach** and **Bob Byington** did the readings. ■ Alumni Convocation was highlighted by the return of one member of the class of 1923 and two from 1928. In a well-developed and well-delivered address, President McCardell succeeded in putting into words what it means to all of us to have been students at Middlebury College. ■ We were invited to the President's house on South Street on Saturday for an excellent lunch with the McCardells, following which the class photo was taken. Some then swam at the new Natatorium, some took tours of the College or the town and environs, some learned more about the Web, and some folded for a bit of rest. Always more things to do and see than one could possibly take in! ■ Saturday was a perfect spring evening for drinks on the Kirk Alumni Center deck, with its unmatched view across the golf course to the distant mountains. The class banquet proved both enlightening and enjoyable. We were entertained by a group of unusually talented young Middlebury women, the Mischords, singing a cappella. Their first offering was a hauntingly beautiful arrangement of the words from Kahlil Gibran's "Children" from *The Prophet*. **Kay Sempepos Silliman** brought news of **Peter Nikitas, Mandy Sanborne Krieble** of **Chick Johnson** and **Ruth Delong Rude**, and **John Gale** of **Dick Morehouse** and **Steve Wilson**. **Ellie Reier Brown** accepted the Gold Key Award on behalf of the class, stressing the importance of each member of the class contributing even a small amount to the Annual Fund. She also paid tribute to the untiring efforts of **Bob Adsit** as the chairperson of our Class Gift Committee. Alyssa Sveden '94, from the admissions office, outlined the admissions procedures which our grandchildren have faced or will face. David Ginevan, treasurer and executive VP of Middlebury College, spoke about the financial problems facing young people admitted to the College, and ways that they can be helped along the way. The evening ended on a far less serious note with **Joe Steel**—together with **Ted Peach, Bill Hawkes**, and **Bob Byington**—summing up our activities to date. ■ The Alumni Choir, with **Ted Peach** again starring, provided the music for the service on Sunday morning; the well-remembered choral response to the benediction ("The Lord bless you and keep you") was just as beautiful as we recalled, bringing tears to many eyes. ■ Festivities ended with a brunch at Hadley Barn; again great food and a chance for a final chat and good-byes. ■ Forty-three alumni returned, with 20 spouses/guests: **Jane Botsford Armstrong, Eb Baines**, Ellaveen and **John Barmby**, Fred and **Betty Brigham Barrett, Earle Bishop** and Slansky Birgid, **Dotty Hood Bittman, Peter Bohn, Mildred Carson Bonow, Ellie Reier Brown, Bob** and **Ann Cole Byington, Jim** and Dottie Brown '44 **Clark**, Jack and **Dottie Forsythe Dale, Russ** and **Bounce Dounce Dale, Skip Wilkin Dimond, Scott** and **Putt Wolff Eakeley**, Barbara and **Roger Easton**, Fritz and **John Gale, Loie Groben Gilmore, Lew Haines**, Gordon and **Ginnie Carpenter Halstead**, Jean and **Bill Hawkes, Helen Bouck "Bouckie" Hildebrandt**, Katherine and **Al Jefts**, Jim and **Mandy Sanborne Krieble**, Rod and **Ginnie Clemens Lowman**, Donald and **Peg Bullock Marti, George** and Laura Woodward (Bread Loaf '42) **Nitchie, Ted Peach**, Joann and **Arthur Rasmussen**, Jan and **Vance Richardson, Dumont Rush**, Cutler and **Kay Sempepos Silliman**, Win and **Peggy Bowles Smith, George Steel**, Ben and **Dorothy Stewart Stein**, Jill and **Stan Tupper, Marty Newton Van Gaasbeck**, Bill and **Yvonne Golding Weinhardt**, and June and **Bob Wood**. Interest was expressed in a 57 1/2 Reunion at Homecoming in the fall of 2000, coinciding with the Bicentennial Celebration. We'd like to hear from all who might favor such an endeavor. And we trust that you will begin to make plans to attend the 60th in 2003! Computer problems with the year 2000 won't be acceptable as an excuse then. ■ Congratulations to **Roger Easton**, who was elected to the American Philosophical Society on April 24. Founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1743, this is the oldest learned society in the U.S. devoted to the advancement of scientific and scholarly inquiry. Early members included George Washington and Thomas Jefferson; John James Audubon, Robert Fulton, Charles Darwin, Thomas Edison, and Louis Pasteur were elected in the 19th century. Twentieth-century members include Albert Einstein, Robert Frost, and George Marshall. Since 1901, more than 200 members of the American Philosophical Society have received the Nobel Prize. ■ With this issue, we thank **Amanda Sanborne Krieble** for her capable assistance as co-class secretary these past five years and we welcome our new co-class secretary, **Charlotte Johnson Doe**. Please send news to the addresses listed above.

1944

Class Secretaries: *Dr. and Mrs. Neil Atkins (Marylu Graham), 12 Carter Rd., New London, NH 03257.*

We regret to report the death of **Anne Bowns Sayre** on March 13. Anne left Midd at the end of our sophomore year and later graduated from Radcliffe. She became a very successful author and published many short stories, some novellas, and a novel. She traveled extensively, acquired a law degree at the age of 55, made some important environmental contributions in the Long Island Sound area, and did quite a bit of teaching and lecturing. A memorial appears elsewhere in this issue. We extend the sympathy of the class to her husband, David Sayre. ■ **Betty Mercer McChrystal** and husband Bill visited daughter Meg and family in Geneva, Switzerland, before going on a tour ending in Madrid, Spain. Betty also reported a recent lunch with **Irene Ruthenberg Conner**. ■ **Shirley West Johnson** and husband Leight recently returned from a trip to Costa Rica with daughter Sally Johnson '72 and their grandson. "We stayed at a classy resort on the west coast with the biggest swimming pool in creation. We rode horses in the jungle (see the two-toed sloth up there in the trees?), white-water rafted down a river (iguanas and howler monkeys), and dipped our feet in the Pacific Ocean (no sharks in sight). Costa Rica is hot, dry, and interesting, with active volcanoes, atrocious roads (rent a tank to drive around), and wonderful friendly people. We find flying more of a hassle than a pleasure these days, but it was too far to drive. It's just north of Panama, in case you wondered." ■ We heard of a great mini-reunion last summer when **John Urban, Bobo Sheehan**, and **John Cadwell** enjoyed a day of golf with **Art Pepin** at his golf course in Westport, NY. Now there's a formidable foursome! Any other reunions to report? We want news, folks. ■ **Hugh Taft** and **John Cadwell** will be chairing the gifts committee for our upcoming 55th Reunion, which will be held on May 28-30, 1999. (Mark your '99 calendar as soon as one is available.) We will be back on campus again, staying in Gifford this time. No doubt the College wants to keep us near our old haunts. More details forthcoming in the fall. ■ Your class secretaries spent most of March in Australia and New Zealand. Beautiful countries. Where have you been lately? We need news!

PHOTO CAPTION A group of 10 '44ers gathered for an extended weekend at Virginia Beach in April. **Bill** and **Ingrid Monk Stevenson, Nancy Read, Ruth Waldmann, Jane Landes, Ruth Wheaton Evans** and husband Chuck, and **Neil** and **Marylu Graham Atkins** agreed that a hilarious time was had by all. Who says Middlebury memories fade after 50 years? Not this bunch!

1945

Class Secretaries: *Mrs. Donald A. Stearns (Shirley Miller), 166-25 Powells Cove Blvd, Beechurst, NY 11357; and Mr. Peter Q. McKee, 26 Turtleback Road, P.O. Box 197, Sunapee, NH 03782.*

Kesari and **Elaine King Dandh** report some of the fascinating details of their six-month stay in India—from an American groom's arrival at his wedding "astride a white horse and wearing a veil of pink rosebuds" to celebrating their own 31st wedding anniversary "sitting in a car in the south of India waiting for our driver to return with parts which had fallen out." Back home in Jalisco, Mexico, Elaine has been finishing a novel about an American in India and preparing for a show of her photographs from India. A local news item reported that "this raconteur (Elaine), who has the timing of a standup comic, will be reading excerpts from her own plays." Elaine wrote that El Niño brought snow which killed her mango trees, but nothing like the damage in FL and CA. ■ **Priscilla (Pete) Hodges Heald** and daughter Sue were Elderhosteling this summer at the Montana Scenic Institute, not far from Helena. Pete was looking forward to a course on sapphire hunting in the Missouri River headwaters, as well as some exploring, rafting, and following the trail of Lewis and Clark. Luckily, she has recovered from rotator cuff injury and has been playing tennis indoors in South Londonderry. Daughter Sue and husband live in Stevensville, MT, son Scott is in Oakland, CA, and daughter Cindy is in Worcester. ■ **Kenneth T. Moore** and wife Martha were flying to Barcelona in May to board a Norwegian Line ship for a two-week cruise to Monaco and other Mediterranean ports. Ken says they're paying the price for living on a hilltop outside of Rutland (with glorious views to the west of the Green Mountains) by having no cable TV. Ken says, "I also cherish our view of uptown Pittsford because it looks like a prep school, but it's really the old vacant Marble Company." Condolences to Ken and Martha on the death of her daughter Mary Kay DePoy Harris, who was a private practice lawyer in Evanston, IL. ■ March 24 Middlebury night at the opera (*Romeo and Juliette*) was a great evening, attended by Don and **Shirley Miller Stearns** and probably 100 or so other alums and friends. Introductory remarks by Midd history of art prof. John Hunisak in List Hall, downstairs at the Met, were lively and enlightening. (Judging from this event, the Midd trip to Italy with him in June must have been just great.) And to add special dazzle to the event, Prof. Hunisak arranged for Middlebury's own William Burden '86 to meet with us briefly before going on stage. As the *New York Times* reviewer said, "The tenor William Burden looked dashing and sang vibrantly as the hot-headed Tybalt." He was great and so was the evening. Much credit goes to the recent alums of the Manhattan Middlebury Alumni group who arranged it and who plan another opera evening in the fall. ■ **Dorothy Laux O'Brien** is still a wonderful contributor and continuing columnist for the *Manchester and Mountains Journal*. Dottie frequently sends us copies of her lively articles, but it was a special thrill to encounter her trenchant remarks in the actual paper as we were waiting for our table at the Three Mountain Inn near Stratton. Impressed our friends, too! ■ Congratulations to Barrett and **Barbara Drury Sand**, who celebrated their 50th anniversary on May 8. ■ And we were happy to hear from Clemmons, NC, the **Jean Bender Heermans** survived the tornado that hit Clemmons in early May: "It was my first experience and believe me I hope I never see another. Roofs were blown off, trees snapped in two, and the wind was horrendous. Tornadoes are scarier than hurricanes, because you get no warning. I've had enough of both."

PHOTO CAPTION While many of us were dealing with the effects of El Niño, **Ruth Hanson Cleveland** (top), **Baba Boyden Wetherbee**, and **Ann Taggart Haddock** joined a January cruise aboard the *Yorktown Clipper*. From St. Kitts, the cruise traveled south, stopping at Nevis, Domenica, St. Lucia, Bequia, Union Island, and Granada. Exploring the islands, they found waterfalls, lush tropical plants, colorful birds—and were intrigued to learn that these islands played an important part in our own revolution. In addition to swimming and snorkeling, cruise participants enjoyed beautiful weather and enticing food. The trip was cosponsored by Middlebury and four other colleges. There were 12 Middlebury alums and 10 spouses aboard, all of whom recommend the trip as a wonderful getaway from the northern winter.

1946

Class Secretaries: *Mary Elizabeth Cummings Nordstrom (Mrs. Everett R.) (maryelizabeth@pinehurst.net), 10 Inverness Rd., 10 Inverness Rd., Pinehurst, NC 28374; and Joan Campbell Shaw (Mrs. Douglas P.), Cottage St., RR 2, Box 3412, Manchester Center, VT 05255.*

Doris Smith Earnshaw reports an enjoyable trip last November to the new Newark Performing Arts Center, where daughter Denise and her husband played in orchestra concerts. "**Betty Steiner Hoenig** attended, with husband Egon, and we had a happy meeting. A few days later in Washington, DC, the orchestra played a second concert and we partied with George '47 and Joanne Buckeridge Booth '47. Betty was my roommate in Pearsons and Joanne in the Château. So good to connect again and to see them 'looking so fine.'" ■ **Mary Elizabeth Cummings Nordstrom** has registered to do business under the name Vox Unlimited to be a distributor of IBM Via Voice for WordPerfect 7 or 8 and SpokenWord for Microsoft Word '97 by Typhoon. You can look up www.typhoon.com if you are curious about the Russian outsourcing partnership of her son-in-law, Phil Myers. "Nepotism is a great way to become gainfully employed at age 72!" Having left her organist/director job, her major volunteer project will be to organize a project called MESSIAH 2000. The proceeds will go to alleviate world hunger: "He Shall Feed His Flock Like a Shepherd." She also plans to do foundation fund-raising to help communities with orchestra/soloist/conductor expenses. ■ We hope to hear more soon from Peter and **Cinnie Proud Jennings** about their recent three-week trip in France. ■ We regret to report several deaths. **Insley Gove Rice** died on January 10, and we convey the condolences of the class to her son, David Gove. ■ **Walt Webb** died last November and we send our love and deepest sympathy to **Janie Billings Webb** and her family. A memorial appears elsewhere in this issue. ■ A memorial for **Faith Weber Frase** appeared in the winter issue. Our class extends condolences to husband John and the family. ■ The class sends love and sympathy to **Miriam Edmunds LeBaron** whose husband, Ted, died last winter. ■ Word has been received of the death this

Ruth Hanson Cleveland, Baba Boyden Wetherbee, and Ann Taggart Haddock cruise the British West Indies (see 1945 column)

spring of Dick Rovegno, husband of **Joan Smith Rovegno**. Dick seemed to many like a classmate himself. "Smitty" and her family have our deepest sympathy. ■ Thanks to classmate **Jimmie Smith Murphy** and a chance remark she made during our 50th Reunion activities, **Gloria Antolini Keyser** found a long-lost cousin, Anthony Antolini. Tony, she discovered, lives in Cushing, ME (Jimmie's vicinity), and is a member of the music faculty at Bowdoin College, where he conducts the chorus and teaches music theory. Glo writes: "On the first weekend of May, Rog and I had the pleasure of attending a performance of the Rachmaninoff Festival Choir (comprised of members of the Down East Singers and the Bowdoin Chorus) conducted by Tony Antolini at St. Mary's Church in Middlebury. They performed Rachmaninoff's beautiful and moving *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom*, a work which they have taken on tour in both the U.S. and in major cities of the former Soviet Union. It was a magnificent performance and, for me, an emotional reunion with this charming and accomplished young relative. It was my first opportunity to meet his wife and his two daughters. Middlebury magic!"

1947

Class Secretaries: *Virginia Stowell James, 373 Reeds Gap Rd., Northford, CT 06472; and Philip Briggs, 520 Stanwich Rd., Greenwich, CT 06831.*

Early in March **Joyce Walsh Heath** called with news of a mini-reunion in Randolph, VT. **Jean Davis Battey, Lynn Bruhn, Betty Galloway Masterson, Peg Armstrong Igleheart, Mollie Stevens Chesbrough, Kay Gray Weed, Dottie Domina Willard, Sue Carr Pauli, Anita Strassel Tiemann**, and **Joyce Walsh Heath** got together at the Three Stallions Inn on the Green Mountain Stock Farm. It was great weather, great food, and great fellowship for this all-Vermont group, and another mini-reunion was planned for the summer. What a marvelous idea for other areas where travel distances and numbers of classmates make it feasible! The two planners each called half of the VT class members and the reunion sped into reality from there. With the narrow blue Reunion Directory given to us last year, getting the names, addresses, and phone numbers of classmates in your area should not be hard. Go for it! ■ Surely most of us knew that **Flo King Millsaps** and husband Frank were among those attending our Class of '47 Reunion last year, so were not fooled at the switch in the winter column, which placed **Sally McCullough Sterritt** and Graham there with the Millsaps regretting, instead of the reverse. ■ **Bonny Morse Heisler** spent December with children and grandchildren in Charleston, SC, where she went up in a balloon with her sister, pronouncing it a fabulous experience. ■ Another great idea for our class comes from **B.A. Holmgren Hendrickson** (bettyh@iswnet.com), who is newly enjoying e-mail and wishes she had e-mail addresses for classmates and friends. Why not target the production of an e-mail directory? Send your e-mail address to B.A. and to one of your class secretaries and we will try to work out a listing for a future issue. ■ **Betsy Hornaday Fry** informs us that **Janet Kraft West** has made a good recovery from her strokes and hip replacement surgery and is now living independently in a condo on Bainbridge Island. She has the same phone number as listed in our Reunion Directory. Kraftie traveled back east over Christmas and is planning another European trip next September. ■ Ann and **Victor Springer** are celebrating their golden wedding anniversary in Glendale, CA, where they have lived since retiring in 1989. They served as missionaries in Japan for 40 years and their four children have all served with the Evangelical Alliance Mission (TEAM). Their daughter serves TEAM now in Baja California. Two sons are with the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena and a third son is a physician in Peoria, IL. Having no recollection of Victor in our class, this secretary (**Virginia Stowell James**) called him for more information. He grew up in NJ and received his call at a missionary when he was about 17. In the Navy V-12 group, he spent one year at Midd and "absolutely loved it." Prof. Andrews, noting Vic's excellence in math, steered him into engineering and he completed his education at Union College. However, Middlebury remained his first love and he chose to be listed in our class where he had begun. You can reach Victor via e-mail (vspringer@juno.com). You'll be glad you did! ■ In the next issue, we hope to hear about the trip to Australia that **Adrienne Northam Fluckiger** planned for January and February. ■ **Muriel Mack Lamppert** (Moo) is still ecstatic about her travels to northern India and Nepal with a friend. They visited a tiger preserve, saw the Taj Mahal, the Ganges, Agra, saw Everest, and stayed at a maharajah's hunting lodge, and much more. ■ After a recent issue reported so much tree damage on campus from the great ice storm, we called **Alice Neef Perine** to check on our 50th Reunion tree. (Our tree planted at graduation was nowhere to be found, you may recall.) Alice thinks it survived and is okay. She and Gordie '49 were celebrating a 50th anniversary in June. Next year they will be busy heading the United Way. ■ Don '48 and **Marion Durkee Stillman** thought they might get to his 50th Reunion this year (they were unable to join us last year, but they decided not to try but instead to keep precious memories of going to his reunion with the original Class of '45.) Living in Rockport, MA, Marion's activity centers on Garden Club, including a show where she represents the Rockport Garden Club doing an arrangement for the "Arts and Flowers" show, creating a complementary arrangement for a painting or other work of art. ■ **Mary Pitz Hunt** and Roy '48 made much the same decision as the Stillmans. His leg is "holding its own," but they will keep the good memories of last year. Mary anticipated a lot of work clearing trails for hiking as a result of ice storm damage. ■ **Jackie Simon Moore** had a second back operation, a follow-up to the surgery which kept her from reunion last year. She was recuperating at home and about to start a new drug for Parkinson's disease. She sends thanks to all classmates who sent get well cards. ■ **Rosemary Roddy Brainard** and husband Buzz had a sleepless night when the FL tornadoes roared by, but they were unscathed. They visited Fred and **Anne Macomber Wood**, who were vacationing during the winter in Naples. Anne is reportedly "still slim and pretty with the same sweet smile and sparkly eyes." Both couples regretted having had to miss reunion last year. ■ **Catherine Van Aken Smith** (Bobbie) reports that all is well with **Fran Swain Moretti**, whom she hears from regularly. Catherine, a lover of gardening, says she may need a knee replacement soon, but keeps active with civic responsibilities, completing a three-year tenure as president of the South Central Connecticut Area Agency on Aging. She was helping to organize a spring luncheon for centenarians in the greater New Haven area, with more than 50 people planning to attend. Now there's a worthy target for all of us who weathered the wintry hills and hikes of Middlebury a mere 50 years ago!

1948

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gilbert (Joan Tyler), 3660 Walt Whitman Ln., Bethlehem, PA 18017.*

Retiring Class Secretaries **Bob** and **Marya Steele Kellogg** report: The last we saw of your new secretaries they were heading for PA, **Dan Gilbert** in style behind the wheel, while **Joan Tyler Gilbert** leafed through the old secretarial records we transferred to them. There is not room in this whole magazine to record the happenings of this reunion. People we knew only casually on campus are now old friends. Buddies on campus are now part of our smaller 1948 world. "Bittersweet"—or better, "sweetbitter"—is a simple summary. It was a reunion of wonderful people, programs, food, and weather—every day but one. "Liberal educated" as we all are, we paraphrase Longfellow: "Into each reunion some rain must fall, one day must be dark and dreary." We saw the group returning from the Buck Mountain hike, wet and mud-covered from a sudden shower, yet still full of that Mountain Club spirit. Keep that spirit alive. Let Dan and Joan hear about your adventures and aging events. ■ New secretaries **Dan** and **Joan Tyler Gilbert** got in touch right after reunion: "Your new secretaries thoroughly enjoyed their irreplaceable 50th Reunion. A fabulous total of 138 alums topped the previous record by more than 40. We reminisced with our old classmates. We brought ourselves up to date on our present activities. We met some very pleasant and patient non-Midd spouses and/or significant others and we had a common concern for those who could not make it back. We would like to take this opportunity to thank **Bob** and **Marya Steele Kellogg** for their five years of service as class secretaries and for all their efforts on behalf of the class. Many thanks!"

1949

Class Secretaries: *Patricia Allen Guthrie, P.O. Box 1804, Wolfeboro, NH 03894.*

We regret to report that **Hal Richardson** is experiencing some health problems which prevent him from continuing his work as a class secretary. We just can't thank him enough for all of his devoted work on this column. Best wishes, Hal, for a rapid recovery. ■ **Edwina Woodman Schuler** (john anddwinschuler@juno.com) e-mails: "Loved the article about John Elder in the *Boston Globe Magazine* (April 12), entitled 'The Wilderness Around Us.' Although he was not there 'in my day,' it makes me very proud to be a Midd alum and to have such good publicity about our great college and its teachers. Right on!" ■ We were sad to learn of the death of **Betty Chappell Klischner**'s husband Carl last November. Son Keith was with her to "set her on her feet" and help her plan a two-and-a-half-week trip east for the holidays with family and friends. Betty booked an Elderhostel to England in July and was also anticipating a visit from Midd roommate **Pat Riley Sweeney** from her home in northern ME. Pat's visit was planned for last January, but she fell during the ice storm and had to recover from a wrenched back. Pat also drove cross-country with her dog to visit her children last fall. ■ Lois and **Jack Barry** enjoyed a spring '97 trip to Nepal, Bali, and East Java, with a stopover in Bangkok. "We impressed ourselves by managing a short trek on the Annapurna South route in fine fettle. Our guide later admitted we were the

oldest folks he'd ever taken." When grandson Kai (3) is a bit older, they're planning a Barry family reunion in Nepal. In summer '97, the whole family got together in Bend to celebrate the birthday of son Brian '98 and to celebrate son Peter's departure for Namibia to work with the Cheetah Conservation Fund. In 1998, they were thinking about driving the motor home to Newfoundland and hoped to take a fall trip to Europe to visit friends. ■ Randy and **Marilyn Crawford Stoke** were excited to be part of the opening festivities of the new Getty Museum last December. Randy represented the seller of the property to the Getty Trust and then represented the Getty in obtaining the planning and building entitlements. Peter '45 and Jean Crawford McKee '46 flew to CA for some sun, warm weather, and a tour of the fabulous Getty facilities. Last May Randy and Marilyn had "a marvelous trip in Turkey, retracing the journeys of Apostle Paul. Recommend!" Marilyn reports that their Del Mar beach house survived the rain and high waves, but four of their neighbors were not so fortunate. She also informs us that Jean and Peter suffered damage to their property in Lake Sunapee during the ice storms. ■ We need a volunteer from among the men of our class to help out with reporting news for this column. Please be in touch with **Pat Allen Guthrie** or call Dotty McCarty at the College, 802/443-5650.

1950

Class Secretaries: *Ms. Barbara J. Parker (parkeb@idt.net.com), 13 Burnham Place, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410 (fax 201/475-1545—please call first); and Ms. Barbara Kraft Packer (fapjr@aol.com), 48 Sunset Dr., Summit, NJ 07901.*

Did you notice the postcard in the winter *Midd Magazine* requesting comments about former profs? Here's some class feedback: **Sheldon Flory** recalls hearing (c. 1949) that art professor Arthur Healy allegedly once said of Spanish professor Sam Guarnaccia, "Isn't Sam wonderful? In faculty meetings, when someone says something ridiculous, or sound ideas languish, Sam roars with outrage or frustration, like a Roman general tied up by a bunch of Gauls." Sheldon adds: "My congratulations to Prof. Robert W. Hill, Jr., for his splendid letter in the winter '98 magazine." ■ **Stephanie Griffin** tells of a sociology professor—"an older man who shall remain unnamed"—so enamored of his lectures (or afraid of his listeners) that he never looked at the class. One day some students decided to test his attentiveness: They passed an upright window stick along a long row to the front of the row and back. The professor didn't look up! This same professor liked to toss eclectic tidbits into his lectures, for example, the name of the individual who "discovered" the indoor toilet. (An interesting if puzzling observation! Didn't the Romans have indoor plumbing? BJP) ■ **Barbara Parker** will never forget Am lit Professor Reginald Cook's ('24) convincing imitation of Moby Dick or his unforgettable lectures and probing questions that often caught students off guard. Another indelible memory: English professor Arthur Brown's pithy, if sometimes painful, comments on the margins of her papers. "I learned more about critical thinking and writing from him than I had ever imagined was possible," says Barbara. Come to think of it, when she asked Professor Cook to read some of her poetry, he did—and then advised her to stick with humor. So she became a journalist. ■ Some sad news: The spring issue was to contain a note from **Che Tewksbury Jakeman** about her seven children that had multiplied into 16 grandchildren, most living nearby in the Albany area. Instead it contains her obituary: Che died March 9. We send condolences to that wonderful family and also to the families of **Robert Roemer**, who died in September, and **Robert S. Martin**, who died January 31. ■ **John F. Allen** retired from IBM 12 years ago and has remained in Pittsford, NY, with children and grandchildren nearby. He and wife Ginny Knudsen Allen '48 are in good health, enjoy traveling, and cannot decide which Midd 50th Reunion to attend—his or hers. (Why not both?) ■ **Joan Taylor Beattie-Wilson** moved to Aurora, CO, from MI as a field service rep for the National Education Assoc. Now retired, she is busier than ever, teaching ESL at an adult learning center, doing volunteer work for her church and the Colorado Symphony, and singing in several choirs. According to Joan, CO has really gotten crowded and water is becoming a problem. (My CO daughter says it's those invading Californians. BJP) Joan hopes to be with us at Reunion 2000. ■ **Janie Murdoch Baker** and husband Steve '52 have been busy helping take care of two young, very active grandsons. Janie circulates a round-robin letter that she and seven other Midd '50 classmates started up. Every four months, she compiles and duplicates all the news and sends the collective letter out to all correspondents. **Jackie Brooks Davison**, **Helen Highley Matel**, **Peg Teachout Meyer**, **Barb Ferris Smith**, **Hope Redington Chapin**, **Pat Bonfield**, and **Carol Carlton Hentz** are on the list of contributors. So if you want to know the latest about them—just ask Janie. She suggests classmates think now about staying on in Middlebury after the 50th to do things together on a more relaxed basis. (However, the reunion is likely to be very relaxed! Why not? We deserve it!) Janie also reports that **Nancy Vogt Agry** is as busy as always, working creatively in promotion and marketing and playing golf. ■ **Dave** and Mary Krum '51 **Dale** shuttle between their home in Granville, VT, and Scituate, MA, enjoying the best of both worlds. He reports that those of us who are over 70 can ski free at Midd, a perk he takes advantage of. ■ And here's something to do for fun this summer: Melissa Buck Arndt '93 (marjo66@bangornews.infi.net) and her husband, a professional ME guide, are offering a canoe/camping trip down the Allagash Wilderness Waterway exclusively to Midd alumni and their guests. Interested? Phone Melissa (207-764-0730). ■ **Joan Kent Warnke** e-mailed us that life at Patriots Colony continues to be just fine. She has gotten used to the VA weather and the "rebel" take on history and world affairs. Through playing duplicate bridge, she has made some interesting friends beyond the P.C. borders. ■ How about more of you e-mailing some news to us? In fact, how about e-mailing us your e-mail addresses? That way, we can gather news and stay in touch with one another.

"We impressed ourselves by managing a short trek on the Annapurna South route in fine fettle. Our guide later admitted we were the oldest folks he'd ever taken."

Lois and Jack Berry

1949

1951

Class Secretaries: *Meg Curry Gregg (Mrs. Donald P.), 21 Mead Rd., Armonk, NY 10504; and James D. Ross, 1019 Cider Mill Rd., Cronwall, VT 05753.*

Hope you all caught the story on **Don Axinn** in the February 23 *Newsday*. In addition to telling a bit about Don's life, the article focuses on his second novel, *The Ego Makers*, and also on his poetry. Don's first novel, *Spin*, is being turned into a movie under the title *A Trail in the Clouds*. ■ An update from **Ken Provoncha** advises that he retired from teaching at Northampton (MA) High School in 1986. Now living in Melbourne, FL, he enjoys substitute teaching at the Melbourne Central Catholic High School—"a great school with super kids." Ken is spending this summer in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, with his second daughter and three grandchildren. ■ **Kenneth Carle** retired after teaching chemistry for 35 years at Hobart and William Smith Colleges, where he helped start an excellent environmental major in conjunction with water chemistry research. Ken and Edie live in Geneva, NY, except for the six weeks they spend in the Naples area of FL. They have three grandsons in the Baltimore and DC area. ■ Retirement? Not for **Lynne Rask Bowman**, who's in her fourth career in Dallas! After graduate study at Tufts, Lynne worked as a biology lab technician at the Univ. of TX SW Medical School. Husband **Robert (Bo) Bowman** was employed by Texas Instruments until his death in 1983. After working as a nurse in hospitals and nursing homes, Lynne turned to private duty nursing. In 1991 Lynne had a total knee replacement and now teaches piano, with students from 6 to 60 years of age. Lynne reminded me that she taught piano in the town of Middlebury under a Women's Forum program—"coming full circle." ■ **Charlotte Clark Hay** and husband David recently returned from a trip to Russia with their granddaughter. They're enjoying the leisure life in Rolling Meadows, IL. Charlotte keeps in touch with **Jeanne Flauss Keiter**. I (MCG) gave her a call, just before her departure to Atlanta to visit her daughter and two grandchildren, ages 3 and 1. Jeanne is living in the Madison, NJ, home that she and Bill moved into 40 years ago. Bill died two years ago. Jeanne was planning a Chicago reunion in the fall with Charlotte and **Caroline "Stevie" Wheeler**. ■ News from Simsbury, CT: Harvey and **Carol Osborn Moger** had a great golf weekend in Middlebury last fall. They planned a big family reunion in July for their four sons and their families, including nine grandchildren, in Keene Valley and at Lake George. Carol admitted that becoming a "Golden Arrow" on the 50th anniversary of her initiation into Pi Phi was a bit of a shock! ■ In early spring, **Joan Allen Armour** invited your reporter (MCG) up to Simsbury to hear Barbara Bush speak at a lunch. **Ellie Hight Morris** also came and we hardly stopped talking to listen to the former First Lady! The Armours have a wonderful house and pool for their frequent family gatherings. ■ We send the condolences of the class to Barbara Emerson on the death of her husband, **Thomas H. Emerson, Jr.**, on February 10. A memorial appeared in the spring issue.

1952

Class Secretaries: *Carol Whitham Brewster, Pond Rd., P.O. Box 296, Manchester, ME 04351; and Charles A. Ratté, 4 Chestnut Hill Rd., Montpelier, VT 05602.*

After some Army time in Germany, **Larry Cline** returned to VT for a master's in geology (UVM 1960) and taught geology/geography at SUNY Albany and Schenectady County Community College, retiring just this spring. Larry and his wife have spent several vacations on the West Coast. Thanks for the letter, Larry—and yes, I (Chuck) knew Dr. Doll very well. Judy and I still make it a point to have an annual visit with his wife, Ruth. ■ In response to my letter, **Cy Dennerlein** writes: "I certainly remember your name—the face is a little hazy, due to the passage of time." All I can say is "si," Cy. That's going to be half the fun of returning for our 50th—to see who you recognize, how much weight has been gained, how much hair has turned gray or been lost. (The other half will be just making it back.) Hope to see you there, Cy. Cy spent some time in the Marines, then supported a 36-year marriage (with five children) working in sales for major oil and manufacturing companies. Cy says he has remarried, thereby gaining two children and four grandchildren, in addition to his own 10 grandchildren. The Monterey Peninsula area of CA is a favorite vacation destination. Cy asked for news of **Danny Scott**'s whereabouts—we would all like to have news from him. ■ **Jim Cooley** won't make the 50th, but wrote to let us all know he's in good health. With a Middlebury M.A. in chemistry (1954) and a Univ. of MN Ph.D., he taught chemistry at the Univ. of ID, where he is now prof. emeritus. He and wife Zoe Ann hide away on 99 acres in an ID mountain canyon. He still has full access to the university chemistry dept. facilities, but is spending more time with livestock, gardening, house building, and a few Saturday nights whooping it up in town at the local square dance. With deer, elk, moose, and bear as near neighbors, Jim says his children and grandchildren are also close by and a great joy to him and Zoe Ann. ■ **Bob Duclos** started work with the Middlebury National Bank in '51 and worked his way to CEO in January '65. Continuing as a director and active on several local committees, Bob enjoys VT winters and does his traveling in the spring. (Mud season in VT never was too attractive.) Woodworking keeps him busy in his spare time. Thanks for the news, Bob. I'm sure there are a lot of old buddies who would like to see you at the 50th. ■ **Gene Dix** called to report that he and his wife have put the cold winters of New England behind them. He was still unpacking boxes from his move to Sun City-Hilton Head when he called. Thanks for your call, Gene. ■ **Bruce Curtis** spent a couple of years in the Army Signal Corps after graduation, before returning to Windsor, VT, to work for Goodyear until 1987. He then caught up with the game of golf (haven't we all?) and became manager of the Windsor Country Club (1988-94). He now serves on the board of directors of Davis House for the Aged and Mt. Ascutney Hospital. Bruce and wife Lillian spend winters in Spring Hill, FL. They raised five children and now enjoy 12 grandchildren. ■ **Joe Davis** reports being a faithful employee, working 36 years as an attorney for IBM. Joe and wife Ann Golding Davis '53 are now retired in Orford, NH. Joe has been writing, teaching in the Senior Education Program at Dartmouth, working in the Guardianship Monitoring Program at Grafton County Probate Court, and assisting in the development office at Alice Peck Day Hospital in Lebanon, NH. Joe and Ann enjoy skiing, golfing, and visiting their two children and three grandchildren. I (Chuck) enjoyed seeing Joe and Ann briefly at the 45th and hope to see them at the 50th, if not sooner. ■ Though "semi-retired," ambitious **Dick Daily** started a new business five years ago. It's now doing so well that he can't (and doesn't want to) quit. He says he does manage to work in some travel. When we spoke, he was healthy, happy, and about to take off to sample the wines in Portugal. ■ **Jean Hosford Bovington**, now retired from her work as an agent in the Cleveland office of Aetna, is looking forward to "the rarest of all commodities—unscheduled time." She'll be flying to CO more often to visit her grandchildren. Jean's daughter, Wendell Fleming '78, celebrated her 20th Reunion in May and serves on the Middlebury Alumni Council. Jean and husband Jock, whom she's known since kindergarten, share 15 grandchildren. Jean enjoyed the Civil War course taught by President McCardell at Alumni College. She recommends the book *Character Above All*, dealing with U.S. presidents from FDR to George Bush. ■ Merle and **Mary Potter Crouse** wanted to attend our 45th Reunion, but were caring for three grandchildren while their parents were in Ecuador. In '96, the Crouses visited Don and **Joyce Greene Wilson** in Salem, OR, then took an Audubon trip along the Columbia and Snake Rivers, following the route of Lewis and Clark. They recently visited friends in several Bulgarian villages and cities, ending their trip in Turkey where they met 44 years ago. They enjoy time spent with six grandchildren and are looking forward to seeing everyone at the 50th! ■ **Betty Pierce Edson** retired from the Sharon Church in 1992 and moved with husband Dave to Randolph, VT in '93. Betty is now busy chairing the Vermont Conference, UCC Department of Mission, which recently sponsored a regional conference on economic justice. "A real mountain-top experience," she says. Betty also works with Bethel Life Skills for Women, which seeks to be helpful to women who are in crisis or transition. She is serving as church deacon, while Dave is church treasurer and treasurer of the area Food Shelf. They have three married children and four grandchildren, one of whom "has no quality of life at all, but," she says, "it is wonderful to be part of the active lives of the other three, all of whom live in New England or NY state." Betty and Dave enjoyed their first Elderhostel last winter in Delray Beach, FL, and then spent a week at Jekyll Island. ■ **Marian Olds Precht** and husband Henry are leading a trip to Turkey from September 27 to October 12, 1998, for the Cleveland Council on World Affairs. Henry was executive director of the CCWA, after his retirement from the U.S. State Dept. Any Middlebury classmates and families interested in taking this trip may contact Marian and Henry at their summer home: 36 Highland Rd., Bridgton, ME 04009; 207-647-2396. ■ The class of '52 extends its condolences to **Don** and **Priscilla Kay Beck** upon the death of their son, Matthew last winter.

1953

Reunion Class

Class Secretaries: *Dr. and Mrs. David Clemens (Carol Jennings), P.O. Box 962, Hallstead, PA 18822 (CClemens@epix.net).*

What a high! Our 45th Reunion was blessed with a picture-perfect Saturday especially provided, it seemed, for us to enjoy all the planned outdoor activities. The campus was beautiful. Middlebury has been able to expand without destroying the ambiance we remember from long ago. The College gave us a royal time, with two excellent banquets—Friday night at the Waybury Inn and Saturday at Le Château—as well as Cajun music Saturday night for our exclusive listening and dancing pleasure. Topping off the weekend Sunday morning was a lovely brunch hosted by Jim '51 and **Ann McGinley Ross**. Those of you who came to reunion five years ago remember the spectacular view from their ridge-top home. Although this year's cool and cloudy weather did not provide as fine a view as for the previous event, their cordial hospitality was every bit as warm as before. Thank you, Ann and Jim! At this gathering many of us vowed to make our 50th even better than the 45th. If you missed this one, you'll have an even better opportunity in five years! ■ For your outgoing class secretaries, reunion was surprisingly more rewarding than we expected. We found it a time to remember the young people we once were, to share where 45 years have taken us and to reflect on who we have become. We spent a lot of time chatting with classmates whom we once knew well and with others known not so well, learning much of interest. ■ After 15 years, **Nancy Hamilton Shepherd** says she still loves being an Episcopal priest in Shirley, MA. She and husband Tom have 13 grandchildren—"a good place to stop!" They live in Stow, MA, and spend time in Lincoln, VT, as well. ■ **Ann Golding Davis** (sensei@valley.net) felt that the convocation, especially with Dr. Freeman in attendance, was a wonderful and moving experience. As our new class secretary, Ann is looking forward to keeping up with all of you during the next five years. ■ **Louise Limbach Spangler** is the owner of a knitting shop, Uncommon Threads, in Los Altos, CA. As you probably already know, Lou is also a first-class Middlebury fund-raiser, having spearheaded a remarkable drive that resulted in our class giving the largest 45th Reunion gift in Middlebury history. The total exceeded a million dollars, with a high percentage of the class participating. Thank you, Lou! ■ **Clemmie Wininger Gregory** followed the reunion weekend with a week visiting friends and family in VT, NH, and NY before returning to her home in Asheville, NC. She is looking forward to a trip to Italy in the fall. Her son graduated in May with a master's in planning and law and her daughter works in Atlanta for Siemens. ■ **Chuck** and **Sue Valentine Jennings** divide their time between Shelburne, VT, and Boynton Beach, FL. They play lots of golf in FL and concentrate on boating in VT. **Fish** and Ann Decker '54 **Herring** stayed with them for reunion, so they caught up on all their joint news. They thoroughly enjoy the Midd golf outing in FL each year (see photo below), as well as the fall Middlebury golf outing, which they recommend both for golfers and for anyone else wanting to have a good time. ■ You might want to invite **Anne Schafer Edwards** to visit if you have some major home renovations planned. Anne retired from 25 years as a micropaleontologist at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution and took up building houses for Habitat for Humanity on Cape Cod. Now working on her 14th house, Anne "can now do roofing, shingling, even build walls and decks." She spends 10 hours of every day outdoors, loves the work, and can't believe she spent all those years sitting inside staring into a microscope. ■ **Lyman Allen** has found a tremendously rewarding outlet for his energies as a volunteer facilitator at the Windsor, VT, State Prison, where he is responsible for a course in attitudinal healing as part of a national program with over 100 chapters. The purpose of the course is to help people identify belief systems which previously haven't worked and to replace them with ones

that will. The effort has been amazingly successful with these prisoners, who are primarily murderers and sex offenders. ■ **Ann McGinley Ross** says: "The flurry of interesting things going on in Middlebury all the time keeps us busy and we hope useful. I especially like to volunteer in the cause of the arts in education." She reports that the College again this year made the Center for the Arts available for a two-day festival featuring the visual and performing arts of the Addison County schools. She and Jim are grateful that having grandchildren nearby assures their seeing a lot of them, and are also looking forward to a trip to AK this summer. ■ **Pat Hamilton Todd** moved to a Battell Hill condo in Middlebury in November of 1996. Tell your friends that Pat rents out her spare room as a B&B for big Midd events. She continues her pursuit of art at a new studio/gallery at 3 Park Street, upstairs over Frog Hollow Art. She is also represented by the Powers Gallery in Acton, MA, the Southern Vermont Art Center in Manchester, and the Chaffee Art Center in Rutland. She has eight grandchildren, with one daughter living in Cornwall and another on a farm in Lincoln, VT. ■ After 38 years with Dow Jones, **Roger May** retired a year ago May and hasn't looked back since. He and wife Judy, a semi-retired psychologist who maintains a small private practice, live in Morristown, NJ. Roger feels lucky to have their two children and three grandchildren—with more on the way—living less than 15 minutes from home base. Traveling all the way to VT for reunion provided a "warm-up" for a trip to Provence in June, a change from their past focus on Italy. ■ **Bob Parker** says: "Great reunion! Thanks to all involved. Hope to see everybody in five years." He adds that he and Nancy are off to South America in late fall to visit son David, wife Mora, and grandkids Robert and Francesca, who are spending David's sabbatical year in Montevideo, Uruguay. "Nancy and I are taking summer school Spanish—a fearful prospect." ■ **Bob Kelly** also comments on the great time he had at the 45th: "Can't wait for the 50th." He's still running Bridge Building Images, but gradually turning the business over to second son Rob and third son Andrew. For the first time, three of his four sons now live near his home in Shelburne, VT. ■ **Charlie** and **Pat Heap Rockwell** agree: "Wonderful reunion. Hey Laura, Sandy, and Sally, please start preparing to come to the 50th—we missed you!" They are enjoying retirement in their house of 42 years, concentrating on gardening, music, genealogy, and trips—most recently to Israel. ■ **Biffy Darling Sherburne** felt that "the 45th Reunion group was warm and welcoming, the conversations lively, and the college activities stimulating. Singing in the Reunion Choir with Emory Fanning conducting was a joy. Having Peter and **Connie Gibbs Oliver** and **Sue Taylor** visit with us at Lake Dunmore gave us all a chance to catch up. On campus, we greeted our special friends Chaplain and Tana Sterrett '65 Scott and Pardon Tillinghast, and had lots of good times at the cocktail hours and dinners. Let's see ALL of you back for our 50th in five years!" Biffy and Don's post-retirement move from Nashville, TN, to St. Petersburg, FL, has been a good one, yielding many new, stimulating friends. ■ I was especially happy to catch up with my old Midd roommate **Connie Gibbs Oliver**, whom I hadn't seen in all too many years. Connie's strong interest in plants and gardening continues; she is still an active certified judge with the American Daffodil Society. She and Peter look forward to an upcoming visit to the gardens of South Africa. ■ After 35 years **Sue Taylor** is officially retired from teaching English to overseas grads and undergrads at the Univ. of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Says Sue "I'm not moving anywhere!" She plans to keep one class and her office as a base for continuing her program of matching potentially provincial IL undergrads with potentially isolated, not acclimated spouses of overseas students for an hour a week of English conversation practice. In May of '97 she spent a wonderful week with Jean-Louis and **Jeanine Riviere Puydoyer** in France. Many of us missed seeing Jeanine at this reunion—she was unable to travel because of Jean-Louis's current sad battle with cancer. Our hopes go out to you, Jeanine, for a happier situation in five years. ■ We received a wonderfully enthusiastic letter from the recipient of the Class of 1953 scholarship. We quote in part: "I visited Middlebury College the summer before my senior year of high school and met with football coaches and toured the campus. My parents and I thought it was beautiful and an incredible academic institution, but it was just a dream. I never thought I would get in, despite good grades in high school. I felt it was just too competitive. Plus my parents didn't think they could possibly pay for it. But here I am. Wow!" Enough said ■ So now our term as class secretaries, which appeared to stretch on so endlessly five years ago, is over. Hearing from you has been fun; we've appreciated all the interesting material you've sent. Hope you've enjoyed reading about yourselves and your classmates. Do continue keeping your new secretary well supplied with news of where the next five years take you. See you all in 2003!

PHOTO CAPTION The 1998 South Florida Middlebury Golf Classic in February attracted 19 alums and spouses to Venice, FL: (front) **Bruce MacKay, Crock Beers**, Carol Tilton, Eileen Paulson, Ellie Hight Morris '51, **Dick Allen**, (standing) Phyllis MacKay, **Skippy Jennings**, Pat Gibbs Carpenter '55, Scooter Paulson '52, Ann Decker Herring '54, **Sue Valentine Jennings, Fish Herring**, Linda Allen, **Buzz Tilton**, Barb MacLean, Don MacLean '51, **Irv Morris**, and Bill Carpenter '54.

1954

Class Secretaries: *Mrs. Robert B. Nickerson (Nancy Whittemore) (jvgn83a@prodigy.com), Masons Island, 4 Osprey Ln., Mystic, CT 06355; and Mr. M. Richard Davenport, P.O. Box 365, High Falls, NY 12440.*

In recognition of their continuing efforts to maintain and improve their 27 acres of land, Joanne and **Norman Kittel** received the Lincoln County Tree Farmer of the Year Award for 1997. During the 12 years they have owned the land, they have planted more than 3,000 trees on their noncommercial tree farm just south of Yachats, OR. The Oregon Tree Farms System gives the award in recognition of landowners who "demonstrate their love of land, trees, and people." Rather than expecting to make a profit from clear-cutting the land, the Kittels hope to "stabilize the slopes and provide a useful piece of property to the community." They have made a permanent easement donation to be used for the Oregon Coast Trail and the Amanda Trail, a gift which won them a Special Stewardship Award from the Oregon Tree Farm System. The Kittels are the first private property owners to allow the Oregon Coast Trail to pass through their land. An emeritus prof. at St. Cloud State Univ., St. Cloud, MN, Norman is now a member of the Lincoln Commission on Children and Families and the Lincoln County Homeless Services Planning Group. Joanne is a retired clinical social worker, now vice chair of the Lincoln County Domestic Violence Council. ■ **Clive Coutts** and wife Tracey, owners of the Featherbed Inn, were chosen by the Rotary Club as king and queen of the Mad River Valley Winter Carnival. ■ **Barbara Slate Abbott** retired in 1992 from teaching ESL in a community college in Rochester, NY. She and her husband then moved to their summer cottage in the Thousand Islands (NY) for six months and they spend the other six months in Winter Haven, FL. Or they're off traveling to places like South Africa, Mexico, and Costa Rica. Barb has five grandchildren and volunteers as a researcher for AIDS services. ■ We regret to report the death of **Anne Hepworth Rapp** on February 16, 1998. We extend our sympathy to her family. A memorial appeared in the spring issue.

1955

Class Secretaries: *Katherine Hughes von Hartz (jvhartz@mindspring.com), 111 E. Second St., New York, NY 10009 (212/982-7932); and Frank E. Punderson, Jr., RR 2, Box 535, Middlebury, VT 05753.*

Congratulations to **Ann Towle Dolbashian**, who had a banner month in May! She had a second article published in the *American Organist* and she graduated from RI College in Providence, RI, with a B.A. in music. And last but not least, she was promoted to music director at the United Congregational Church in Middletown, RI, where she also continues to serve as organist. ■ **Alan Gould** recently organized his 13th Signed Performance and 7th Educational Seminar for deaf/hearing impaired and regular hearing theater-goers. He did this for his local community theater, the Wilton Playshop, for Ernest Thompson's *On Golden Pond*. Al's wife, Pat, was selected by the Educational Records Bureau, an educational testing service, to do a video on the procedures she uses to evaluate student writing. Pat is a fourth grade teacher and her CD-Rom will be available nationally this summer. Their daughter, Jennifer '93, is a senior research associate in San Francisco for DecisionQuest, a jury consulting firm. ■ Plymouth (MA) Savings Bank has announced that **John Field** has joined the trust department as VP. Working from offices in Plymouth and Falmouth, John

1998 South Florida Middlebury Golf Classic (see 1953 column)

A reunion '97 hike to Silver Lake (see 1957 column)

is responsible for estate and financial planning services. His 37 years of experience have included positions at Green Mountain Bank in Rutland, VT; Glens Falls National Bank and Trust Co. in Glens Falls, NY; and South Shore Bank in Quincy, MA. John and his wife are residents of Barnstable. ■ We regret to report the death of **Patricia Fletcher** on November 26, 1997. A memorial appeared in the winter issue. ■ We are also sad to report the death of Nicholas Forell, husband of **Carol Clark ("CeCe") Forell** in Tiburon, CA. Our condolences to CeCe and their daughters. ■ Please, please write me (Kathy) with your news—or I shall be forced to report every time grandson Nick rolls over, learns to crawl, etc. etc. Why not use the tear-out card provided in *Middlebury Magazine!*

1956

Class Secretaries: *John Chase, 2000 Sage Canyon Rd., St. Helena, CA 94574; Joan MacKinnon Houghton (jmackho@aol. com), 422 Taylor Pl., Ithaca, NY 14850; and Lee Goodrich Tupman (etlgt@aol.com), 309 Cloverway Dr., Alexandria, VA 22314.*

Seven years in the making, **Lyman Gilmore**'s book, *Don't Touch the Poet: The Life and Times of Joel Oppenheimer,* has been published (Talisman House) and is available through your book store. Lyman, who some may remember as Bob, views the '50s and '60s through the life of the influential and eccentric Greenwich Village poet, essayist, and playwright. The two were colleagues and friends as professors at New England College, from 1982 until Oppenheimer's death in 1988. ■ **Roald "Rollie" Schopp** is ostensibly retired, but is said by son Mike to work about 40 hours a week anyway. Founded by Rollie's father Arthur, Stadium Systems specializes in reconditioning athletic gear for 1,500 college, high school, and youth sports programs. Sons Ken, Ed, and Mike are in charge of Stadium Systems these days. ■ **Dudley Samoiloff** is a developer with Triangle Inc. He and wife Cynthia Lawson have four daughters: Susan, Sara, Nin, and Alexa. Dudley reports: "It would appear that by retirement I shall have grown up." ■ For five years, the Rev. **Ronald C. Lawson** has been involved in research conducted with veterans from the Armed Forces, who have been struggling with problems of recovery from addiction and homelessness. The results of his research were presented at the annual conference of the American Psychological Assoc. in Chicago in August 1997. The research was also published in an article, "The Long Term Impact of Child Abuse on Religious Behavior and Spirituality in Men," reprints of which may be obtained from Charles E. Drebing, Psychology Service, Edith Nourse Rogers VAMC, 200 Spring Rd., Bedford, MA 01730.

1957

Class Secretaries: *Polly Pitcher Gabriel (jerryg@crocker.com), 120 Huntington Rd., Hadley, MA 01035; and Heather Hamilton Robinson (crobinson@top.monad.net), P.O. Box 3141, Peterborough, NH 03458.*

Betsy Mathewson Bailey writes that she and husband Broadus "thoroughly enjoyed the 40th Reunion, but wished more classmates had come. The weekend was very special and beautifully organized. Sunday brunch at Bob '51 and **Adrienne Littlewood Delaney**'s wonderful farmhouse was a highlight, all the more memorable because of the recognition Adrienne received during Alumni Convocation for all of her efforts on Midd's behalf." Betsy says that her ties to VT have become even tighter since son John (St. Lawrence '82) became the innkeeper of the Austin Hill Inn in West Dover, VT. "It's on Route 100 in the beautiful Mt. Snow Valley. I must have had a premonition about his moving to VT when I bought Midd hockey shirts for our two grandsons during reunion!" The Baileys' son Mike '81 is a geologist in the Corps of Engineers (Baltimore office), working on superfund cleanup. Daughter Becca (Colgate '86) hopes to receive her environmental policy Ph.D. soon. "In the 'small world' category," Betsy writes, "I have recently discovered that a friend and fellow Unitarian church member is Waldo Heinrich's daughter. She reports that his World War I exploits are being featured in a forthcoming book, in addition to the one excerpted last year in the *Middlebury Magazine*." ■ **Karen Dooley Bower** is enjoying her husband's retirement and is involved in gardening and community service, especially environmental concerns. ■ Retired from 30 years as a high school English teacher, **Jane Smith Brekke** now teaches English to Vietnamese adults. ■ **Bob Burington** has the ideal semi-retirement activity. He's in the ice cream/candy business with his son and plans a miniature golf course. ■ **Ann Boyer** is downsizing and moving to Boulder, CO. ■ Charlie '56 and **Heather Hamilton Robinson** were in New Zealand in March. They enjoyed the superb scenery as independent travelers using B&Bs exclusively. Bob '54 and Betsy Heath '58 Gleason joined the Elderhostel trip in Auckland, just as the Mercury power debacle occurred. Full of power and enthusiasm, the two couples met for dinner down on South Island in Te Anau between their day tours of the magnificent Milford Sound.

PHOTO CAPTION A reunion '97 hike to Silver Lake included (front) **Barb Asbury Fisher, Jane Fraser Beylouny, Lois Guernsey Woolsey**, Tom Woolsey '56, (back) Peter Beckett, **Gail Parsell Beckett**, Sue Tisdell Maynard, and Carl Maynard. Missing the photo: **Lee Hall Albern** (photographer) and Bob Albern.

1958

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Stephanie Eaton, 243 Pleasant St., Littleton, NH 03561; Joseph E. Mohbat (75610.3476@compuserve.com), 551 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; and Ann Parnie Ormsbee, 1699 Candelero Ct., Walnut Creek, CA 04598.*

As everyone knows by now, our class won the Raymond A. Ablondi '52 Cup for the largest reunion class gift, with $3,033,000 raised and 54 percent of the class participating. And we also came home with the Gordon C. Perine '49 Award for the reunion class other than the 25th and 50th with the greatest increase in our class gift. Congratulations to all who worked hard to make this happen. More reunion news will be forthcoming. In the meantime, **Diana Chmielewski Diamond** was recently elected president of the Palo Alto, CA, Rotary Club, where about 140 of the 160 members are men. Quite an achievement! Congratulations, Diana!

1959

Class Secretaries: *Mrs. Anthony Balabon (Kay Shook), 615 Wallace Drive, Wayne, PA 19087; and Dr. Byron H. Koh, 136 Lincoln Ave., Amherst, MA 01002.*

Consultant **John Greenwood** is a project manager for a MA computer firm. He likes the technical side, after being a manager for 25 years with the Foxboro Corp., from which John took an early buyout in 1987. He will retire in another year—after his new house is built. Still a downhill skier, John skied in the upper atmosphere of Flagstaff, AZ, a couple of years ago. Last summer, he visited a Norwegian classmate from MIT. Wife Martha, who retired two years ago from elementary teaching, does some baby-sitting for the four children of their two married children. ■ With wife Tania, **Orson St. John** is a farmer in Pomfret, VT, where 100 acres support a herd of 25-65 Beefalos (a hybrid cow and buffalo) and some sheep and pigs, while 280 acres are prime timber land. Still a business broker, Orson travels less since the advent of the electronic office. His three children graduated from UVM, where all were on the ski team. One was an NCAA All-American alpine skier, who went to the World University Games in Nagano, Japan. Orson remembers watching them compete at the Middlebury Snow Bowl. Orson's father, now 93, had the first aortic valve replacement for anyone over 90 at the age of 91. ■ **David Riccio** was named a Distinguished Scholar by Kent State Univ. for his research contributions to bio-psychology. His field is animal memory processes. He won a Distinguished Teacher award there 15 years ago. He enjoys his active lab and the graduate students, so he will continue to "hold forth." Son Mark is a research associate in bio-medical engineering in Ithaca, NY. Son Scott '94 is in sales for Saturn in Cleveland. This summer, Dave's family and his brothers' families (14 total) are visiting southern Italy, where his father's parents farmed. At home, Dave swims and walks with wife Brenda and their two dogs. ■ **Craig Peel** has been an ordained Presbyterian minister for 35 years. Wife Fran, also a minister, has a new church in Nashua, NH, finishing its first building this summer. Craig's church of three years is in Sturbridge, MA; his previous church of 23 years was in Enfield, CT. He chairs the local ecumenical council and belongs to Habitat for Humanity. In addition to walking and playing golf, he enjoys wilderness canoeing and backpacking in northern MN. They have four married children and six grandchildren. ■ **Lew Parker**, now semi-retired in CT as a consulting chemist, wants to see a grand turnout at our 40th Reunion May 28-30, 1999. He and wife Barbara, who is a legal secretary, will retire in a year or two. They met on a blind date on a Wednesday 36 years ago; Lew proposed the following Saturday. They have four grandchildren, three of whom (daughter Laura's children) are five minutes away. Though retired from small singing groups like the Dissipated Eight, he enjoyed last year's Homecoming and the reunion of 40-50 former D-8 members, where he sang along with **Bob Jones** and **Bob Ray**. The Parkers vacation on Cape Cod, where they may retire. ■ **John Arnold** has sold his computer software firm and now runs a bookstore with his wife in RI. He has

also built an 18-hole golf course on a 100-acre farm. The Arnolds have one married and one unmarried child, as well as four Saint Bernards and an English Sheepdog. The helicopter which John built from a kit has received approval from the FAA. ■ When I called **Bob Luce**, he had just finished a "yield party" at which prospective Midd students who have been accepted by Midd are encouraged to enroll. He reported that one who came "undecided," left "committed" to Middlebury. Bob serves on the admissions committee of the Middlebury College Alumni Assoc. He will also be fund-raising for our 40th Reunion next May. Now an independent management consultant, he still has close ties with the Hay Group. He's on the board of the Greenwich (CT) Choral Society, takes flying lessons, sails, bikes, and skis in VT and MT. Wife Barbara has a graphic design business. One son is an attorney and the other is in video postproduction in Kuala-Lumpur. ■ For the last 10 years, **Renny Curry** has been in yield management for the airline industry, creating software that books seats on airplanes at various prices and determines how many seats to overbook. Two of his children are teachers and the third is a country musician in Nashville. He enjoys hiking and camping. Renny has a doctorate in rocket science from MIT where he taught. ■ **Dave Harpp** enjoys life in Montreal, where he has been teaching and doing research at McGill Univ. for 32 years. Although not a fluent French speaker, Dave advises tourists that if they say "Bonjour, pardonne" and then speak English, they will be greeted in a very friendly manner. Dave's wife of four years is an artist from New Brunswick. Dave is glad he went to Midd and says he has modeled himself after his academic hero, Grant Harnest, who taught chemistry at Midd for 35 years. Dave still thinks highly of the chemistry dept. and has returned to Midd to speak five times. One daughter is a geochemist at Colgate, the other is pursuing an M.A. in drama at Emerson in Boston. Dave goes to a health club every morning, runs two miles on weekdays and six on the weekends. ■ **Michael Osheowitz** is president of the Edwin Gould Foundation. One of the Foundation's major programs is Sponsors for Educational Opportunity (SEO), a program Michael created soon after graduating from Midd with Jerry Noonan '58, **John Halpin**, and **Steve Enroth**. In his 30 years as chair, SEO has sent 4,000 disadvantaged kids to college. Now a national program helping minority children move into business careers, the Foundation provides assistance to 1,500-2,000 children at many levels, such as a mentoring program (one of the earliest), parent support, peer support, a weekend academic campus, a residential public school, after school programs, and family centers. Michael does a lot of fund-raising and uses the endowment to leverage contributions for a $25 million budget. Michael says he has benefited from knowing such tremendous children, and he loves working for them. Daughter Tania is married to a Chicago surgeon and they have one child. Daughter Melita is an artist in Nashville, TN. Wife, Maria, formerly a fashion designer, is now a psychotherapist in NYC. Michael is interested in architecture and does yoga and meditation for every morning. ■ Motivation speaker **Dick Gariepy** shares a Middlebury professor memory: "The first and only speech class I ever had was given by Prof. Horace Beck, who did so with reluctance. While I'm sure he has long ago forgotten this experience, I never will." Now president of Gariepy Motivation, Dick teaches positive attitude, upbeat concepts on self-motivation, "with humor and dynamic ideas." Dick has been the national champion of both the U.S. and Canada in Motocross racing; he is also the author of several books, including *Your Child Is Dying to Learn* and *Manage Your Way to Success*. ■ We regret to report the death of **Caroline Pring Adler** on March 9, 1998. The condolences of the class go out to her husband, Mortimer, and all the family. A memorial appeared in the spring issue.

When the taped National Anthem wouldn't play at the opening game, ***Roland Lyford*** *belted out a strong rendition* a cappella.

1960

1960

Class Secretaries: *Jean Seeler, 5076 Pinnacle Dr., Oldsmar, FL 34677; Rich Wilkinson, 992 Sherwood Forest Rd., Annapolis, MD 21401; and Jan Fisher Barstad, 2107 S. Ventura Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282.*

Kent Kehs has been doing art restoration for 25 years. "To take an old picture and uncover the dust and see the colors underneath is amazing," he reports in a recent newspaper piece. He also does personal and custom framing in Beverly, MA, at the Hannah Frame Shop. Kent and **Judy Jacobson Kehs** live in Rowley, MA. ■ Also in the paper was **Roland Lyford**, prof. of English and volunteer assistant to the UTPA (Edinburg, TX) sports. He punches the baseball scoreboard—not as easy as it appears. According to the *Edinburg Daily Review*, when the UTPA baseball Broncs played their opening game, the tape recording of the National Anthem would not play. What to do? It seemed heresy to start the baseball season without the National Anthem, flag-oriented as baseball is! An All-New England baritone at Bellows Falls High School and a Middlebury chorister, Dr. Lyford belted out a strong rendition *a cappella*, to the enthusiastic applause of an opening day crowd of 1,000 fans. ■ Barbara and **Ed Morrow** opened the Northshire Bookstore in Manchester, VT, in 1976 and it continues to grow and evolve, despite superstore book chains in other cities and the commercialization of Manchester. Ten years ago, the Northshire expanded to a larger building, located at a major intersection in the heart of Manchester. ■ Bob and **Helen ("Schlaufie") Schlaufman Lang**, both cancer survivors, spent a week skiing in Zermatt, which Helen reports was an "absolutely awesome experience!" Now retired from her librarian job, Helen divides the winter between their condo in Indian River Shores on the east coast of FL and home in Ipswich. Bob still works, but takes as much time off as he dares. Summers they cruise the New England coast in their Hood 38 sailboat, *Marieka*. They take every opportunity to travel to Europe, especially the former Eastern Block countries. ■ A 1991 vacation in Big Sky, MT, inspired Dud '59 and **Nona Lyons Livingston** to move out there (P.O. Box 160966, Big Sky, MT 59716) in '95—lock, stock, and barrel—after selling their travel agency in '93. Last year they moved into the home they built on four acres, with 180-degree sweeping views of the surrounding mountains. They ski all winter, then fly fish, raft, hike, and adventure during the summer. They have toured the western states, mountain biking backcountry wilderness in the Canyonlands National Park, and canoeing and backpacking in Yellowstone (literally in their back yard). Last summer **Breck** and **Hibbie Hibbert Lardner** came to visit the Livingstons, while out in MT to see son Sam Lardner in Ennis. Breck and Hibbie also visited with **Jean MacInnes** in Bozeman, MT. Jean runs the Bohart Ranch X-C Ski Center, near Bozeman, with her son and partner, Chris Myers. In March, Bohart Ranch was the Nordic site for this year's NCAA Ski Championships. Area Midd alums had great fun entertaining the Middlebury ski team with a giant potluck on Sunday evening. Last summer Jean spent several days with **Rose Mary (McGo) McDonough Natelson** in Milford, MA. ■ Also in MT are John and **Marian Vaughan LaPlume**, in Kalispell. They had a great four years with their little "mom and pop" store but, after five big stores were built in the area, they took an offer they "couldn't refuse" and are now semiretired. They took a 10-day trip to Tahiti this spring. In June they planned to pile the animals in a motor home and head east to visit family. Marian plays in duplicate bridge tournaments, including one last May in a little ski resort in Kimberly, BC. With the very favorable Canadian exchange rate, the weekend was quite a deal. ■ After 30-plus years of summers and weekends in ME, Jim and **Linda Farr Macgregor** decided to settle permanently there last fall (P.O. Box 13, Rumford, Center, ME 04278). Despite the ice storms and mud season, they have not regretted the move. Jim paints and keeps the fire going, among other survival chores. Linda has a half-time consulting contract with a community action program and puts in time with a local collaborative for Rumford's present and future well-being. Great fun and very satisfying. Jim's distant cousin **Bill French** and wife Linda returned to their new house with spectacular views in the same area this spring—though long after the robins. Bill and Jim are both glad to be back in their native land. Roy and **Betsy Comstock Vontobel** visited over Easter. Linda also keeps in touch with **Debbie Wetmore,** now permanently settled in VT. They also see Charlie and **Diane Keegan Curran**, who live in the Boston area. ■ Bob and **Betsy Cilley Goeke** hosted a German exchange student last year, while daughter Beth spent the year with the Middlebury German program in Mainz. Katrina and Betsy went to the Christmas Pops organized by the Boston Midd alumni. While Betsy worked at Adams in November, some books were stolen and subsequently recovered by the FBI. One of the books was the Bible given to John Quincy Adams by the liberated slaves from the *Amistad*. This winter Betsy worked part time at the Constitution Museum in the Charlestown Navy Yard. ■ When **Dave Klock** retired from the U.S. Treasury Dept. in May 1996, he and wife Lowell moved to Wallingford, VT (P.O. Box 459, 05773). Dave loves teaching his seven clarinet students, plays chamber music, has been in several musicals, appeared as baritone soloist with the Rutland Area Chorus in Stainer's *Creation*, and was a "ringer" on bass clarinet with the Middlebury College Orchestra last fall. He also takes voice lessons and planned a voice recital last spring. Dave, you're on the program for our next reunion! Lowell took an Elderhostel trip

to Scotland last summer and was joined by Dave to see Edinburgh and drive the Isles of Mull and Iona. Last fall, they visited beautiful fog-shrouded Monhegan Island on one trip and the Shaker Village at Sabbath Day Lake, two very different experiences in ME. ■ Thanks from me, **Jean Seeler**, for all this news. Keep those letters and photographs coming. I am saving the pictures for a collage at our next reunion.

1961

Class Secretary: *Steve Crampton, RR 1, Box 127, Tarbox Rd., Jericho, VT 05465.*

Feel free to use the tear-out card in your *Middlebury Magazine* to send news for our column. No news isn't necessarily good news!

1962

Class Secretaries: *Jim Rosin, 475 Quaker Rd., Chappaqua, NY 10514; Judy Bosworth Roesset, 11909 Arch Hill Dr., Austin, TX 78750; and Bonnie Boyd Russ, 11 Ringbolt Rd., Hingham, MA 02043.*

Barbara ("Bambi") Miller Powell recently returned to her job as director of the Concord (MA) library, after a three-month leave. During her leave, she spent a month in Japan, where she has several friends and was escorted around by Japanese students who welcomed the opportunity to practice their English. A great arrangement, according to Barbara. She also drove out to the San Francisco area where her two daughters live, stopping en route to visit Ann Hatfield '64, who was one of "her freshmen" when Barbara was a J.C. She spent some time with her daughters, then headed home via the northern route, visiting **Mary Ann "Woody" Woodbury Coy** in Canada. News from Woody and Rick Coy '64 is that they have both retired from teaching at the Ridley School in Ontario, although Rick continues to coach hockey there, and they will both continue to be involved with the school. ■ **Rob Donner** reports from Livingston, NJ, that he is still "toiling" on Wall Street for UBS Securities. Rob and Lynn celebrated their 31st anniversary and are the parents of three sons, the youngest of whom graduated from UVM this May. Two older sons live and work in San Francisco and they have acquired one daughter-in-law thus far. ■ **Martha "Mattie" Logan Bicknell** had a great time at our 35th Reunion last year and wants to "stay connected." She played some pretty good tennis at reunion and reports that she recently finished playing in a mixed-doubles tournament where she and her partner took second place—"beaten only by youth and ability." She also won a tournament last fall. After 15 years in social services , Mattie is exploring a career change to a new field, or perhaps early retirement. She is the grandmother of four, ages 6 1/2 to 3 mos. She says she would welcome classmates visiting the Rochester, NY, Finger Lakes region: "It's beautiful here and I live on the lake." ■ Judge **Howard Scheinblum** was interviewed recently in the Middletown, CT, newspaper. In his courtroom, he can go within minutes from deciding on a speeding fine to sending someone to jail for years. The most satisfying part for him is helping people and the thank-yous he gets when someone's life gets turned around for the better. ■ **James Cromwell** stars as the grandfather of Little Tree in *The Education of Little Tree*, a Paramount film about the childhood of a boy with a white mother and a Cherokee father.

1963

Reunion Class

Class Secretaries: *Catherine Deutsch Sands, 6008 Benalder Dr., Bethesda, MD 20816; and Christopher J. White (crnbrycst@aol.com), 15 W. Cavalier Rd., Scottsville, NY 14546.*

Outgoing class secretary **Catherine Deutsch Sands** reports: Despite some mailing glitches, more than 60 folks arrived for our 35th Reunion. We regret that space precludes listing all attendees. Good food, good drinks, good laughs, good memories, restarts of old friendships, and beginnings of new friendships sum up the weekend. All participants received replicas of Gamaliel Painter's cane, and the Chapel resounded with rap, rap, rap and tap, tap, tap when our very own **Sabin Streeter** was awarded the 1998 Alumni Plaque by President McCardell in recognition of his exemplary efforts for the College. ■ Notes from afar indicate that **John Bower** is an Olympic consultant for the 2002 Games in Salt Lake City. As you will remember, John was the first non-Norwegian to win the King's Cup combined in Oslo in 1968. ■ Congratulations to ski racer **Nancy Sise Auseklis**, who returned to the Master Nationals after missing a season due to surgery. She became one of 23 members on the 1998 Spyder U.S. Alpine Masters Ski Team. Nancy was the 1993 winner of the first annual Al Sise Outstanding Masters Award, named for her father. ■ I, Cathy, have thoroughly enjoyed my five-year tenure as class secretary and want to thank **Jan Brevoort Allen** for taking on the duties. A special thanks goes to **Chris White**, who has offered to serve another term. He is truly committed to our class and to the College. It has been a joy to work with him. ■ Incoming class secretary **Jan Brevoort Allen** reports: I'm very happy to be working with Chris! If you don't send us info you run the risk we may have to make some up. Please also send in your suggestions for the next reunion while they're fresh. We'll pass your ideas on to the 40th Reunion committee when it's formed. ■ Finally, our class possesses two banners made by classmates, but no one seems to know who created them. Please, will the crafters of these beauties come forth with details of who made each of these and when.

1964

Class Secretaries: *Barbara Bailey Hollister (bbh@ulysses.homer.att.com), 1347 Stony Brook Ln., Mountainside, NJ 07092; and Robert J. Baskin (bob.baskin@mail.house.gov), 805 A St. SE, Washington, DC 20003.*

The Touch of Kindness, a new family musical conceived and written by John Arthur Long and **Chet Meyer** (cjmeyer@i-2000.com), premiered on the weekend of May 29-31 on Long Island's Take-One Theatre at the Lyceum in St. James. With a cast of 16 adults and children, *The Touch of Kindness* brought to life 12 memorable songs written by Chet and two colleagues and presented "a fantasy world filled with imaginative wonder, humor, intrigue, and a conflict between good and evil." Chet and John Arthur Long have also written several other works, including the musical *Conspiracy*, a theatrical spoof of the famous "Chicago 7" trial. *Touch of Kindness* continues weekend performances from mid-July to mid-August at the Take-One at the Lyceum (Flowerfield, St. James, Long Island), after which the theatre will close to expand the seating and performance facilities. ■ **Christine Andrew** has joined the business services group at Carmody & Torrance law firm in Waterbury, CT. Christine has had more than 10 years of experience in corporate law firms in CT and has had her own corporate, commercial, and real estate practice in Hamden. ■ At Middlebury, **Paul Milenski** disagreed with Prof. Klaus Wolff and economics textbook author Robert J. Samuelson. And he still disagrees with the presumption that in America victims assume governmental entitlement. Paul worked on a tobacco farm among Puerto Rican migrants just before taking Klaus Wolff's economics course, so the reality of migrant labor was fresh on his mind. From his experience he could report to his classmates that "migrants pray a lot, drink a lot, gamble a lot, and in their rage commit violence against each other, but they blame no one. In fact, they begin to believe the reverse: that they are victims, not entitled, and that others who are better off are." Paul's recent piece for the *North Adams* (MA) *Transcript* (April 9) asserts that "entitlement" is the term which defines our anger at those who get help from the government when we don't. We ought to direct our anger at those who really get the most." ■ An extraordinary piece of work has won an award for architect **Carl Stein** and his colleagues from the New York Landmark Conservancy. The Conservancy, a major restorative agency concerned with historic buildings, is placing a plaque honoring Carl's firm inside the Great Hall at the City College on New York at 138th Street and Convent Avenue in upper Manhattan. Built like a medieval castle in 1907, the Gothic structure had to be shut down 10 years ago because it was in danger of collapsing. Demolition seemed the only possible course of action until Carl Stein and his partners won a competition to restore the main tower. Working on scaffolding around the 170-foot tower, they drew, photographed, and replaced every piece of its decorative terra cotta and structurally weakened stone. Their success led to contracts to restore the high stained glass windows, the entire crumbling exterior, and eventually its interior. Carl gives some of the credit for his success to Middlebury. He majored in physics which he cites as important "because of its approach to problem solving. I also had a wonderful painting instructor, Rosemary Beck. Together these classes made it possible for me to deal with the complexity of problems at the Great Hall." Among the many buildings Carl has designed is the interpretive museum center at the Walt Whitman Birthplace on Long Island, a historic site dedicated last year. Carl and wife Nancy have a daughter Jesse.

1965

Class Secretaries: *Polly Moore Walters (Mrs. Kenneth), 100 Grandview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521; and Frederick W. Stetson (fredstets@aol.com), 123 N. Union St., Burlington, VT 05401.*

Francis Love returned safely to his home in Harvard, MA, from a trip to Vietnam last January. He and members of a Vietnamese-American team completed an arduous, 16-day trip from Hanoi to Saigon by bike. This humanitarian adventure, which received extensive media coverage as well as corporate sponsorship, was called the Sports Illustrated World T.E.A.M. Vietnam Challenge. Classmate **Paul Witteman** is the magazine's deputy editor. In May, NBC televised a two-part documentary, tracing the trip from start to finish. The bikers, including Vietnam veterans from the U.S. as well as North and South Vietnam, covered up to 219 kilometers a day.

Francis, who was a decorated platoon leader and battalion civil affairs officer for the 199th Light Infantry Brigade, was a well-qualified member of this extraordinary group. After recovering from serious wounds while in Vietnam in 1967, he organized and conducted numerous medical and social services programs, designed to help Vietnamese civilians cope with the horrors of the war. Among other projects supported by the World T.E.A.M, was the Bach Mai Hospital in Hanoi. The T.E.A.M. donated $200,000 to help create an orthotic wing in the hospital. For information, contact Francis Love, P.O. Box 486, Harvard, MA 01451. ■ Another inveterate traveler from the Class of '65 is **John Deppman**, who visited Cuba last spring. This is one of dozens of places our attorney-adventurer has set foot. Beautiful artifacts, including a carriage from central America, can be found here and there in his Middlebury home. A wall map has so many red pins denoting points John has reached that it looks like it has the measles. ■ Waterville, ME, resident **Norton Webber** recently joined the staff of Oakes & Parkhurst Glass, based in Winslow, ME. From 1970 to 1996, he owned the You Know Whose Pub in Waterville. He and wife Thelma have four children.

1966

Class Secretaries: *John Rehlen, The Manse, P.O. Box 275, Castleton, VT 05735; and Charlotte Stetson, 10 South St., Middlebury, VT 05753.*

Mark O'Reilly recently returned from two weeks of trout fishing on the south island of New Zealand. "The fishing was slow due to an El Niño-induced drought and hot weather, but everything we caught was four pounds-plus!" Mark was also a spectator when Mick Kelly '89 led the Vail Mountaineers Hockey Club versus the Detroit Red Wings Alumni, scoring two goals in a 6-4 loss to the Wings." ■ **Gordon McAleer** reports that after 18 years he left Arden Hill Hospital in Goshen, NY, to assume the position of president and CEO of Lewistown (PA) Hospital on March 30. "A change of scenery can be just what is needed to recharge the career." He recently completed a five-year term on the Council of Regents of the American College of Health Care Executives and he has been an alumni interviewer for Midd for 22 years. "This has been fun—to stay connected with Middlebury and to get to know some remarkable young talent and future leaders in our society." Gordon now lives in Warwick, NY, with wife Donna and daughter Kate. ■ **Elizabeth J. Leppman** (leppmaej@miamiu.acs.muohio.edu) has been appointed assistant prof. of geography at St. Cloud (MN) State Univ., effective August 1998. ■ Former class secretary **Tom Easton** and wife Kathy report that their three-year house renovation project "has become sort of a way of life" for them. Kathy is still teaching high school history and Tom has completed 27 years with the FBI, working interesting cases and traveling extensively. His most distant assignment took him to Jerusalem last year. They love being grandparents and took granddaughter Linda (7) on a tour of VT last summer.

PHOTO CAPTION Their snow-covered goal looms behind Lindsey King Pitts '90, **Rita Crocitto King, Dudley King**, Stephanie King '96, and Cortney Thompson '96, on the second day of their climb. Lindsey's husband, Bob Pitts, was also part of the group, and they were accompanied by five guides and 20 porters. On the seventh day, they triumphantly celebrated their arrival at the summit. Rita reports that "surviving all those VT winters in our college days gave us the edge we needed to persevere and make it to the top."

1967

Class Secretaries: *Susan Davis Patterson (spattchs@pop.k12.vt.us), 67 Robinson Pkwy., Burlington, VT 05401; and David E. Robinson (wissco@juno.com), 31 Summer St., Nashua, NH 03060.*

Patty Ramsey is back teaching full time at Mount Holyoke, after two years near Mexico City with her husband and two children. She and husband Fred Moseley adopted second child Andres in fall 1994, when he was three. Like their older son Daniel (now 9), Andres was born in Chile. While living in a little town an hour south of Mexico City, they drove all around the country visiting pyramids and beaches. The kids attended a very small progressive school, and Patty worked on a new book (now published) and tried to learn Spanish by getting very involved in the kids' school (all in Spanish) and taking classes in Tai Chi, acupuncture, and anything else that sounded interesting. She had a great time! ■ **Charles Moffett** has left his job as director of the Phillips Collection in DC to become co-chair of impressionist and modern art (worldwide) for Sotheby's. One of Charlie's greatest successes at the Phillips was direction of an "Impressionists on the Seine" exhibit that coincided with the museum's 75th anniversary last year. It drew a record-breaking 180,000 visitors during five months. ■ **Laila Fangel Kain** is the publications and public relations director at Renbrook School in West Hartford, CT. ■ **Sheldon Baker** recently changed companies to Lindenmeyr Central, in Purchase, NY. He continues to travel widely in New England, NY, NJ, IL, WA, and OR in paper and publishing sales. Sheldon helped organize and sang in the D-8 Reunion Concert last October at Middlebury, sounding great—as always—on the tenor part of "Miss Otis Regrets." ■ **Bill** and **Susan Schweickert Macy**, along with Janie and **Jack Dickison**, recently visited **Bing Taylor**, who lives in Lymington, Hampshire, England, near Southampton. They enjoyed seeing Bing's restoration of a charming English "2 over 2" cottage and garden. Those of us back for reunion last year were happy that Bing came across the big puddle to see us and his son Zack '99. ■ The Class of '67 can be proud of one of our would-be members, **Curtis Lee Hanson** of L.A., who only spent a short first half of freshman year at Middlebury. Curtis left Middlebury to return home to CA to pursue his "road less traveled" and his dream to become a screenwriter. His hero as a MiddKid was Alfred Hitchcock. Most of us in the Class of '67 took the more traveled road and got that degree. Curtis got a big screenplay with *Never Cry Wolf*. Then in the past decade he directed *Bedroom Window*, *The Hand that Rocks the Cradle*, and *River Wild*. According to *Newsweek*, his Academy Award winning film, *L.A. Confidential*, "is one sign that this is the decade of danger, at least in our fantasies." Go see it and decide for yourself. One more proof that the road not traveled makes all the difference: On March 23, *L.A. Confidential* received two academy awards—one for Best Screenplay, which Curtis cowrote. ■ **Richard N. Ross** is now the planning manager for the City of Gresham, OR's fourth largest city. "My job is to lead a small special forces unit to build a good community and a good place, against the well-armed forces of sprawl and social polarization. My spouse, Barbara, is a wildlife illustrator and an expert wildlife rehabilitator with Portland Audubon Society. Son Eli (Johns Hopkins '93) is completing his doctorate in materials science at Univ. of FL. I credit Benjamin Franklin Wissler for this scientific direction. I would love to hear from any Middlebury grads (H:503-235-8194; W:503-618-2378) who get west of the Cascades, since MiddKids are nearly an endangered species in OR. ■ Our Class of '67 scholarship this past year benefited a sophomore psychology major. ■ Any classmates who get a yen to visit the Middlebury area always have an invitation to stay at our (**Tom** and **Susan Davis Patterson**) camp on Lake Dunmore. The summer community there is a trip back to the '60s and the hiking, biking, swimming, canoeing, sailing, and rocking on the porch are mighty fine. E-mail or call so we can hang out the Midd banner for you.

1968

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Bentley Gregg (gregg.bentley@epamail.epa.gov), 418 East St. NE, Vienna, VA 22180; Nancy Brooks Richardson (dr44@aol.com), 6 Cameron Rd., Wayland, MA 01778; and David Weinstein, P.O. Box 414, St. Johnsbury, VT 05819.*

Our 30th Reunion is history! What a weekend! The weather was glorious. An eclectic cross section of almost 80 classmates plus families showed up. The new Ridgeline Social Houses proved to be a fabulous location with wonderful accommodations for reunion housing. **Jake Geer**'s Reunion T-shirt design was a big success. If you are interested in a poster (in the correct colors) of his painting, please write or call him (Jake Geer, Box 58, Bridport, VT 05734 or 802-758-2525). ■ Class Agents **Barbara Ensminger Stoebenau** and **Larry Bruce** want to thank everyone who contributed so generously to Middlebury this year. Fifty-three percent of the class has pledged over $1,700,000! ■ **John Morton** has published a novel, *A Medal of Honor*, based on his experiences as a member of six Winter Olympics Games. John autographed so many books at reunion that the College Store sold out! Still a disciplined runner, John defied his

The King family conquers Mt. Kilimanjaro (see 1966 column)

50-plus years by winning the annual reunion 5K race, outdistancing all other runners by a huge margin. ■ **Dan Curry** came to reunion from Hollywood and presented "Special Effects Hollywood-Style" to a packed house at the Center for the Arts. He showed video samples of his work and explained how he creates and produces many special effects. Dan's official title is visual effects producer at Paramount Pictures. He has won several Emmys for his work. What a treat for all Middlebury Trekkies! We'll watch those waterfalls and lava flows with new appreciation from now on! ■ **Steve Amster** writes that he was unable to attend our 30th this year because the weekend coincided with his last weekend of 30 years of active and reserve military service. He has now passed command of a field hospital to a new commander and retired from the military. Speaking of retiring, Mart '66 and **Carol Anderson Matthews** have a new address in Vail, CO. They have retired! Unfortunately, they had to spend reunion weekend packing up their Chicago house. We missed them. ■ Congratulations to another retiree: **Susan Roush Bruce** has retired after 13 years of teaching. ■ **Cindy Krieble** and her husband are on a year-long visiting professorship in China, where Cindy is teaching drawing and painting—in Chinese! ■ **Charlotte (Chickie) Sibley** reports that she is "making the transition from 25 years in corporate America to the consultancy side, resulting in increased job satisfaction and personal fulfillment. I'm president of Isis Americas, a UK-based market research company with responsibility for establishing and building the business in Canada and Latin/South America. I've opened our first office in Princeton, NJ (phone 609-688-0474; e-mail isis@superlink.net)." ■ **Barbara Zuck** (bzuck@dispatch.com) has been a writer for the *Columbus* (OH) *Dispatch* since 1981, commenting on a wide variety of arts events, issues, and trends. She was hired as the paper's music and dance critic and has been promoted to arts columnist/senior critic. She has also written for *Dance Magazine, Opera News* magazine, the *New York Times Book Review*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and other publications. Prior to her work as a journalist, she taught at Drew Univ. and the Univ. of MI. Barbara lives with husband James Spriggs on a small horse farm near Columbus. ■ With this issue, we welcome returning veteran cosecretary **Ben Gregg** to the top of this column and urge you to send us your news!

Randy Rowland '70 and Jon Reynolds '70 turn 50 (see 1970 column)

1969

Class Secretaries: *Juliane Wallace, 142 Central Ave., Montclair, NJ 07042; and William H. Hearne (whearne@kodak.com), 324 Ayrault Rd., Fairport, NY 14450.*

Lynn Markham Beebe writes: "Loved the 'WWW.com' stuff, but am computer/e-mail phobic! How about 'grassing'—big event as a freshman in '65 and the two best professors at Midd in the 'geography' outdated word department—Vinnie Malmstrom and Roland Illick." ■ **Leland Person**, formerly associate dean at Southern IL Univ. at Carbondale, is the new chair of the English dept. at the Univ. of AL. His primary areas of research are gender and men's studies in 19th-century American literature. ■ We regret to report the death of **Jett L. Smith III** on February 21, 1998. A memorial appeared in the spring issue. The condolences of the class go to his wife, Mary Ellen, and all the family.

1970

Class Secretary: *Andy Wentink (andy@hccls.org), 232 Fycke Ln., Teaneck, NJ 07666.*

Bill Wallace (wfwallace@sprintmail.com) has returned to Wall Street after a couple of years working for the Federal Home Loan Bank System in Washington. "The 'Federal' experience was enlightening. We called it the 'stationary bike.' It's not where you go that counts, it's how hard you pedal. Anyway, I joined J.P. Morgan in November '96 and I'm enjoying everything other than the subway ride downtown." ■ **Doug Haneline** has been at Ferris State Univ. in Big Rapids, MI, since 1984. He teaches American literature and writing, as well as administering the university's academic program review process. "Since this process involves working with degree-program self-study faculty teams who produce long reports, my background as a composition teacher frequently comes in handy, both for advice and motivation." Doug was one of four educators featured in the March issue of the *American Medical Writers Assoc. Journal* in an article on degree programs that produce scientific and medical writers. In May he received the Ferris Award for Excellence, an award given annually by the academic affairs division at Ferris State. ■ Attorney **James Patterson** was running for his sixth term as Judge of Probate in Ellsworth, ME, this June. He was first elected in 1979. Wife **Nancy Mackey Patterson** is a teacher in Ellsworth. Daughter Amy attends Williams College and son Jed is a senior at Ellsworth High School. ■ **Peter Kelly** recently moved his law offices to a more spacious location in Sanibel, FL. Peter has had a general practice in Sanibel for four years. He was previously an in-house legal counsel for an international real estate investment company in NYC. Peter's wife, Roxanne, works with him as his legal assistant and general office manager. PHOTO CAPTION **Jon Reynolds** traveled from Brattleboro, VT, to Sugarbush ski area to help **Randy Rowland** celebrate his 50th birthday in March. Having turned 50 in January, Jon was sharing some tips with Randy as to how to ski when you are half a century old. As the sign in the photo indicates, some things never change: the two "old" men chased each other down the gnarliest trails to be found that day. Jon works part time for the American Skiing Co. and operates his own property maintenance business. Randy lives in Shelburne, VT, with wife Ginny and sons Scott and Mark. He owns InaCom Information Systems, a computer network sales and service company.

1971

Class Secretaries: *Dr. Susan R. Thornton (thornton@spectra.net), 22 Vincent St., Binghamton, NY 13905; and Mr. Barton M. Hall (barth@ncatfyv.uark.edu), P.O. Box 182, Blue Mounds, WI 53517.*

Not a lot of news this issue, but I (Susan) can report that for one class member life hums along as usual, while another has had a major life change. **Carol Ball** reports that she's still with her same employer and is now working hard on helping clients comply with the health care reform act, the Kennedy Kassenbaum bill, also called the Health Insurance Portability and Accountability Act. To relax from all this hard work she continues to be active in her garden club, where 180 similarly minded folk work to beautify her town. ■ **Sandy McDowell**, however, and wife Debbie Francisco McDowell '75, report a major change. He writes: "At this stage of our lives we have embarked on a new journey by adopting a baby from China, Sarah Lian. We are looking forward to providing her with educational and rewarding experiences—like giving the raspberry, speaking Vermontese (ey-yuh) and grunting like Tim the Toolman Taylor (argh argh argh argh). We adopted her on September 15, 1997, in Nanchang, China. Sarah was 13 months old, most of the time sharing a crib with another baby in a Chinese orphanage. While the Chinese adore children, they live poorly, so that there is not much to go around. She had malnutrition, skin rashes, and an ear infection, and the most positive, happy attitude anyone could expect! Now that we are giving her food and care (big Macs and Ben and Jerry's ice cream) she has gained weight (she is on the charts now) and she is happier and healthier than ever. We spent a week in her hometown of Nanchang, for the purposes of completing her Chinese adoption. Most of the time was spent walking around town with a backpack carrier we bought over there, so that we could get used to each other, a process that did not take very long. Especially with Cheerios, which she loved immediately. After a week, when the adoption was finalized, we flew to Guangzhou to obtain a visa from the U.S. consulate, where we spent another week. This time Sandy came down with such an incredible sinus infection that he was in bed all week and useless with sightseeing, child care, etc. Debbie took care of both babies. Ultimately, Debbie and Sarah did some sightseeing, we left for home, and a short 22 hours later we arrived. Debbie went back to work full time in January, Sandy moved into his new semidetached office, and our au pair arrived from South Africa—during the state of emergency ice storm! In a nutshell, that's all we've been doing over the last few months. Sandy's still doing triathlons, Debbie's gardens are doing great, we have three cats, and tha-tha-that's all folks!" ■ Would love to hear from any and all classmates. If news is not forthcoming, your faithful scribe will make it up! Remember, you've been warned!

1972

Class Secretaries: *Jennifer Hamlin Church (jhchurch@sienahts.edu), 11151 Summerfield Rd., Petersburg, MI 49270; and Judy Wingham (bjsmith@netcom.ca), 417 Guildwood Pkwy., West Hill, Ontario M1E 1R3, Canada.*

Congratulations to **Barbara Melosh**, who has been appointed a 1998-99 fellow by the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars. One of 21 fellows named, her topic of research is Strangers and Kin: a History of Adoption in the United States. Barbara is a prof. of English and history at George Mason Univ. ■ Congratulations also to **Fred Danforth**, who has come in for more honors. (See fall '97 class notes about Judi and Fred being named VT Small Business Persons of the Year in 1997.) Fred was the recipient of Western Reserve Academy's 1997 Waring Prize, "awarded to an alumnus who, by his way of life and achievements, represents the human and individual values the Academy strives to foster." ■ **Dori Wood Fulk** remembers anthropology

prof. Bruce Grindal, for whom she used to baby-sit occasionally. "He and his wife and new baby lived in an old white house just down the hill from the College toward Weybridge. One of the fringe benefits of this job was a glass of the honey-colored beer that Mr. Grindal brewed in one of the back rooms." ■ Financial analyst **Philip J. Kehl** has been with Morgan Stanley since its merger with Dean Witter, which he joined in 1986. He has an M.A. from Fordham and an MBA from NYU. Philip and wife Anne Lahey Kehl '71 live in Short Hills, NJ. ■ **Katherine Pfaff** is the new VP, marketing, at e-motion, Inc., maker of CreativePartner, the leading software for distributing, cataloging, and collaborating on creative content. She was most recently VP of marketing at Canto Software. Katherine has been a pioneer in strategic positioning and marketing for this industry. ■ Your intrepid class secretary (Judy) had a chance to catch up with former roommate **Dyane Sunn Waldron** on a weekend trip to NYC in May. Dyane and husband Greg are busy working on renovations to their home in Rye, and juggling the active schedules of children Kimberly (15), Brian (13), and Caroline (8). ■ In closing, we know that you've all heard this before, but PLEASE keep in touch by phone, fax, e-mail, or good ol' snail mail! Let us know what you've been up to, and send photos! You don't have to compose the great American novel; even a line or two with your news would be great! Have a terrific summer!

1973

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Robert L. Badger (badgerrl@potsdam.edu), 16 Grant St., Potsdam, NY 13676, and H. Kit Fuller (kitfuller@usgs.gov), 4600 Cloud Ct., Boulder, CO 80301.*

25th Reunion. Wow! It was great. Thanks to all the folks who helped put it together, particularly co-chairs **Jay Aronson** and **Bill Burke**. We were 135 strong, plus our families, bringing the total to 318. A few of the highlights: The **Tiger Akers** Golf Tournament where the average score for the first round was an incredible 25. **Chris Burr**'s deeply moving video with a collage of national and campus images from our years. The Thumpy Thurber Award to **Bill Burke**. The fire alarm in our dorm at 12:45 Sunday morning and **Bob Lally** running out of the building in pajamas that only a real man could wear. Badger Beer on tap. Class of '73 Middlebury trivia Jeopardy with host **Mike** "Alex" **Schoenfeld**. **Fred Burditt** leading the class in harmonizing the Jeopardy jingle. Service of remembrance for classmates gone, and the words of Jennifer Lawson, widow of **Bobo Elliot**. Canoes dodging lightning bolts. A great feast at President McCardell's house. Our teenage kids disappearing into the graveyard for hours. ("To do gravestone rubbings? But you don't have any paper or pencils.") Picnic behind Forest Hall, serenaded by the D-8s. Monkey on the dance floor (Junior Lally too). A leisurely hike to Silver Lake and a chilly swim for a few of us. Continuing our fine tradition of classroom attendance, with most of us cutting the continuing education classes. A fairly emotional Convocation, with two returning members of the class of '23 and the presence of Professor Freeman, now 100 years old. Tour of the new social housing units in the woods behind Hillcrest Road—a giant step beyond dorm life. And, of course, reconnecting with old friends. Several of us making new connections wished we had known some of our classmates better during our four years at Middlebury. We wondered why we hadn't spent more time with these fine folks instead of the derelicts we did hang out with. But then we realized that maybe these were the same old derelicts, only a little mellower. So it goes. For those who missed the reunion and/or did not contribute to the yearbook, we'd really like to hear what you've been up to recently. E-mail is almost painless. ■ An e-mail from **Loring Starr** (loringstar@aol.com) informs us that she is phasing out her desktop publications business, because she is now the full-time development and community relations coordinator for the VT Center for Independent Living (VCIL) in Montpelier. She writes that "VCIL is an organization of citizens with disabilities working together for dignity, independence, and civil rights." Husband Michael Dworkin '75 (mhdworkin@ aol.com) is managing partner at Riser Management Systems, Ltd., in Burlington. They live in Montpelier with son Sam (13) and daughter Alice (11). ■ Keep in touch!

1974

Class Secretaries: *Greg Dennis (gregdenis @aol.com), 1053 Hermes Ave., Encinitas, CA 92024; and Barry Schultz King (kinglet@together.net), P.O. Box 77, Ripton, VT 05766.*

Jewelers of America has awarded the JA Certified Bench Jeweler designation to **David Lantz**, president and owner of M.J. Harrington & Co. of Newport, NH. He's the first bench jeweler in NH and he also holds the designations Certified Gemologist and Certified Gemologist Appraiser from the American Gem Society. An active volunteer in his community, he's an assistant cross-country ski coach for Sunapee High school and assisting at the Claremont Opera House. Dave and wife LuAnne live in Sunapee with daughters Katie (16) and Megan (14) ■ **Nat Earle** and wife Anne, who live in Rumford, RI (just outside Providence), have been married for almost 22 years. Son Cabot is a freshman at Davidson in NC and daughter Ashley is a high school freshman. Nat writes: "I taught German and French at Moses Brown School in Providence for six years until making a total career change in 1980 (a credit to the immeasurable benefits of a Midd liberal arts education!), when I entered the banking arena with Rhode Island Hospital Trust (now a BankBoston subsidiary) in its precious metal commodity lending area. After nine years providing programs in financing, supply, and hedging for industrial users of gold and silver (primarily jewelry companies), I accepted a position in 1989 as president of the Jewelers Board of Trade, a national trade association which serves primarily as a credit clearing house for the jewelry industry. I have encountered only one Midd jeweler (**Dave Lantz** in NH) in my 17-year association in the industry, but would be interested in learning of others." Nat's extracurricular activities include running, saltwater fly-fishing, and competitive dinghy racing (Laser)." ■ In Colonie, NY, **Dev Tobin** has been named managing editor of the *Colonie Spotlight* and *Loudonville Weekly*. Dev has been copy editor for the *Spotlight* for the past five years and he previously worked for several area publications, including the *Record* and the *Capital District Business Review*. ■ **Rusty Harding**, general manager of the Middlebury Inn, has been elected president of the New England Innkeepers Assoc. Rusty started as assistant manager at the Inn and has been the general manager for 10 years. He's also a 23-year volunteer firefighter in Middlebury, where he's also active on the school board, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Middlebury Amateur Hockey Assoc. ■ WRMC cohorts **Jeanne Meserve** and Frank Sesno '77 are working together again, this time as co-anchors of *Newsday*, CNN's noon newscast. ■ **Ross Eisenbrey** is one of the chief lobbyists for the U.S. Dept. of Labor. As associate director of the Office of Congressional and Intergovernmental Affairs, he is the department's liaison to Congress. Ross is also an enthusiastic "weekend warrior" athlete, playing in recreational soccer and basketball leagues. At last report, his soccer team was 2-2-1, and he was tied for leading scorer on the team. I (**Greg Dennis**) had the pleasure of spending several days skiing and snowboarding with Ross and his son in NM last January. Ross and wife Barbara Somson have lived in Washington, DC, for nearly 20 years. Barbara is staff legal counsel to a committee of the Washington City Council. They have two children: Michael (13) and Rebecca (10). ■ **Tom** and **Susie "Soupy" Panitz Fillion** are long-time residents of Baltimore. Tom is a psychologist at the counseling center of Loyola College, while also maintaining a part-time private practice. Susie teaches art at the Park School. This fall, daughter Eva is entering fourth grade and son Abel is starting sixth grade. The Fillions often spend some summer vacation time in VT, visiting Susie's sister Amy Panitz '76, a Bennington resident. ■ **Dan Flanagan** (climbdan@aol.com) writes: "So, what do you do when your best friend calls at the last minute for some news for the good old college news letter? You either make up some wonderful stuff or you tell the truth. Well, in my case the truth is pretty wonderful. Five years ago I left the canyons of Wall Street and now it looks as though I may have traded those canyons for the majestic walls of Yosemite Valley. After five years of teaching and working for Outward Bound, I have finally found something here on the West Coast. In September I expect to begin work as chief operating officer of the Yosemite National Institutes, a nonprofit organization that does environmental education in three national parks. It has long been my dream to combine my love of the outdoors with my desire to teach and give children a sense of place, respect, and love for the natural world. On a more personal note, I have discovered that there is indeed life after divorce. I have found happiness in making a life for myself and my children here in San Francisco. Life is good and I am thankful." ■ **Tim Etchells** reports: "I'm now a senior editor for *Snow Country*, working full time for the magazine (which is based in Trumbull, CT) from my home in VT. I'm responsible for *Snow Country*'s equipment and instruction coverage, and also for a series of special research projects that will appear in the magazine next season. My job involves a lot of editing and some writing. I joined *Snow Country* in March, after five years as editor and VP at *Ski Racing*, a magazine based in Waitsfield, VT, that covers ski and snowboard competition around the world. My wife, **Betsy Mitchell Etchells**, and I live in Middlebury (she's executive assistant to President John McCardell), and have two kids. Emily (21) just finished her junior year at Colby College in ME, where she is a Spanish-biology double major. She's also captain of the women's alpine ski team and the women's lacrosse team. Son Peter (18) graduated from Middlebury Union High School this spring and will be a first-year student at Colby next fall. At MUHS, he was captain of the soccer, ski, and lacrosse teams, and was an all-state selection in all three sports. (Yeah, I'm a proud parent.) In my spare time—meaning when I'm not working, shoveling snow, or mowing the lawn—I run, ski at the Snow Bowl, bike, play golf at Ralph Myhre (usually with Dick Crumb '69 and Mike Schoenfeld '73), go sailing on Lake Champlain, and consider, often, how lucky I am to live and work here.

1975

Class Secretaries: *Becca Gustafson Brown (72437.1164@compuserve.com), 1 Roseland Rd., Worcester, MA 01609, and Tony MacDonald (macemmert@aol.com), 150 12th St., NE, Washington, DC 20002.*

Chris Graff, moderator of Vermont Public Television's series *Vermont This Week*, has been appointed producer of the program. Chris, who has hosted the weekly panel of journalists analyzing state news since 1992, also continues as chief of the Associated Press bureau in VT. ■ **Max Eaton**, president of Otter Creek Awnings, is serving on the board of the Industrial Fabric Assoc., international awning division, based in St. Paul, MN. ■ Duxbury, VT, resident **Townie Anderson** is the new director of the Vermont Community Loan Fund, a private community development fund that supports affordable housing and other initiatives. He resigned last December as VT's historic preservation officer. ■ **Kim Reidinger** was recently appointed general council at Fletcher Allen Health Care in Burlington, VT. Kim is the first general council Fletcher Allen has had, so she's looking forward to a new challenge. She had been in private practice as a partner at Downs, Rachlin, and Martin, the largest law firm in VT. ■ Rachel Lampert and **Richard Goodwin** were married on March 28 at Prospect House on the campus of Princeton Univ. Rick is a senior financial consultant at Merrill Lynch and Rachel is an assistant prof. of medicine in cardiology at Yale. Rick is also active in his Branford, CT, community, where he is a member of the Representative Town Meeting, serves on the president's advisory board and the board of directors of the Steinhart Society of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, and serves on the board of the Goodwin Levine Adult Day Care Center. ■ **Susan Wieber Nourse** (snourse@emerald.tufts.edu) was the producer of an intensive, three-day course in June for teachers, exploring the local marine environment at Schaefer Oceanology Wet Lab at Tabor Academy (Marion, MA). Teachers had an opportunity to investigate salt marshes and do open-water testing using Tabor Academy's research boat, with a full day to explore the scientific community of Woods Hole. Sue teaches at Tabor and is a research associate at Tufts. ■ More than a million teens have now participated in the Baby Think It Over Program since its creation in 1993. You will recall that Baby Think It Over was the brainchild of Mary and **Rick Jurmain**. Two recent studies indicate that most teens who have participated in the program have decided to delay parenthood. Baby Think It Over is a lifelike doll which replicates the sleeping, waking, and feeding patterns of an infant.

1976

Class Secretaries: *Marion Adler (madler@hhj.com), 530 N. Linden, Oak Park, IL 60302; Jennifer Cogswell (jencogsat6@aol.com), 6 Overlook Rd., Waltham, MA 02154; and John M. Henderson, 131 Martin Rd., Concord, MA 01742.*

Ronald Luman recently received his doctorate from George Washington Univ. in engineering management. Ron and Karen now have two sons at Grove City College in PA, and two more kids in high school. "Thoroughly enjoying the teenagers!" ■ **Stephen Fraser** recently accepted a job as executive editor of Aladdin Paperbacks at Simon & Schuster in NYC, with responsibility for acquiring and editing children's books. Stephen has been living in NYC for the past three years. He reports that he gets together with **Peter Kristoph**, from time to time, to see a play or movie. You can reach Stephen by e-mail at his new job, stephen_fraser@prenhall.com.

1977

Class Secretaries: *Virginia L. Jones (giniajo@aol.com), 250 County St., Taunton, MA 02780; and Katie Lange Dolan (katie-dolan@msn.com), 4 Beach Ave., Larchmont, NY 10538.*

Many thanks to all of you who returned the recent survey with news about your current lives, activities, and perspectives. It was great fun reading the responses and getting a sense of how classmates are approaching life as 40-plus-year-olds! ■ **Trygve Loken**, who lives in Reno, NV, recently became a civil engineer after years as an exploration geologist. He's active in local geotech activities as well as auto racing, parenthood, skiing, and mountain biking. ■ **Sue Phelps Fisher** has a new job as a special education teacher in the Early Intervention Program at United Cerebral Palsy. ■ **George Carr** has traveled to Italy several times this year to oversee the marble carving for one of his sculptures. He wishes he had taken that winter term course on marble carving and more Italian classes. ■ Back in CO after a stint in IL, **Jim O'Connell** is the deputy sports editor at the *Colorado Springs Gazette*. He's also busy with the Super Bowl Broncos and the local Olympics training center. ■ **Sabrina Parisette-Herzog** still finds time to ski, although busy in the import/export business and raising her family. ■ Now an associate team physician for the New York Mets, **Brian Halpern** recently bicycled 1,000 miles from Hanoi to Saigon with some fellow Middlebury graduates. ■ **Michael Flynn** is completing the necessary papers and credentials to receive a Master Sommelier's diploma. ■ Health care consultant **Katie Lange Dolan** is writing a book on community health. ■ Enfield, CT, resident **Bill Hosley** has been named executive director of the Antiquarian & Landmarks Society in Newtown, CT. As the curator of decorative arts at Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum, Bill was responsible for the museum's award-winning exhibition "Sam and Elizabeth: Legend and Legacy of Colt's Empire." He's also the author of *Colt: The Making of an American Legend*. His interests in CT's heritage, preservation, and tourism have involved him in a wide range of projects, including the restoration of Hartford's Ancient Burying Ground, and he received the CT Humanity Council's Wilbur Cross Award. ■ Holyoke (MA) storyteller/musician **Mary Jo Danckert Maichack** is instrumental in shaping the lives of children and introduces them to the arts through songs, stories, and puppets. She reports, "I want them to find and keep the joy that is possible in childhood." She is performing about 200 shows a year, many of which are at the Boys and Girls Club. She affirms that "the arts in education is just as important as math and reading. It's how you sustain and nourish the soul." ■ **John Dana** has been named VP at O'Gorman & Young, Inc., a regional insurance brokerage firm with offices in Chatham and Princeton, NJ. John and wife Margo live in Bernardsville with children Tracy, Jay, and Will. ■ In Minneapolis, **Liz Lupien** is studying voice, teaching piano to private students, and is active in the self-healing community. ■ **Laurie Ferguson** started her own marketing consultant business out of her home. She is also marketing director of the League of NH Craftsmen. ■ **Florence Smith**, who has been promoted to a senior systems specialist, recently moved, got a new puppy, and took several cruises to Bermuda. ■ **David Price** broke a Midd class notes news hiatus to report that second child Jennifer was born in 1993. He has been busy with soccer, river canoeing, tennis, aerobics, his family, and some fun foreign trips. ■ **Peter Terry** also has a new daughter. Margaret Metler Terry was born in late 1997. ■ **Kyle Anne Prescott Bouchard** and family recently moved from Chicago to Boston to CO within a short period of time, but everyone is now settling in to life in Greenwood Village, CO, where Kim is busy with school-related programs. ■ In addition to chauffeuring his teenage daughter and building a new deck on the house, **Aaron Abend** also finds time to play soccer; his team recently won the championships. ■ And from the international community, **Joanne "Sketch" Lapin** is a country doctor and GP-anaesthetist in the town of 108 Mile Ranch in central British Columbia. She lives in a log cabin with husband Gord and daughters Leah (12) and Sarah (10). ■ Freelance translator and interpreter **Deborah Rhoads Lyon** lives in Spain with her husband and two cats. ■ **Betsy Barbour Hopkins** is home schooling her two sons in Dakar, Senegal, where she is training and guiding language studies and translation for Sengali languages. ■ **Jack Gill** also maintains a very global approach, living in HI, working in U.S.-India relations, and doing writing and researching on Napoleon. ■ Volunteer activities are many and varied. **Liz Lupien** serves as an empowerment group facilitator for Women Within International. ■ **Howard Hebel** is a volunteer exhibit designer for the Eli Whitney Museum in Hamden, CT. ■ **Josh Hanft**, a VP and editorial director at Golden Books, volunteers with his local synagogue, including work in a homeless shelter and study of Biblical Hebrew. ■ **Patty Freeman-Lynde** is president of the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship and does school related activities. ■ **Jacquie Phelan**'s favorite causes are feminism, low-tech locomotion (she spends a lot of time on her bike), and humble living. ■ **Katie Lange Dolan** is active with the Nature Conservancy and serves on the boards of Westchester's United Way and a local children's hospital. ■ **Martha Brownell Grant** is on the Nashville Hockey League board and is also active in school programs. ■ Dr. **Michele Harvan Montgomery** is on the board of a local psychiatric facility and is helping with local elections for judge. ■ **Flo Smith** is busy teaching safe navigation and boating skills with the Power Squadrons. ■ **Michael Flynn** is active in Aids/HIV prevention and research. ■ **David Grier** was recently back at Middlebury to give a lecture in the math department. Speaking of Middlebury, our preliminary survey results show that 90 percent of classmates want their children to go to Middlebury—although many add "if they can get in" and "if we can afford it." It's not too late to add your opinions to the survey. Please send in the questionnaire or simply send one of us a postcard with your news. We'll include the results in the next column.

1978

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Michael Abend (mike abend@aol.com), 119 Maple St., Carlisle, MA 01741; David Jaffray (djaffray@workstations.com), 18427 Heathcote Ln., Deephaven, MN 55391; Holly James Kartna (hkartna@hendrie.com), 14 Hawthorn Cres., Brampton, Ontario, Canada L6S 1B1; and Helen Cooke Pyne (hcpwrite@aol.com), 69 Stern Ln., Atherton, CA 94027.*

Our 20th Reunion was a wonderful time this spring—sorry we missed so many of you. More than 100 classmates and their

spouses/children (about *300* people in all) filled Hepburn and enjoyed some great, sunny weather. People streamed in and out of our headquarters in Hepburn lounge all weekend. Many of us had not been back to Midd since graduation! We commandeered the tent between Hepburn and Mead Chapel for a modest keg party Friday evening, while many others went down to Mister Ups and other places to share memories and get to know each other's families and friends. There were many highlights during the weekend. On Saturday morning there was such a large turnout in front of Voter for our class picture (and so many classmates running down the hill from Hepburn as the cameraman waited) that the other classes voted us the most unruly class! After Convocation on Saturday, the picnic lunch on Proctor Terrace spilled over on the lawns around Mead Chapel. The Center for the Arts was the place to be with small kids, who enjoyed the magic shows and face painting, while the galleries were open for the more cerebral among us. Our class had the most participants in the 5K run on the beautiful cross-country trail running through the woods and along the golf course. And many of us took advantage of the new Natatorium, the huge indoor pool that now adjoins the old field house, next to the new, presently-under-construction hockey rink. The campus tour was a "must see," with all the new construction that has taken place in the last few years—not to mention all that has happened since we left in 1978. Before our Saturday banquet we were taken back 20 years by some folk songs provided by **Martha Lappen Pfeiffer, Craig Wells, Katie Shepherd Furney**, and **David Jaffray**. We were joined at dinner by Jackie Flickinger (MCAB coordinator while we were at Midd), Karl Lindholm '67 (Dean of Students Office during our tenure), and Travis Jacobs (history department). On a gorgeous Saturday evening, dinner was in a tent outside Hadley Barn, near the golf course. Entertainment was provided in part by **John Farmer**, who oversaw a lively discussion of classmates' achievements since graduation—longest marriages, most creative entrepreneurs, most years with one company, and those that seemed to be aging—or not aging—the most gracefully. Then **Jeff Plank** and **Phyllis Wendell Mackey** said out loud what we were all thinking anyway, that we were very fortunate to have spent four years in such a wonderful setting, and that the friends we made are still special. It almost got a bit too sentimental, but it was a lot of fun. It sure didn't feel like we had been away 20 years! Jeff captured the spirit of the group when he recalled some of his own memories, how we all entered Midd not really knowing anyone and left with close friends. For many of us with teenagers, Phyl hit the nail on the head with her comment about two sets of memories—the ones you want to share with your kids and the ones you can't share with the kids! Thank you to all those who enthusiastically helped with reunion, especially **Joyce Rowe Cassidy** for preparing and compiling the questionnaire. Special thanks also go to **Lucy Newell Hancock, Anne Groton**, and **Ty Howe** for their efforts in coordinating the work of about 20 classmates on the very successful reunion gift committee (including **Bob "Toyota" Carolla** for providing the trivia questions). Raising $851,000 with 58 percent of us participating, we more than doubled the previous gift amount record for 20th Reunion classes. And we walked away with the Armand N. LaFlamme '37 Cup, awarded to the class with the highest participation in reunion giving before the 50th Reunion. ■ With this reunion we are changing faces on class notes. Our thanks to **Kevin O'Leary** for five years of working with us. His spontaneous and insightful e-mails—most of which were unfit for print in the column—will be missed. Unfortunately, he must devote more time to family and his fledgling private law practice. Fortunately, **Holly James Kartna** and **David Jaffray** have volunteered to help coordinate class news. Please feel free to send notes and e-mails to any of us or the College. We have recently received news from some classmates who weren't able to join us for reunion and we will have lots to pass along in the next column. And let's all start looking forward to our 25th Reunion in 2003!

1979

Class Secretaries: *Donna Brewer MacKenna (dbmack@aol.com), 125 School St., South Hamilton, MA 01982; and Margaret A. Paine (mapaine@christa.unh.edu), 17 Old Landing Road, Durham, NH 03824.*

In Milford, NH, **Tracy Thompson Turner** is the new VP of corporate communications and investor relations at PC Connection Inc., direct marketer of personal computers and related accessories. Tracy and husband Paul '78 live on Farside Farm in Lyndeborough, NH. ■ **Jeff Somple** has been promoted to VP of sales and engineering, northern div., of Mack Molding, a leading international plastics molding firm. The northern division includes facilities in Arlington, Cavendish, and Pownal, VT. Jeff and wife Mary Lou live in Manchester, VT, with daughters, Jessica, Kristen, and Samantha. ■ **Ian Baker** traveled to Nepal in 1977 with the Experiment in International Living and has lived there ever since. His Holiness the Dalai Lama has written a foreword for Ian's latest book, *The Tibetan Art of Healing* (Chronicle Books), and Deepak Chopra wrote the preface. Every page includes paintings of master Tibetan artist Romio Shrestha. Fifteen years, ago, Ian was diagnosed with traumatic arthritis in his knee, the result of a climbing accident, and was healed through acupuncture in Tibet after several New York surgeons failed to cure him. ■ **Dana Yeaton**'s new play, *Mad River Rising*, premiered at UVM in January. Set in VT, the play examines change and incorporates the considerable research Dana has done on VT history. He's now working on a screenplay with VT filmmaker Jay Craven, director of *Where the Rivers Flow North*, shot in VT's Northeast Kingdom. ■ **Sandie "Buzz" Buzby Whalen** (bwhalen@lfa.lfc.edu) and her family (husband John, son Casey, and dog Kaos) are moving back to NH. She writes, "If you have a prep school job for me, please e-mail it!" ■ Frank and **Laura Schaefer Buckley** live in Duxbury, MA, with children FJ. (10), Virginia (7), and Joe (3). A certified high school social studies teacher, preschool teacher, and swimming instructor, Laura has also taught exercise to the elderly at the Boston Aid to the Blind. A former senior VP at the Coolidge Bank and Trust, she recently returned to the work force as executive director of the Plymouth Redevelopment Authority. Last winter she announced her candidacy for a five-year term on the Duxbury Housing Authority. ■ **Deirdre Browne Counter** (cbbeckvg@sover.net) reports a name change, due to her marriage to Rick Counter on May 6. She writes: "Thanks to all who sent me a line after seeing my e-mail address in *Midd Magazine*. It's good to hear from you! Addison County is still one of the most beautiful places in the world." She and Rick have bought a place in Vergennes, 12 miles north of Middlebury.

1980

Class Secretaries: *David and Laura LaFever Austin, 305 Swift St., S. Burlington, VT 05403.*

On December 6, **Alison Osius** was elected president of the American Alpine Club. A three-time national sport-climbing champion and senior editor at *Climbing* magazine, she is the 97-year-old club's first woman president. Alison writes that she saw **Emily Langlie** and her family last December in Seattle. Emily has a son Trevor (4) and a new son, who was one year old this spring. Emily is a full-time news reporter with KOMO-TV in Seattle. ■ After a national search for a development officer, the Fairbanks Museum & Planetarium in St. Johnsbury, VT, was pleased to find "the very most qualified and impressive candidate right here in town"—**Lauren Geiger Moye** stepped into the new position on March 17. She has worked at New York Public Library and the Lincoln Center in NYC, as well as Kingdom County Productions and St. Johnsbury Athenaeum in VT. Husband **Dick Moye** is now prof. of English literature and chairman of the English dept. at Lyndon State College in Lyndonville, VT. Dick and Lauren live in St. Johnsbury with their five-year-old daughter. ■ Toronto resident **Steve Lindley** is the VP of an engineering/environmental consulting firm, "technically responsible for our environmental impact assessment, biological studies, land use planning and GIS group." Steve has a son (2 1/2) and a daughter (5). ■ **Rosario "Rosy" Robert** (lbridges@entelchile.net) and wife Patricio "Pato" Silva live in Coyhaique, in the Chilean Patagonia, Aisen Region. "We have a tourism office and really enjoy living in this beautiful region. I would love to hear from friends, and you can check up on us at www.aisen.cl. In January we spent four great days with **Barbara Banks**, who came to Chile for her vacation. ■ **David Abend** has been appointed co-creative director at Harpell/Martins & Co., a full service integrated marketing communications agency in Maynard, MA. With over 17 years of advertising and marketing experience, David formerly owned an advertising and communications business in Burlington, MA. ■ Ben and **Susanne Slough Bryan** and children Christopher (12) and Lucy (9) moved back to Denver last summer. "We are truly enjoying the opportunities to ski, hike, and play in the mountains after six years in Kansas City. Hope to have more Midd friends visit now that we're back in the Rockies, where many folks come to vacation." ■ **Macy Lawrence Ratliff** reported a great summer in 1997, when she traveled to the East Coast and spent some time in VT, visiting an old high school friend and Midd friend **Alden Cadwell**. Macy is a part-time educational audiologist and also works in her daughters' cooperative schools, organizing classroom work and after-school languages field trips. "My older daughter is now in second grade and is quite a performer in our local children's theater. Our younger daughter (5) loves gymnastics and any kind of art." ■ **Annie Mock** and husband Chris Chan are the proud parents of daughter Claire Chan, born February 16, 1997. ■ Congratulations to newlyweds Charlie and **Jane Hammond McKinney**, who were married October 11, 1997, in Branford, CT. Jane's sister, Helen '83, was maid of honor; bridesmaids included sisters Grace Boss and Barbara Hammond Schoenly '75. After a trip to the South Pacific, the McKinneys are living in Charlottesville, VA.

PHOTO CAPTION When **Sue Leppla** and Ken Krehbiel were married on June

Sue Leppla '80 and Ken Krehbiel (see 1980 column)

14, 1997, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. **Ian Douglas** (left). Also participating in the festivities were (on right) **Deborah Hutchinson** and **Scott "Frodo" Fleming**. The newlyweds have bought a house in Carbondale, CO. Sue has been managing a picture framing store in Aspen for the past five years; Ken is a photographer, fly fishing guide, and Outward Bound instructor.

1981

Class Secretaries: *Anne Borchardt Exler (exler@erols.com), 6160 Llanfair Dr., Columbia, MD 21044; and Sue Dutcher Wagley, 4060 Hanover, Dallas, TX 75225.*

VT resident **Molly Stevens** edited several important chapters for the new *Joy of Cooking*, which came out late last year and has already entered its fifth printing. She worked on the condiments and preserving sections of the book as well as the meat chapter, for which she attended a special course in TX. Molly has a Grand Diplome from La Verenne cooking school in Paris, and she has worked at the French Culinary Institute in NYC and the New England Culinary Institute as a chef/instructor. Molly and husband Mark Smith live in Williston, VT. ■ **Kate Pound** (pound001@tc.umn.edu) returned to the U.S. from Australia in 1996 and now lives in Saint Paul, MN, with sons Ben (8) and Joshua (6). Kate is working at the MN Geological Survey and is active in the Quaker community. ■ Congratulations to **Julie Hunt** and husband Jon Verville, who welcomed their first child, Andrew, in April 1997. They live in Exeter, NH. Julie has been working as a small animal veterinarian for 12 years.

1982

Class Secretaries: *Mary Beth Litster Cockerham (marybeth.cockerham@east.sun.com), 1262 Dartmouth Ct., Alexandria, VA 22314; and Ellen Harris Swiggett (jswigg@aol.com), 13 Georgetown Cir., Madison, CT 06443.*

Alison McGhee's new novel, *Rainlight*, was published in March by Papier-Mâché Press. It's available from bookstores or from the publisher at 800-927-5913. *Rainlight* is the first in a planned trilogy of books, all of which will be set in the foothills of the Adirondacks, where Alison grew up. Alison now lives in Minneapolis, MN, with husband Bill O'Brien and their three children, Luke, Devon, and Min. ■ **Tom Unger** (tunger@milbank.com), wife Stephanie Losee (Dartmouth '87), and daughter Olivia (3) recently spent Presidents' Day weekend with **John** and **Henri Lazaridis Power** and their son and daughter, Eoin and Nike, taking in the sights of NYC. The Power family was visiting from Weston, MA. Most impressive was John and Eoin's willingness to take on the monstrous Canadian-Mountie-size pancakes at the East Side's Royal Canadian Pancake House (motto: "Pancakes make people happy!"). Like father, like son—and Tom has the pictures to prove it. John is head of the global bond group of Santander Bank. Henri teaches part time at Harvard (when she's not rowing the Charles). An attorney in the intellectual property and business technology group at Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy in NYC, Tom specializes in Internet, e-commerce, new media, and computer-law transactions. ■ **Peter F. Smith** has been promoted to general manager of customer development and trade marketing at Heinz in Pittsburgh. He joined the company in 1994 as northeast div. sales manager. Peter and wife Grace Brown Smith '80 live in Baden, PA, with children Lauren and Andrew. ■ **David Fischer** has been named executive VP of Silicon Valley Banks East Coast division in Wellesley, MA. He's responsible for the Atlanta, Rockville, MD, and the New England markets. ■ **Todd Summers** (tsummers@aol.com) writes: "There are many times when I think back to the days at Midd and wonder where all of those classmates have gone. Is **Kathy Havard** still a brainiac Yeats fan? Has Zeke given up Elvis Costello? Are Betsy and Lissa still pals? Just how many kids does **Gil Amaral** have now? Hoping that they and my other long-lost friends read the class notes, let me try to catch up on the last 16 years. I've recently moved to Washington, the land of transients. My new job—Deputy Director of the White House Office of National AIDS Policy—allows me to continue eight years of work on the epidemic. Prior to coming here, I ran a small non-profit agency in Boston that supported the development of housing programs for people living with HIV/AIDS. So far, my life has been blessed with great opportunities and wonderful people. I've not been very adept at maintaining friendships from afar, but I do know that many people remain a part of my life even after years of separation." ■ Congratulations to **Kristin Traff** and Rob McClanahan (Univ. of MN '81), who were married on July 25, 1997. ■ **Sandy Klinzman Baird, Carol O'Connor-Fischer, Dave Fischer, Hendrik Kopperl, Cindee Lacasse, Margaret Miller**, Elaine King Nickerson '81, **Tim** and **Nan Yale Stout**, and **Sarah Schilling Swift** attended the February 7 opening at the Genovese/Sullivan Gallery in Boston of "Humanoid," a group art show of 12 emerging painters and sculptors. "Humanoid" was curated by **Nancy Rielle** and included her paintings, as well as those of Middlebury's Jim Butler, prof. of studio art. Another Midd connection was discovered at the opening: gallery codirector Camellia Genovese is the sister of **Bill Genovese**. ■ Congratulations to Arthur and **Nina Koulos Anton** on the birth of son Steve Socrates Anton in October 1997. Steve joins sister Olivia. ■ Living in the Danbury, CT, area **Al Wagman** is inventory director for Duty Free International in Ridgefield. Al and wife Elizabeth recently purchased a home in Bethel, CT, that dates back to 1865. In addition to spackling, painting, and looking after sons Evan (6) and Benjamin (2), Al stays busy training for long distance races. At press time he was preparing for his fourth Boston Marathon. ■ World travels are keeping many classmates busy. **Suzanne Griffin** was in southern Spain as these notes were written (reported by husband Chris Frankel '74). ■ **Betsy Conger** was planning a trip to the Galapagos Islands this summer, after completing her academic year teaching science at Loomis Chaffee School in Windsor, CT. ■ Stopping the presses to report the birth of Malayna Nesbitt on June 16! Malayna's parents are Debony and **Leroy Nesbitt**. Sister Nina is almost 3. ■ Thanks to all of you for sharing your news with us and the rest of the class. We're trying to develop an e-mail alias to make this news gathering easier. If you would like to be included (or if you have a cache of Midd e-mail addresses), please drop us a line at our e-mail addresses above. Of course, we also appreciate mail the old fashioned way. Thanks, and have a great summer.

1983

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Karey Dubiel Dye, 735 Storywood, Houston, TX 77024; and Jeanne Hammond Larsen, 3628 Knik Ave., Anchorage, AK 99517.*

Mark and **Lesley Woodberry Robinson** are the proud parents of their first child, son Austen Charles, born January 28, 1997. The Robinsons are living in Budapest. ■ Christopher and **Jennifer Stanley Wieland** welcomed daughter Annabelle on April 20, 1997. The Wielands are in Switzerland at the Leysin American School. ■ **Connor O'Brien** and wife Louise Poirier and a third partner formed Stanton Capital Corp. in July 1995. Stanton is a leveraged buyout firm, based in New York, run by Canadians, doing business mainly in Latin America and the Baltics. ■ Wells River, VT, physician **Stephen Genereaux** had an assistant for a month last spring from Middlebury: Jessie Reynolds '01 took this opportunity to learn what it might really be like to practice medicine as a country doctor. Fifteen Middlebury students considering medical careers spent a month during the spring semester, living and working with doctors in the villages of VT. The apprenticeship program was the creation of medical anthropologist Prof. David Napier, who is an expert in rural medicine. ■ **Kerry Callahan** (krcallahan@uks.com), an attorney with Updike Kelly & Spellacy in Hartford, CT, also writes MicrobrewReview for the *Hartford Courant*. His March column reviewed several seasonal brews, including Mud Bock Spring Ale from Middlebury's Otter Creek Brewing Co., which came away with a commendable rating: "an excellent, intriguing beer."

1984

Class Secretaries: *Kristen Gould Case (76347.1131@compuserve.com), 6490 Snowview Dr., Park City, UT 84098; and David Wagstaff IV, 1007 5th St., #D, Santa Monica, CA 90403.*

Jack '85 and **Ruthie Hill Klinck** have moved from Richmond to Pittsburgh, PA. Ruthie, full-time mom to daughter Jessie (2 1/2) and son Philip Kearny Klinck (born August 12, 1997), is happy to report that all is well with the Klinck clan. Jack is working for Mellon Bank in the credit card division. ■ **Steve Moynahan** (peckmoyn@juno.com) and **Paul Quinlan** want to know when **David Wagstaff** is "coming back to UT to enjoy our fine 3.2 percent beer?"

1985

Class Secretary: *Dale Sailer (Dale_Sailer@cccis.com), 2237 Linneman St., Glenview, IL 60025.*

CNN Beijing bureau chief **Andrea Koppel** joined CNN's Washington bureau in May as State Department correspondent. Her father, ABC's Ted Koppel, covered the same beat as chief diplomatic correspondent from 1971 to 1981 before launching the show that became *Nightline*. ■ **Ernie Trujillo** (erniet@albright.edu) is an assistant prof. of chemistry at Albright College in Reading, PA. He was previously a visiting assistant prof. at Reed College in Portland, OR. ■ **Toni Mauck Butterfield** is the new executive director of Community Chambers for the greater Portland, ME, Chamber of Commerce. Toni was an assistant VP and branch manager for five years at Bath Savings Institution in Falmouth. ■ **Jon Kelly** has produced a video documentary, "Celebrating 150 years of Concord High School," which was scheduled to premiere on the History channel on May 23. Jon teaches English, film, and journalism at Concord High. ■ **David** and

Betsey Herdman Goldstein have been living in the San Francisco Bay Area (Mill Valley) since 1986. David (dgoldstein@montgomery.com) is the associate director of operations at NationsBanc Montgomery Securities and Betsey took a break from her financial services career to take care of children Alexander (3) and Samantha (1)—the most wonderful children on the West Coast, according to their parents. Other unbiased sources concur. ■ **Lisa Miller Browdy** (dbrowdy@nwu.edu) checked in. She and husband David welcomed a new sibling for son Joel (3 1/2). Talia Frances Browdy was born on January 5. "Joel is a terrific big brother and is in excellent health. He had brain surgery for hydrocephalus a few months before our 10th reunion, but has suffered no ill effects from the condition. We're really lucky." Lisa is still doing some freelance writing and editing, though less than when she had one child. ■ Burton Henry Owen, the son of Chris and **Eleanor Davenport Owen**, arrived on February 8. They live in Wilton Center, NH. ■ **Jim "Buckshot" LaFronz** (jimlafronz@worldnet.att.net) is undergoing a déjà vu career experience. After a brief stint at Lehman Brothers, he's returning to the world of derivatives trading and risk management at the Bayerische Landesbank in NYC. The LaFronzes have completed the purchase of a house in Old Tappan, NJ. Jim tells us that "daughters Hannah (3) and Kelly (2) are 'the world's most beautiful and well-behaved children,' as per their grandmothers, and my wife of almost 10 years, Maryellen, is as proud of them as I am." ■ **Chris Dougherty** (chrisd1@ibm.net) has also undergone a career change and is now working as a reporter for a small weekly newspaper in ME. She can be reached c/o Fremont-Smith, P.O. Box 202, Seal Harbor, ME, 04675.

PHOTO CAPTION Following the June 28, 1997, marriage of Mimi Faulders and **Timothy Clark** in Charlotte, VT, the gathering at the Basin Harbor Club included Andrew Wilson '82 and baby Hope (born February 1997), Steve Chilrud, Betsy Clark '79, Judith Clark Rollins '81 and baby Katherine, Helen Starr Ackerman '56, John Ackerman '55, Sally Thomson Clark '56, Porter Ball Knight '89, the newlyweds, **John LaVecchia**, and Peter Holm '86.

1986

Class Secretaries: *Mary Sue Holland (msh@cbsnews.com), 65 W. 96 St., #17D, New York, NY 10025; and Julie Morris Ogden (julie_ogden@gfs.org), 300 Garrison Forest Rd., Owings Mills, MD 21117.*

Kudos to **Bill Burden**! The *New York Times* said he was "dashing and sang vibrantly" as Tybalt in the New York Metropolitan Opera's presentation of Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* in March. ■ **William Hallock** is serving for one year as first liaison for CEELI (the Central and East European Law Initiative) in Banja Luka, Bosnia-Herzegovina. CEELI supports legal reform in Central and Eastern Europe and the newly independent states of the former Soviet Union. While on leave from the Immigration and Naturalization Service in Baltimore, Bill is promoting the independence of the judiciary, legislative reform, and the development of independent lawyers' organizations. ■ **Ronald Palmeri** is VP of strategic relationships at Novell, Inc., in San Jose, CA. He has been with Novell for eight years and previously spent three years with the Nynex Corp. ■ **Ann Albern Olmsted** is living temporarily in Carlsbad, CA, where husband Jay is helping to design a new theme park called Legoland California, a park based on the building block Legos, targeted to entertain kids 13 and under. The park plans to open April 1999. Ann writes that daughters Molly (4 1/2) and Sophie (2 1/2) "don't mind the CA sunshine. We will return to the Boston area sometime next year." ■ Craig '85 and **Suzanne Duncan Simmonds** have two sons: Morgan (2) and Charles, who was born November 3, 1997. ■ **Brad** and **Katie Carpenter Nelson** welcomed second son A.J. (Alexander Judd) on November 10, 1997, just after his brother, Graham, turned two. Brad is still at American Express and Katie has decided to be a stay-at-home mom. ■ **Jeff** and **Jen Iles Seavey** keep in touch with several '86ers from their home in Marietta, GA. They got a note from **George** and **Tara Hartnett Leonard**, who welcomed daughter Jennifer Hopkins on March 25, joining son Douglas. ■ The Seaveys also hear from **Ilene Lovesky Ladd** and her husband, Ned, who is in a tenure track position at Bucknell Univ. Ilene is a full-time mom at home in Lewisberg, PA, with their two children. ■ **Carolyn Highley** checks in with the Seaveys from Arcadia, CA, where she is finishing her nursing degree. ■ While on a guidance counselor college trip to Middlebury, Williams, and Dartmouth on behalf of Montgomery Bell Academy (Nashville, TN), **John Griffith** visited **Mark Seymour** and his family (wife Laura Miliken and son Caleb) in NH, where Mark is a prosecutor in Hooksett. ■ Joe and **Thayer Collins O'Brien** (joseph_obrien@msn.com) and daughter Lacey welcomed Charles Edward (Charlie) into the world on March 16. The O'Brien family of four are moving to Nashville, TN, this summer. They look forward to being closer to **Helena Paulin** who lives in Memphis. ■ More news on the baby front: Class secretary **Julie Morris Ogden** and husband Steve welcomed their first child, Malcolm Hight Ogden, on April 30; Vermonters Bob and **Wendy Fisher Beach** announced the arrival of daughter Merle Humphrey Beach on April 10; and, in Baltimore, Tom and **Bessie Cromwell Speers** welcomed daughter Eleanor "Nellie" Skinner in March.

Mimi Faulders and Timothy Clark '85 (see 1985 column)

1987

Class Secretary: *Ann Christie Gusiff (clothestd@aol.com), 1666 Whitefield Rd., Pasadena, CA 91104; and Scott Langerman (scott.langerman@turner.com), 1098 Rosedale Rd., Atlanta, GA 30306.*

Jenifer Fox (Bread Loaf '94) (fjenx@aol.com) and husband **Nick Siewert** (also Bread Loaf '94) are moving to the Bay Area, where Jenifer has been named head of the Saklan Valley School in Moraga, CA, and Nick will teach humanities at the Head Royce School in Oakland. ■ **Timothy John Howard** and Sarah Gramlich (Carleton College '89) were married on August 23, 1997. ■ **Sandra Hunt** and Kerry Ulrich were married on October 25, 1997, at the Andover Inn in Andover, MA. Sandy is an actuary with Commercial Union Insurance in Boston, where Kerry is also employed. ■ **Jennifer Mennella Cain** (jngcain@aol.com) reports a really big year in 1997: "My 10-year reunion, marriage, and a baby! Glenn and I moved to Brooklyn and I am taking a *long* break from teaching elementary school to be home with Nathaniel (6 mos.)." Write to Jennifer via e-mail. ■ In Middleton, MA, Kimberly and **William Tucker** (wtucker738@sprynet.com) welcomed son Neal Jonathan on January 28. Neal has two sisters, Emily Ann (3 1/2) and Victoria Leigh (1 1/2). William works for Metalcrafters, Inc., in Wakefield.

PHOTO CAPTIONS The May 3, 1997, marriage of **Jane Gorham** and **James Connolly** in Chatham, MA, brought together **Britta Herlitz Lerner**, **Anne Corry**, the newlyweds, **Julie Soper Long**, **Kimberly O'Sullivan**, (back) **Alison Napack Malone**, Clarita Bishop (Spanish School '97), **Hugh Bishop**, Jeffrey Steiger '86, **Katherine Ury Steiger**, and **Judy Murray Tedeschi**.

Jane Gorham '87 and James Connolly '87 (see 1987 column)

1988

MIDDLEBURY

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Liana Discepolo Caffrey (lcaffrey@lesley.edu), 137 High Plain Rd., Andover, MA 01810; Claire Gwatkin, 4284 24th St., San Francisco, CA 94114.*

Looking back, reunion seems like a big blur. The turnout was phenomenal and the weather cooperated—up until Sunday afternoon. More than 200 '88ers made their way back to campus, accompanied by approximately 54 children. As **Jackie Woodfork** so aptly put it, "Everyone has kids, and they're wearing them." Among those attending with families were **Beth Canavan Mulhern**, **Kerry Yeager Stevens**, **Chris** and **Diana Stuart Sinton**, **John** and Debbie Porter '86 **Safford**, **Hardin** and **Wendy Victor Pantle**, Tom and **Karen Hammerness**, Stacey and **Will Bentley**, **Melissa Perry Bridgers**, **Sarah Cooper Williams**, **Katy Booras Rubarth**, **Dave** and **Isabelle Bleecker VanLuven**, **Craig Westling**, **Patrick** and Kerstin Carlson '91 **LeFloch**, **Blake Stoddard**, **Paul** and **Kim Maynard Martin**, **Marnie Cunningham Terhune**, **Paul** and **Laurie Micco McCormack**, **Mark Atwood**, **Mark McWilliams**, **Matt** and **Liana Discepolo Caffrey**, **Karen Benfield**, **Kerry Polzer Morton**, **Julie Weil Futch**, **Liz Nightingale**, **Paula Ricciardelli Sumberg**,

Roberta Sengelmann '88 and Tamir Keshen (see 1988 column)

Sarah Holbrook '89 and Harold Evans (see 1989 column)

Jennifer Ringe, **Sarah O'Herron Casey**, **Hilary Colgate McInerney**, **Scott** and **Julie Faxon Seymour**, **Sara Van Genderen** and Andy Cornish '89, **Stephanie Jones Ahl**, **John** and **Julie Chapin Bassi**, and **Pam Lawson Quinn**. Others included **Vinnie Denniston**, **Chris Krug**, **Suzi Webber**, **Jeremy Fryberger** (all the way from Ketchum, ID), Larry Abbandando '89, **Lisa Lodder**, **Joan Viebranz Lockwood**, **Laura Ludwig**, **Andrew Spencer**, **Mark Bensen**, **Nicolas Iselin**, **Vicki Wright**, **Jennifer Doebler**, **Matt Iler**, **Abby Scheuer**, **Heather Nelson**, **Todd Merry** (all the way from London), **Joan Rice**, **Lennie Geiger**, **Heather Davis**, **John Knab**, **Lisa Suisman Parsons**, **Theo Spencer**, **Jon Bigelow**, **Scott Schleifer**, **Ellen Smith**, **Brad Ring**, **Cynthia Bechet**, **Dimitri Nionakis**, (yes, the president gave him the weekend off), **Pam Freeman**, **Doug Johnson**, **Chris Summersgill**, **Tom Battelle**, **Baret Bertea Walker**, **Sharon Harper**, **Frisk Ewing**, **Nancy Caulfield**, **Denver Edwards**, **John "Spike" Kolvenbach**, **Kenan Rand**, **Todd Bucklin**, **Elizabeth Zogby**, **Jackie Woodfork**, **Wendy McDonnell Hale**, **Marc Hirschfield**, **John Theiss**, **Michelle Dube**, **Scott Schleifer**, **Chris Storkerson**, **Rob MacLeod**, and both **Steve Feldmans**. **Jeff Uberuaga** and **Jen Kitchin** both crossed the Atlantic for Reunion. **Anya Puri** and I (**Claire Gwatkin**) have agreed (with some encouragement from **Jim Calise**) to serve as class secretaries for the next five-year term. I guess I'm a glutton for punishment. I'm sure many names are missing, so please don't hold it against me. After reunion, I went to Cambridge, MA, to visit a new addition to the Middlebury family, Elianna, who joined **Catherine Smith** and husband Steve Viggiani on May 21. Back in San Francisco, I ran into **Anne Moses** and **J.B. Brainerd**, as well as **Jessica Lonnes**, who recently married and relocated to the Bay Area from Vienna, Austria. We're thinking about putting together a mini-reunion in San Francisco, so I'll be in touch soon. ■ Finally, a warm congratulations to classmate **Michael Obel-Omia** who was recently appointed to Middlebury's Board of Trustees. ■ Incoming new secretary **Anya Puri** reports: Thanks to **Liana Discepolo Caffrey** and **Claire Gwatkin** for their hard work as class secretaries these past five years. I look forward to working with Claire! Let us know where you are and what you're doing so we can spread the word. After a leave of absence to get my master's, I'm returning to my job as a college counselor at the Lawrenceville School (P.O. Box 6008, Lawrenceville, NJ 08648 or apuri@lville.pvt.k12.nj.us). We set all kinds of records at reunion this year and won the Parton Family Award for the reunion class before the 25th with the greatest increase in participation. We set a new record for giving by a 10th Reunion class, raising $559,000, and a new participation record for a 10th Reunion class, with 56 percent participation. We had the most classmates to make it back to VT and the most accompanying spouses and children. Congratulations and thanks to everyone who helped make the weekend such a success. It seems like many of us have become *Belizbeha* fans, since the band's great performance on Saturday night at Bread Loaf. We owe our thanks to **Marnie Cunningham Terhune** for the music recommendation. Thanks also to **Paul** and **Laurie Micco McCormack** for helping organize the Class of '88 golfers. And thanks too to **Michael Obel-Omia** for his efforts to organize the authors in our class to read at the Center for the Arts. When we descend onto the main campus for our 15th Reunion in 2003, we hope we see even more of you! Don't forget to order your reunion class picture. Have a great summer and please keep in touch! ■ In other news, **Andre Berot Spring** was involved in planning the first HIV/AIDS ceremony on June 10 to honor those who have exemplified service to the HIV disease community for the metro Jackson, MS, market. As territory manager for Bristol-Myers Squibb Immunology, Andre educates HIV care providers and service organizations about how BMS drugs work in combination regimens to maximally suppress the virus. ■ **Peggy Keteltas** (peggy_keteltas@newsoft.com) is in Buenos Aires, managing Latin American operations for a software company. She is using her Spanish every day and really misses her Midd friends. ■ **Claire Gwatkin** had dinner with **Michael Obel-Omia**, **Chris Summersgill**, and **Karen Hammerness** during Michael's March visit to San Francisco with the Roxbury Latin choir. ■ **Paula Carlton O'Brien** has lived in the San Francisco area for about 10 years—"yet I still tend to look at things here from an Easterner's perspective—and I still miss the fall leaves." In March, Paula and husband Terry realized their long-time dream of traveling to Australia. Terry is in a doctoral program in botany at Berkeley. Paula's big news: "I finally finished my own graduate program in writing at the Univ. of San Francisco last year. I am now the proud owner of a 400-page manuscript for a novel, as well as the recipient of a nifty master's degree to hang on my wall. Until I fulfill my pipe dream, I continue working as an editor and graphic designer in big, bad corporate America." ■ **James Falvey** is with Smith Barney in Boston, covering major oil stocks. ■ Christian and **Lori Greenberg Kier** are proud parents of Grace Arianna, born in March. Lori is on a six-month leave of absence from the EPA, where she is an attorney. She's returning to work three days per week in September. ■ Twins Laurel and Kyle joined **Scott** (rjaunich @jtcb.com) and Lynne Telford '89 **Jaunich** just one week before son Christian turned two. "As if this wasn't enough, a week later we bulldozed our house to build a new one, and Scott changed jobs a week later. Scott is an attorney still practicing real estate and environmental law in the Bay Area, but he has joined Jackson Tufts Cole & Black, with offices in both San Jose and San Francisco. Lynne is still doing home health physical therapy for Kaiser on a part-time basis. The new house should be completed by Labor Day, and in the interim we are residing in Portola Valley." Lynne and Scott made it back for reunion. ■ Clarke and **Julie Weil Futch** welcomed son Hayden Clark on September 17. Hayden's sister Rawls turned two in May. ■ Cristof and **Valerie Remy-Milora** have a daughter, Alexandra Elisabeth Milora, who was born on June 17, 1997. ■ In Lake Forest, IL, Tim and **Eleanor Waud Dorr** welcomed daughter Cornelia Roosevelt Dorr on February 22. Cornelia joins brother Lawrence Lowell Dorr (3). ■ **Andrea Stevenson** and Bryan Ward (St Lawrence '89) were married on March 23, 1996

PHOTO CAPTION **Roberta Sengelmann** and Tamir Keshen (UVA '89) were married on June 8, 1997, in Houston, TX, where both were doing residency training—Roberta in dermatology and Tamir in general surgery. **Emilie Riggs Laurent** came all the way from Paris for the wedding. Roberta spent the past year in Dallas, doing a fellowship in dermatology surgery and is now in St. Louis, MO, where she has a faculty position in the dept. of dermatology at Washington Univ.

1989

Class Secretaries: *Kristen Canfield McBurney, 7141 Lincoln Park Way, S.W., Seattle, WA 98136; and Timothy O'Shea (tim_o'shea@hphc.org), 26 Bradlee Rd., #18, Medford, MA 02155.*

Chris Hiland graduated from UVA's Darden School of Business and is heading north with wife Cassandra to live in the Boston area, where he will be working with the Lucas Group, a strategy consulting firm. Chris and Cassandra enjoyed seeing **Tim** and Kathleen Murphy '90 **O'Shea** and son Sam in Charlotte, NC, where Tim is temporarily stationed with Andersen Consulting. ■ **B. Chris Green** has joined a dental practice in Brunswick, ME. He graduated from Tufts Dental School in 1993. For the past four years, Chris has been in general practice with an emphasis on children's dentistry. Outside of dentistry, he's interested in fishing and camping. ■ **Ann Battelle** won a relatively new event for the freestyle ski circuit, a dual moguls race, capping five days of action in the U.S. Freestyle Championships at Sugarloaf in March. ■ **Diane Lafleur Thomas** (lafleur.diane@fin.gc.ca) and her husband are having a great time painting and decorating the house they bought recently in Ottawa. Diane loves reading the class notes to see what's going on with old friends. ■ **Ruth Jackson** and Michael Crosby were married on May 3 and are living in Westbrook, ME. Ruth is employed by TFH architect and her husband works for the town of Yarmouth. ■ **Leslie Schreiber** and Robert Sutton were married on October 4, 1997. "Following the reception, we set off on a sunset sail aboard *Stars & Stripes* (America's Cup contender) with fellow Midd alums."

PHOTO CAPTION Middlebury friends gathering in Saratoga, NY, for the January 17 marriage of **Sarah Holbrook** and Harold Evans included **Tracy Rangnow**, Lisa Lewis '90, **Chris Green**, **Heather Bohr Unterseher**, and **Beth Loring Taylor**. Jim Taylor '88 missed the photo. The newlyweds live in Gardiner, ME, where Sarah is a biologist for the Marine Dept. of Conservation and Harold is an environmental scientist with the Marine Dept. of Environmental Protection. She's looking forward to our 10th Reunion.

1990

Class Secretaries: *Mary Stechschulte, 9009 High Dr., Leawood, KS 66206; and Paul E. Needham (paul_e._needham@scudder.*

com), 43 Berrywood Ln., South Hamilton, MA 01982.

As the owner of two homes by the age of 27, **Tamara Hines** was featured in *Essence* magazine (May 1998 issue) as proof that even young, single women with some debt and a moderate income can become homeowners. After college, she first concentrated on paying off her IRS debt and school loans, then began saving. In 1995 she took $5,000 out of a mutual fund to buy a three-family house through the Federal Housing Authority, with only three percent down. She lived in one of the apartments and rented the other two units, which more than covered her mortgage. Eight months later she bought a three-bedroom single-family Cape Cod house, where she now lives while renting out the third apartment in the first house. "With three rents coming in, I'm paying less than $200 a month out of pocket for housing, and I own two properties. I think the fact that I've been tithing since high school—giving at least 10 percent of my earnings to the church—has made saving easier for me and has blessed me financially." ■ **Eric Winick** spent the first week of winter term '98 at Middlebury, directing and developing a new play based on interview text and company improvisation. Two performances took place in the Hepburn Zoo, with thanks to the good faith of the theatre department, which sponsored the project. Currently known as *The Steve Gallin Project*, the piece is based on the life and death of Steve Gallin, father of Midd alum Alyssa Gallin '92, who also served as creative consultant. Music was by Alicia Mathewson '92. Students involved in the project included Nicola Smith, Michael Doyle, and Caroline Kellogg (all '98), Frank Wildermann '99, and Lyle Yetman '00.5. Eric hoped to premiere the piece in NYC this summer. ■ Having received her master's degree in urban and environmental policy at Tufts Univ., **Jackie Geer** is now living in Gainesville, FL, where she is learning what college football is all about. "Go Gators." ■ **Mary Beth Sutter** moved to Lawrenceville, NJ, to pursue a master's in social work at Rutgers. ■ **Rachel Schofer** is living in Mexico, where she recently saw **Sue Gauss** on the street. Small world! ■ **Steve** and **Karen Strong Fossel** have moved to Denver, where Steve is now working for Berger Investments. ■ After a stint on Wall Street in institutional sales, **Mike Ford** did PR at Kratz & Co. where he was a "ghostwriter" of articles for clients. His work was published in a number of periodicals, including the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Times*, and *USA Today*. He left Kratz in February to start Ford Public Relations and has been having a blast since. If anybody needs a place to stay on the NJ cliffs facing NYC—or is dying for free PR advice—he would be glad to help (fordprfirm@aol.com, 201-553-1999). Mark also reports that he ran into **Keith Fagan**, who recently relocated to NYC. ■ **Marc Adelberger** is working for TransAmerica in Charlotte, NC. He's looking forward to starting his MBA at Georgetown in the fall. ■ **Rebecca Nash, Doug Thompson**, and puppy Sierra have just moved into their first house in Gales Ferry, CT. Rebecca is doing marketing and staffing for a personnel agency in Groton, CT. Doug is just finishing his first year teaching at CT College. Sierra would like to invite people to stop in next time they are in southeastern CT. ■ **Beth Hayes** is teaching special education to second and third graders at a school in Williamstown, MA, and she lives in nearby Adams. She really enjoys it and loves all the nearby trails for hiking and skiing. ■ On September 6, 1997, **Jeffrey Erlbaum** (jerlbaum@compuserve.com) and Sara Kudlacik were married at the Pyramid Club in Philadelphia. Also there from Midd were Chris "Dozer" Munion '91, and **David** and Liz Blanchfield '91 **King**. ■ **Amy Carmola** and **Paul Hauf** were married on September 20, 1997. ■ Vincent and **Laura Rude Barletta** live in Watertown, MA, with daughter Charlotte Patricia Barletta (1 1/2). ■ **Dave** and Jen Faulkner '91 **Campbell** are living in Hopkinton, MA. They report that Theodore (Teddy) Campbell was born on November 24, 1997, joining his big brother Ben (3). ■ **Glennis Gill** and husband John Swinson announce the birth of Sarah Berni Swinson on April 10 in Brisbane, Australia. Sarah has a Web site with photos at: http://www.geocities.com/Eureka/5429/sarah.html. Glennis is on maternity leave from Legal Aid, where she was doing criminal defense work.

1991

Class Secretaries: *Bill Driscoll, 6105 Lenox Park Cir., Atlanta, GA 30319; and Kate J. Kelley, P.O. Box 268, Grand Lake, CO 80447.*

James Rondeau was recently appointed associate curator of 20th-century art at the Art Institute of Chicago. ■ **Jen Douglas**, who just missed the cut for the U.S. Olympic Team in 1998, plans to give it another shot for the 2002 Winter Games in Salt Lake City. She recently won three medals at the Cross Country U.S. Nationals. Last February, Jen won the Birkenbeirmer in Hayward, WI, where the race drew almost 7,000 competitors, despite dangerous blizzard conditions. Jen trains with Women in Nordic Development (WIND) in Ketchum, ID. ■ **Kate Moriarty Ryan**, who was licensed to practice law in MA and CA in 1997, has joined the L.A. office of the international law firm Fulbright & Jaworski L.L.P. Kate served as a judicial law clerk for the MA Superior Court from 1996 to 1997. ■ **Marybeth Dingledy** has been living in Seattle for three years. She works 20 minutes north of Seattle as a public defender in the felony unit. She lives with a big golden retriever and two cats who think the dog is their mother. ■ **Katharine Hartmann Roe** is now living in Torbay, Auckland, New Zealand. ■ **Corey Davis**, who recently received his doctorate in molecular biology from Princeton, is a research associate with the investment firm of Hambrecht & Quist in NYC. ■ **Grace Garcia Lessing** (dlessing@li.net) is still living in NYC, finishing her residency in ophthalmology at St. Vincent's Hospital. Also enjoying being a mommy for Lexie (born February 20, 1997), who is running all over the place and keeping her busy. ■ **Loring Knoblauch**, who is working on his MBA at Stanford, was married to Diana Dyer on January 3 in Washington, CT. He was formerly a director of operations at Wink Communications in Alameda, CA. Diana is an art appraiser in Palo Alto. ■ **Kristine Helbling** and Joshua Mayo were married on June 14, 1997, at the Landholm Farm in ME. **Heather Cheney** was in the wedding party. ■ **Paula Davidson** (pauladavidson@hotmail.com) and Matthew Moody were married in August 1996; **Lara Guille** and David Parrot '90 were married in July 1997; **Elizabeth McKinstry** (emckinst@csc.com) and **Sean Mattie** were married in August 1997.

PHOTO CAPTIONS Still racing on the Women's Pro Ski Tour, **Heather Flood** married Arthur Daves in Sun Valley, ID, on June 14, 1997. Gathering at the ski lodge reception were (in front) Sara Van Genderen Cornish '88, John Taylor '89, (standing) **Dana Cronin**, Stu Maeder '89, Ashley Snyder '89, Andrew "Dogger" Cornish '89, Claudia Stern '89, the newlyweds, Chris "Flash" Clark '92, **Louise Kellogg**, Brian Foss '89, Lynelle Preston '91, Jerry Fryberger '88, Rob Pedersen '92, Darb Buchanan (former Midd alpine ski coach), and Rebecca Clough '87. Missing from the photo: Harry Weekes '90 and John McCulloch '90. ■ The Midd crowd in Stonington, CT, for the July 5, 1997, marriage of **Lara Guille** and David Parrot '90 included **Stephanie Blair, Lesley Jarvis, Marika Holmgren, Meghan Schwartz, Cornelia Wise Conklin**, (second row) Todd Dubner '90, Tracey Gallin Dubner '90, **Sloane Stephens**, the newlyweds, **Catherine Speth**, Chris Awtrey '90, (third row) **Deirdre McGuire, Katie Long, Sara Bremner, Lucy Randolph Liddell, Heather Morris, Rebecca Haskell Andersons, Holly Beardwood Noordsey**, Amos Beason '90, Jeff Earlbaum '90, **Liz Blanchfield King**, David King '90, (back) **Bill Ware, Bob Hinkle, Peter Andersons**, and **Jeff Noordsey**. ■ The marriage of **Shirin Tabechian** and Chip Hart '90 took place on May 11, 1996. Gathering in Rochester, NY, were (seated) Ted Cole '90, Winston Hart '65, Erin Hart '93, **Felicia Smith, Marybeth Dingledy**, Pat Dorton '90, Whitman Knapp '89, James Perreault '90; (standing) **Nick Budnick**, Rob Gray '90, Jay Barry '90, Steve Merrill '90, Gordon Streeter '90, the newlyweds, Abdul Kalaff '93, **Leland Hart, Jeff McMahan**, Steve Long '90, and Matt Pakos '90.

1992

Class Secretary: *Justin Ayers (justin.ayers@fmr.com), 660 Main St., #4, Melrose, MA 02176.*

Bob Quinn (bobbyq@rcsi.ie), who has completed his first year of medical school at the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, encourages all those passing through Dublin to drop him a line. He recently appeared in an "I Love NY"

Lara Guille '91 and David Parrot '90 (see 1991 column)

Heather Flood '91 and Arthur Daves (see 1991 column)

television commercial for white water rafting that nobody has seen, because it's typically on at 6 A.M. ■ **Kristin Komives** (komives@compuserve. com), in the middle of her Ph.D. in city and regional planning at the Univ. of NC, Chapel Hill, is splitting her time between Chapel Hill and Brussels. ■ **Dave Boyle** (dboyle@ptc.com), manager of sales for software company Parametric Technology Corp., has been reassigned from Helsinki, Finland (where he was country manager), to London, where he would love to catch up with other Middlebury grads. ■ **Sarah Raunecker** and husband Rob Alberts, along with partner Bob Falta, opened a new fitness center on Route 7 south in Middlebury last fall. ■ **Claudiu Ilie-Nicolof** spends some of his time tutoring at LaGuardia Community College, where he was a student before transferring to Middlebury. Arriving in NYC from Romania in 1985, his frustrations with the language led him to drop out of school, but he later earned a general equivalency diploma and enrolled in LaGuardia, where he developed the confidence to transfer to Midd. ■ Still fundraising at the Chinese American Service League, **Paul Cusimano** staged his latest coup by forging a partnership with WGN-TV and First Chicago Bank (before they merged with Bank One) which raised over $300,000. ■ With a master's from George Washington Univ. (December 1997), **Audrey Waters** (audrey_waters@dc.edelman. com) worked with the Defense Writers Group and the Secretary of Defense's Public Affairs Office before moving to the private sector. She now works for Edelman Public Relations Worldwide, the largest independent PR firm in the world. ■ Graduating from the Fuqua School of Business (Duke) in May, **Curt Boeschenstein** (ecb6@mail.duke.edu) will work for Ethicon Endo-Surgery, part of Johnson and Johnson, in Cincinnati. ■ **Chris Lee**, back with DLJ for his second round of extortion, is gearing up for business school in the fall. ■ **Felix Paulick** and **Cynthia Gabriel** (cgabriel@cats.ucsc.edu) are joining **Ritu Verma** and **Dave Bergeron** in L.A. Ritu and Dave are attending a physics conference there, and all plan on camping in Death Valley for a weekend before Ritu, Dave, and Cynthia return to the grind of graduate school. Felix is finally done with his Univ. of MI MBA. ■ Wrapping up first year b-school, **Steve Schrodel** (steve.schrodel.wg99@wharton.upenn.edu) headed to NY to work at Mount Sinai Medical Center for the summer. ■ **Buddy Heller** (budheller@msn.com) planned to quit his job in June to pursue the illusive MBA at NYU this fall. ■ **Justin Ayers** (justin.ayers@fmr.com) sang the national anthem at the Fleet Center in Boston, with the current Dissipated Eight, for a Celtics game last spring. ■ **Jeff Clark**, wife Kim, and beagle Diamond are moving to Appleton, WI, where Jeff is teaching geology at Lawrence Univ. Dr. Jeff completed his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins. ■ **Annie Rimoin** (asiba@aol.com) finished her job with WHO in Ethiopia and returned to the beach in HI until September, when she starts the Ph.D. program in infectious disease control and prevention at Johns Hopkins School of Public Health. ■ **Kate Cote** (kcwindward@aol.com), who moved to Alexandria, VA, is working on her Ph.D. ■ **Heather Wilson** lives and teaches in the DC area. ■ The recently married **Hank McKnelly** works for the JAG Corps and is stationed in VA. ■ **Ted Kyle, Jason McGowin**, and **Brian Schilling** (bschilli@wyoming.com) still live in Jackson, WY. Ted manages a ski shop in winter and a camping department in summer; Brian works for a biotech lab; Jason goes to Stanford Business School this fall. Ted reports that he sees **Anthony Rojo, Shawn Emory**, and **Ivan Huber** in the area. ■ **Kate Unterberg** (kunterberg@macromedia.com) is a product manager for Web software company Macromedia, while having a joyous time living in San Francisco. ■ Completing his MBA from Wharton School (UPenn) **Brian Huff** (brian.huff.wg97@wharton.upenn.edu) is a product manager for Johnson & Johnson outside of Princeton, NJ. He's also playing hockey and rugby with the Wharton teams in Philadelphia. ■ With her master's in landscape architecture, **Christa Hawryluk** did some traveling and now plans to do community development or land-use planning in the nonprofit sector. ■ During a quick skiing trip to Tuckerman Ravine, **Nick Hinge**'s group managed to shake **Jason Craven** (jcraven@hiid.harvard.edu), who dejectedly returned home. ■ Enjoying married life in San Francisco, **Bill Wheeler** (bwheeler@a4softec.com) is a systems integrator for a business application developer. Bill was planning a great post-El Niño windsurfing season on the Bay. ■ **Stefanie Hirsh** (hirshs@abc.com) works in production at ABC News *20/20* in NYC. She recently traveled to Kenya to visit her sister and niece, but couldn't get ABC to write off the trip as business related; maybe next time. ■ **Reshmi Bose** lives with her husband in Montreal, where she runs an international shipping company. ■ Back in NYC, **Stacey Marchak** (samny@aol.com) is a preveterinary student at Vassar and a veterinary assistant. ■ **Jim Meyer** (jmeyer@opal.tufts.edu) finished his first year at Tufts Medical School. ■ **Heather VanEpps** (heather.vanepps@ummed.edu), still in immunology graduate school at UMass (Worcester), has "little hope of getting out before the start of the new millennium." She recently spent three weeks in HI and headed to Seattle in June for **Hilary Eidinoff Meyerson**'s graduation party (Univ. of WA law school). ■ **Dawn Smith** (dawn.smith@mailexcite.com), with her JD from the Univ. of West Indies, is a barrister with the courts in Tortola, British Virgin Islands. ■ After a year at the Univ. of OR School of Law, **Matt Slaughter** (mslaug@law.uoregon. edu) was doing advocacy for the International Mountain Biking Assoc. in Boulder, CO, this summer. ■ **Kathy Berry Folts** (00059045@bigred.unl. edu) finished second-year law school at the Univ. of NB, where she is articles editor for the *Nebraska Law Review*. She's clerking in the corporate litigation dept. at McGrath, North, Mullin & Kratz in Omaha this summer. ■ **Tabitha Jenkins** (trjenkin@ls.wustl.edu) finished second-year law school at Washington Univ. in St. Louis, MO. ■ After graduating from Boston College Law School in May, **Lisa Healy** had summer plans to take the bar and travel with **Maria Vrachnos** before beginning work for Boston law firm Peabody & Brown in mid-September. Lisa keeps in touch with **Jill Sagner, Jill Morris**, and **Lyle Humphrey**. ■ **Patty Garffer** (pgarffer@tnc.org), who recently vacationed in Peru, works in the Nature Conservancy's Latin America and Caribbean div., doing long-term financial planning for protected areas in Central America. ■ **Sandy Paige** (sandyann@gwi.net) recently formed an Internet company dedicated to the production of water balloon launchers. He's upbeat, although the company is going public with no assets or hope of profits this year. Sandy also moonlights at Fairchild Semiconductor in ME, doing corporate communications. ■ After graduating from the Stern School of Business at NYU, **Jen Kaufman** headed to Ecuador for a couple of weeks of mountain climbing. In August she returns to NYC to start her job in investment banking. ■ Navy Lt. **Chip Muir** (mooseman86@aol.com) was recently involved in an "at sea rescue." A large container ship had an explosion onboard and propelled 15 large container crates into the sea. Two injured members of the crew had to be rescued, and the ship spent 18 hours there helping out the stricken vessel by sending fire parties and damage control teams to try to put out the fire and/or limit its spread to other materials. Just another day in the Mediterranean, says Chip. ■ Top 10 Reasons **JJ Gilmartin** left NYC: 10) Central Park is overcrowded and deeply unnatural; 9) he hadn't seen a robin as of April 15; 8) the crocus on the corner was stepped on by the garbage man; 7) you have to crane your neck to see blue sky in midtown at noon; 6) no more jaywalking; 5) too many moseying tourists made him violent; 4) people didn't say thanks when he held a door for them; 3) reckless umbrellas nearly cost him an eye; 2) biking through Prospect Park is not his idea of biking at all; and the #1 reason—Bostonians don't honk.

Shirin Tabechian '91 and Chip Hart '90 (see 1991 column)

1993

REUNION CLASS

Class Secretaries: *Anne C. Harris (dabard01@aol.com), 1417 Dana Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94301; and Dan Suratt (daniel.suratt@nbc.com), 111 Hicks St., #2B, Brooklyn, NY 11201.*

A poet's corner is thriving in the most unlikely of places: Tucson! Midd English majors **Hillary Oppmann, Kristin Ketterer**, and **Annie Harris** enjoyed a dramatic reunion when Annie's high school discovered Kristin on stage in Henry James's *The Heiress* ("Duh Ehwess," according to cast members). Reconvening once again in late April for Moliere's *Scapin*, in which Kristin also performed, the three reminisced about Middlebury and discovered that **Marshall Evans** should be at Harvard's Divinity School in the fall. After concluding her stint in AZ, Kristin will make a final salute to her recent home base in the Bay Area and move to NYC. Annie is leaving Tucson in order to attend a master's in education program at Harvard. Hillary notes that **John Cocchiarella** will begin work for a New York law firm, having graduated from the Univ. of TX, Austin, in law. **Ellen Lindquist** and **Carl Forsman** also recently collaborated on an exciting project with Middlebury dance prof. Andrea Olsen. Carl directed and Ellen composed the music for *Our Fathers' Daughters*. ■ Living near Dallas, TX, **David Upham** is a Ph.D. Candidate. ■ **Christina Yim** (yim@pixar.com) is an animator at Pixar, an animation studio, where she is working on the sequel to *Toy Story*. ■ **Amy Heebner** (aheebner@mail.nysed.gov) received her master's in library science from the Univ. at Albany in May 1997, and she works in the refer-

ence division of the NY State Library. In September 1997, she participated in the 70th anniversary celebration of the Albany City Hall Carillon. This summer she was playing the carillon for the Albany Tulip Festival and giving various concerts, including one at Middlebury in July. ■ **Scott Harper** (harper@leland.stanford.edu) would like to announce the birth of son Egan Scott Harper on August 9, 1997. Scott reports that, although Egan was born prematurely, he is doing very well. Scott is enjoying life as a second-year law student at Stanford. Next year he will join Sullivan & Cromwell in NYC. ■ **Eliza Booth** (ebooth@ngs.org), who works at National Geographic Television in DC, reports that **Mark Synnott** was preparing for a summer rock climbing expedition to Baffin Island, Canada, to attempt a new route—which would be the biggest wall climb ever. The expedition was being photographed and filmed for *National Geographic* magazine and for *National Geographic Explorer*, which airs on TBS.

1994

Class Secretaries: *Kristen Roeder (kristen.roeder@mailexcite.com), 2520 N. Fairfax Dr., #B, Arlington, VA 22201; and Scott Godes (sgodes@aol.com), 1401 N. Taft St., #215, Arlington, VA 22201.*

Alan Ritchie (aritchie1@aol.com) and **Julie Jennings** (jennings1@aol.com) have been living in Boston for three years. Julie is in her fourth year of veterinary school at Tufts. ■ **Jen St. Clair** (Jennifer_St.Clair@gap.com) is doing planning and distribution for the Gap, Inc., while training for the July 12 San Francisco Marathon with **Sarah Johnson** and **Stacey Metcalf**. They're affiliated with Team and Training, an organization that helps raise money for the Leukemia Society. ■ In Pasadena, CA, **Todd Molz** (tmolz@juno.com) is clerking for the Hon. Alfred T. Goodwin on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 9th Circuit. In the fall he starts corporate tax work at Munger, Tolles & Olson, an L.A. law firm. Todd reports that wife Kirsten '95 is an account executive at Mediaworks, a small PR firm in Burbank, and that daughter Emma (who turned two this June) can count to 10. ■ **Mandy Levenberg** (mandyl@citysearch.com) recently returned from a trip to Cuba. She works for CitySearch on-line guides to cities worldwide. She also did a four-month on-air radio stint, telling San Franciscans about local events and how to find them on the Web. ■ Still lurking about in Santa Monica, CA, **Gene Swift** (geneswift@worldnet.att.net or SwiftWrtr@aol.com) is having a degree of success on a script he originally wrote as a junior at Midd. Meanwhile, he's helping out with the new southern CA alumni group and playing host to visiting friends **Keith Kelly** and **Jay Robison**. ■ In Corona Del Mar, CA, Chris '93 and **Jennifer Partan Hansen** bought their third house (two in Boulder, CO) and have been fixing it up themselves in between travel and real estate (Chris is a real estate and investment broker, as well as an estate manager). Their most recent project is a new roof deck with killer views of the Pacific. Jennifer works for an author/speaker, traveling around the county with her almost 20 weekends a year. ■ Contrary to some erroneous news in last winter's column, **Anne Schulz** is still happily single in Fort Worth, where she is still working "for a wonderful GIS consulting firm, the Buxton Co." ■ **Nirupa Purushotham** (nsekaran@haywire.hayward.edu) and Anand Sekaran (UC Berkeley '89) were married on August 16, 1997, in Meriden, CT. There to celebrate were Midd buddies **Kellie Rohrer, Alison Bevin, T. Cooper, Jeff Herriott, Shefali Parekh, Jen Hutchins Smithers**, Jill Colley '95, Erin Eggert '95, Katie Hallor '95, Liz Ganschow '97, and Chris Turnier '97. Nirupa and her husband live in sunny Berkeley, CA, where she is taking classes again and loving it. ■ **Alyssa Sveden** (sveden@middlebury.edu) is working in Middlebury's admissions office, having returned to Midd in 1996 after working in CO and getting her master's at William & Mary in VA. ■ **Sara Boisvert** (sboisvert@uls.pvt.k12.mi.us) is director of admissions and financial assistance, ninth-grade dean, and j.v. girls' basketball coach at University Liggett School, a pre-K-12th grade, coed, day school in Grosse Pointe, near Detroit. ■ **Karl Pelletier**, a financial consultant for Merrill Lynch, has built a new house. ■ **Cedric Edwards** recently took a break from med school to try his hand at bass fishing. ■ In NYC, **Jennifer Duffy** (jennifer_duffy@mcgraw-hill.com) is working as one of the following: a) a Rockette; b) a morning "chat show" TV personality; or c) a disgruntled publishing drone. ■ While in NYC for a weekend, **Scott Godes** recently caught up with **Mike Levin** (taking a break from his quest to bill more hours than any other associate in NYC) and **Chris Carter** (putting the finishing touches on his latest screenplay). The following weekend, **Trista Voss** came down to DC and brunched with Scott and **Karen Bowden** in Alexandria, VA, where the whole group was almost flooded out of Old Town. ■ **Kevin Marshall** will clerk on the U.S. Supreme Court (for Justice Thomas), hot on the heels of **Jim Oleske**, who finishes up his clerkship just as Kevin is getting started. Let's take a count: About 500 members of the class of '94 and two clerks on the Supreme Court! Pretty impressive! ■ **Brian DeChristopher** has started rowing again and has been racing on the Charles River. ■ **Kathryn Becker** (beckerk@strasburger.com) is a lawyer in the health law division of Strasburger & Price in Dallas, TX. ■ **Josh Kucker** is in the early stages of soliciting sponsorship for his very own, newly formed NASCAR team, for which he plans to drive beginning in 1999. ■ **Teaque Lenahan** and **Ed Soh** (esoh@innocap.net) are looking for help with their own nonprofit organization. Ed heads to Harvard Business School in the fall. ■ **Amy Hansen** (wapro.ahansen@sdps.org) is an epidemiologist in Seattle, WA, hanging out with **Kirsten Morbeck** and **Jason Omenn**. They recently had a little Dance Party U.S.A. to remember Barnes Apartment. ■ **Scott Janes** (sbjbound@email.msn.com) is in FL doing a musical adaptation of *Midsummer Nights Dream*. When not crooning in iambic pentameter, Scott lives in NYC and mooches off of **Jake Citrin** when he comes to town. ■ **John Foster** (szfoster@public.szptt.net.cn) is the Guangdong regional manager for E.S. Originals. He's responsible for the quality of millions of pairs of shoes that are headed to a Walmart, Target, or Kmart near you. E-mail him if you're planning to travel through Shenzhen, Guangdong. ■ Still living and working in NYC, **Lori Frohlich** (frohlich@mail.gnyha.org) planned to do an in-line skating marathon fund-raiser this summer with **Megan Martin Maguire** and possibly **Teaque Lenahan**. ■ **Lu Zhengyuan** (zhengyuan.lu@ppmamerica.com) is a VP with PPM Worldwide, an asset management firm for Prudential UK. ■ **Kate Briscoe** (ktbriscoe@hotmail.com) finished up at the U.S. Embassy in Dublin this spring and made a stopover in London to see **Christina Jaeger** and **Alex Mackintosh** before heading stateside for a while. Kate was "looking forward to unpacking a few boxes (it's been two years of jumping around over here) and catching up with Midds in DC, NYC, and Boston." ■ **Sam Roberts** is a tax senior with Arthur Andersen in Portland, OR. ■ Still in Japan, **David Wilkins** left his old job with Sun Microsystems and is developing derivative pricing models for a software firm. ■ **Josh Scherer**, who left Merrill Lynch's HK office after a three-year investment banking analyst program, is in Singapore exploring other opportunities. ■ **Steve Reale** (sreale@vkco.com) is in rehab after a knee injury during a Masters GS ski race at Squaw Valley. ■ **Greg Boosin** is still working at JP Morgan in NYC. ■ **Sandy Durst** is getting his law degree at Depaul in Chicago. ■ **Josh Kucker** is at Hanneman Medical school in Philadelphia. ■ In Middlebury, **Doug Perkins** (dperkins@sover.net) is bartending at Mr. Ups, riding and racing in his spare time, and writing his second book. ■ **Jay Robison** (jaynkristi@mail.utexas.edu) finished his master's in screenwriting at the Univ. of TX, Austin. He plans to stay in the Austin area, although he's got a couple of fishing lines in Hollywood. ■ When in Germany on business recently, **Dave Sequeira** (dave.sequeira@barra.com) saw former Panther starting tight end **Peter Cragan**, who is playing football for the Rhein Fire of the World Football League. ■ Completing his research year, **Louis Kim** (ljk18@columbia.edu) started his application process for neurosurgery residencies this summer. ■ **Chris Marshall** (cjmarsh@pacbell.net) is finishing up an MFA in acting and heading up to L.A. Chris was in an episode of *Frasier* last winter and played Romeo at the Colorado Shakespeare Festival. ■ Still president of the DC Midd alumni chapter, **Kristen Roeder** recently received a promotion to communications associate at the American Council of Life Insurance. ■ **Mark Raskopf** is managing funds for Winklevoss Consultants in Greenwich, CT. ■ **Chase Byron** (ckbyron@aol.com) is attending Bread Loaf School of English, but recently took a break to see his sister graduate from Stanford. ■ With one year to go in the fiction writing MFA program at Columbia, **Teresa Cooper** (tc202@columbia.edu) is freelance writing for magazines this summer. ■ Still at his technology consulting start-up, **Webb Burns** (webb_burns@email.msn.com) may be moving to London around the New Year to start with a new company. ■ **Hylah Wells** (cpatton@earthlink.net) plans to begin a master's physician assistant program at the Univ. of New England in ME. ■ **John Barrett** (a.k.a. Juan Bravo) left Taco Bell/PepsiCo business planning for Walt Disney Interactive Planning and reports that making CD-roms is just like making Tacos. His new e-mail is john_barrett@studio.disney.com. Juan recently went to Asia with **David Sequeira** and saw **Eric Ikauniks, Pete Szekely, Masako Kitahara**, and many other Midd grads. Peter and Eric and **Mei Chun** recently completed a 62-mile nonstop hike through the mountains of the New Territories. ■ After four years of consulting for colleges and universities, **Beth Gallistel** (beth.gallistel@yale.edu) has taken a job in the development office at Yale. She notes that former coworkers Chip Phillips '91 and Meredith Blodget '93 live in the area. ■ **Phoebe Folger** (phoebefolger@hotmail.com) has been working at Harvard, but was heading to Nepal and Tibet this summer as a group leader for a bunch of H.S. kids. ■ Living in London, **Peter Aspbury** (p.g.aspbury@lse.ac.uk) is finishing a master's degree at the LSE. He's occasionally visited by **Dana Gibson**, who wings over from Poland. ■ **John Newman** (jnewman2@chw.edu) reports that **Shawn Phillips** headed to South America for the summer to study the dangers of deforestation and forest fires in the Colombian rain forest. ■ **Tim Carter** sold his fruit juice stand in Palo Alto and moved to Sun Valley, where he and **John Roach** are managing a Tex Mex restaurant known as El Taverino. ■ Now living in Brooklyn, **Chris Carter** is working for the man and writing, writing, writing. He's really sorry he missed **Jeff Bushell**'s

Betsy Godshalk '94 and Glenn Richard (see 1994 column)

Kari Larsen '95 and Lee Davidson (see 1995 column)

Kirsten Bremer '95 and Brian Belh (see 1995 column)

birthday party and hopes Jeff will let him live it down. ■ In January, **Amy McKee** (amckee@mailhost.tcs.tulane.edu) ran the Mardi Gras Marathon in New Orleans. After finishing her second year of med school at Tulane, she was heading to NYC to see **Trista Voss** and on to London to visit **Christina Jaeger Tyson**. ■ **Anne Schulz** (aschulz@buxtonco.com) is neither married nor living in Ohio, and we apologize for printing some bogus information in the spring issue. Anne enjoys living in northeast TX, where there are small cactuses, and the leaves on the trees are smaller, but she finds the Fort Worth area quite green and enjoys the wildflowers, sewn in the highway medians. ■ **Ginny Reel** is working on a master's in the culture and history of the modern Middle East at Hebrew Univ. in Jerusalem. She studies modern Hebrew and Arabic and is writing her thesis on Israeli ideology. She expects to finish this September, when she and husband Jonathan Freirich '92 will return to Philadelphia for Jon's sixth and last year of Rabbinical School. ■ **Becky Wehle** (bawehle@cpe.urmc.rochester.edu), who recently purchased a house, is enjoying working at the Univ. of Rochester Medical Center. ■ John and **Carmen Asteinza Hopwood** welcomed son John Edward II on December 22, 1997. ■ **Sujatha Menon** and Kashif Zafar '92 were married on April 15, 1997. ■ **Kristin Coviello** (kcoviello@nwu.edu) and Mike Lounsbury '88 were married last September. The photographer forgot to take the obligatory Midd photo, but those present included **Derek Lounsbury, Dana Palmer, Graham VanKeuren, Adrian Wood**, and Shawn '88 and Crissy Meredith Miele '90. Mike and Kristin (and their new cat) anticipated a summer move to Ithaca, NY, where Mike will be teaching at Cornell. PHOTO CAPTION The Middlebury contingent in Philadelphia for the July 26, 1997, marriage of **Betsy Godshalk** and Glenn Richard included (foreground) David Barenborg '60, (kneeling) **Michael Howson, Julia Blystone, Anne McAllister, Lesley Tomion, Webb Burns**, (standing) Brad Williams '93, **Jed Morse, Paul Hughes**, the newlyweds, Roxy and **Matt Goebel**, and Jamey Brenner '93. Both now in medical school; Betsy has finished first year at the Univ. of MA in Worcester, while Glenn has done two years at the Univ. of New England in Biddeford, ME.

1995

Class Secretaries: *Wendy S. Russell (wrussell@middlebury.edu), 3A Old College Farm Rd., Middlebury, VT 05753; and Douglas J. Rogers (djrogers@umich.edu), 533 Elizabeth St., #2, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.*

Former MiddMag assistant **Annika Hipple** (annikah159@aol.com) reports that she "spent the past year and a half alternating temporary work and travel. Last winter I traveled to Cuba (using my Swedish passport) and Mexico, where I visited **Lindsey Holmes**, who was still living in Mexico City but planning to enter the Univ. of Chicago Law School in the fall. I spent the summer in Sweden, then traveled in Africa and South America. Now I'm back in Boston, working again and preparing to move to Tucson this summer to begin a master's program in Latin American studies at the Univ. of AZ. Already at the U of A, **Kate Pearson** is completing her master's in geography and looking for a job that will take her to Latin America. In March, Kate attended the American Association of Geographers conference in Boston, where she presented a paper about involving women in conservation efforts in Baja California, Mexico. Kate and I recently visited **Shannon Finch** in Baltimore, where she is working in editing and publishing at Agora Health Books. Shannon took a two-month leave of absence this spring to return to India as a Hindi-English interpreter for a Ph.D. researcher—all expenses paid! **Dan Perregaux** and **Corie Jensen** had hoped to join the mini-reunion in Baltimore, but Dan was too busy with his third-year medical school studies in Buffalo. After spending two years in Boston, where she studied and taught music, **Diana Flesner** relocated to San Francisco last August. She is doing a master's program in music performance at the San Francisco Conservatory. While she is enjoying the abundance of places catering to vegetarians, she says she misses seasons. After studying birds for the International Crane Foundation in WI for six months, **Adonia Henry** recently moved to Salt Lake City, where she is working for the Natural Heritage Program (part of the Dept. of Natural Resources), mapping and monitoring endangered and sensitive species in UT. She has the best of both worlds—downtown just a walk away and hiking trails in the Wasatch Mountains close by. Her list of places to explore in UT grows daily. **Rayda Krell** is still enjoying "studying insects" at IA State. **Julia Bonde** is doing a one-year master's program in environmental studies at the Univ. of Manchester in England. Still a consultant with Decision Architects in Cambridge, MA, Vikas Jhunjhunwala '96 is spending several months on assignment in Turkey, where he is enjoying exploring the fascinating city of Istanbul. ■ **Keith Arnold** (kda@duke.edu) has completed first-year graduate studies in coastal environmental management at Duke Univ. Keith was awarded a summer fellowship by the Environmental Protection Agency and was based in the NYC office. ■ **Erin Eggert** writes: "I took a new job at John Hancock in Boston as a systems analyst in a new group which is in charge of program management for all of the information technology projects across the entire company. I am still singing a lot—I am doing a concert with the Minnesota Orchestra, a 400-voice choir, a boys' choir, soloists, and Robert Shaw." ■ From San Francisco, **Tiffany Claflin** reports that her "new photography and digital imaging company, EXACT, is off and running. Classmates and friends can now reach me at www.exact@sfo.com." ■ After graduating from Tulane Law in May, **Roberta Stewart** (rstewart@fire.law.tulane.edu) went to Boston for the summer to take the MA bar. "Then I'm off to Tampa, FL, to clerk for a federal judge for two years. After that, who knows?" ■ The Lilac Inn in Brandon, VT, was the scene of the August 31, 1997, marriage of **Karen Engler** and **Judson Bartlett**. Karen is an analyst and operations manager with Integrated Mappin Services of Holderness, NH; Judson is manager of prepress operations at the Concord (NH) Monitor. They live in Sanbornton.

PHOTO CAPTIONS **Kirsten Bremer** and Brian Belh (Cedarville College '92) were married on January 3. Kirsten says she is "enjoying married life and looking forward to the next 50, 60, or 70 years of it!" Celebrating with them were Caroline Bolt '97 (left) and **Crystal Reitsma** (right). ■ Gathering in Park City, UT, for the May 19, 1996, marriage of **Kari Larsen** and Lee Davidson were **David Hutcheson**, Amy Larsen '97, and **Rob Nathan**.

1996

Class Secretaries: *Jennifer J. Varney (jennifer.varney@state.ma.us), 19 Ashland St., #3, Somerville, MA 02144; and Mohan Renganathan (mohan_renganathan @notes.pw.com), 108 E. 96th St., #6D, New York, NY 10128.*

Wally Swanson has been teaching English for the Peace Corps on the island of Cape Verde in West Africa. His parents and brother Peter flew to Portugal to spend Christmas with him. A photo in the Duxbury, MA, newspaper shows the Swanson family in Lisbon, standing in front of a Fernando Botero sculpture. They also saw the Botero sculpture of a bird, identical to the one that stood in front of the Center for the Arts at Middlebury for a time. The Swansons traveled to Minho, the northern most section of Portugal along the coast, then to Vianade Castelo and Obidos, touring castles at Simbra before returning to Lisbon. Wally concluded his Peace Corps assignment this July and planned to travel in Africa before returning to the U.S. for graduate school. ■ **Louis Scirri** recently graduated from Officer Candidate School and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Marines. ■ **Tonya Eza** (eza@cheshire.net) was planning two trips: "In August I will take a two-week trip to China, then in September I will leave for a 2 $^1/_2$-year stay in Taiwan, where I will be teaching English as a foreign language and acting as a volunteer missionary through my church. ■ **Terri Elofson** (terrie@guthrietheater.org), who lives in Minneapolis, has started a new job at VEE Corporation as a tour publicist for Sesame Street Live. ■ **Gretchen Elias** was awarded a Fulbright fellowship for the 1998-99 academic year to do graduate work in sociology at the Univ. of Tuebingen, near Stuttgart, Germany. Her area of concentration will be German social policy and its impact on the daily lives of women, a topic that first drew her interest when she studied in Berlin through the School of International Training.

1997

Class Secretaries: *Karen Lewis (karen.l. lewis@arthurandersen.com), Marlboro Sq.,*

#505, 410 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, MD 21201; and Rob Birdsong, 196 Castle Peak Gate E, P.O. Box 2363, Edwards, CO 81632.

Derry Mason was one of 22 Americans and 15 Vietnamese war veterans who pedaled 1,200 miles from Hanoi to Saigon (Ho Chi Minh City) in January, despite physical handicaps and residual wartime barriers. Aptly named the Vietnam Challenge, the event was sponsored by a nonprofit organization called TEAM—The Exceptional Athlete Matters. The program incorporated both a medical and educational outreach program, and the group donated $250,000 to Bach Mai Hospital outside Hanoi, which had been bombed in the war. ■ Last March, **Annmaria Shimabukuro** (dzb16470@niftyserve.or.jp) accepted a scholarship from the Ministry of Education of Japan to study at the Graduate School of Humanities and Social Sciences at the Univ. of Tokyo. ■ **Maria Sartori** (mariasartori@yahoo.com) spent the fall doing an internship in the Foreign Commercial Service Office of the American Consulate in Milan, Italy, where she traveled and met family she never knew she had. This fall, Maria begins the master's program at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in Boston. ■ Congratulations to **Brian Hubbard**, who will be in Atlanta studying at the Creative Circus School for Advertising this fall. ■ **Wendy Peterson** (wendy_peterson@abtassoc.com) is working for the environmental division of consulting firm ABT Associates in Boston. ■ **Laura Sanchez** is living in Carpinteria, CA, while working in Santa Barbara. ■ Living in Greenwich, **Laura Tabor** is working for RS Chemical in White Plains. ■ **Laura Coogan** is clerking at a law firm in NYC, with plans to attend law school this fall at the Univ. of CT. ■ **Stephanie Ransom** is working in the public relations office at the Olympic Center in Lake Placid. ■ **Ruth Gotthelf** is working for a newspaper in Taiwan. ■ **Molly Chamberlin** (zint23@yahoo.com) is teaching English in Japan and plans to attend law school in the fall of '00. ■ **Jon Tunney** and **Ian McConnel** continue their trip around the world. They were recently heard from after crossing the Himalayas at 17,000 feet. ■ **Justin Elicker** is guiding trips in Europe this summer for Putney Student Travel. ■ **Rian Alfiero** planned to spend the summer in ME. ■ **Anne Kohler-Cabot** will be working for the Middlebury admissions office. ■ **Tracy Nolan** is working at the Learning Company in Boston. ■ **Matt Ralston** is going to law school at the Univ. of CO in Boulder this fall. ■ **Chris Sherman** recently moved to Buenos Aires, Argentina, where he plans to teach English and look for work in international relations. ■ **Aaron Hyatt** headed off to Israel to study, travel, and work for a year. ■ **John Stephenson** spent the winter living in Vail, CO, where he perfected his form and worked in the Vail Village. ■ **Kara Delahunt** (kara_delahunt@madrid.flannet.middlebury.edu) is in Madrid working on a master's in Spanish. ■ **Sara Vintiadis** and **Jonathan McCall**, who traveled around the world after graduating, are now both living in San Francisco. ■ **Kenneth Kim** was recently commissioned to Marine 2nd Lt. upon graduation from Officer Candidate School in Quantico, VA. ■ On March 31, **Laine Catlin** left for a year of teaching English in Ecuador under the auspices of WorldTeach. ■ **Michael Bender** sold his first script to New Line Cinema (see Newsmakers). He works in the marketing dept. at Fine Line Features in NYC, where he lives. ■ Please send us any information you may have regarding classmates or exciting changes in your life.

1998

Class Secretaries: *Nate Johnson (njohnson@panther.middlebury.edu), 41 Court St., Middlebury, VT 05753; and Carri Smith, P.O. Box 6141, Mooresville, NC 28115.*

Henry Simonds was the cowriter and editor of a short documentary which was considered for an Oscar nomination. The 28-minute film was about five women who worked on a top-secret World War II glider project at a Pittsburgh, PA, plant. According to Henry, "Just getting the opportunity to be considered for an Academy Award nomination is enough of a victory." ■ This space is reserved for your news in the next issue. Let us know what you're doing at the above addresses.

Language Schools

English

Congratulations to **Nina Ruth Hamilton** (M.A. '60), who recently celebrated her 101st birthday. She taught in one-room schoolhouses and traveled on unpaved mountain roads to supervise the music program in country schools of PA. After earning a degree from Shippensburg Univ., she became head of the high school English dept. in Cumberland County ■ **Paul Campbell III** (M.A. '72) has been named a fellow of the Chattanooga Bar Foundation, a charitable and educational arm of the Chattanooga Bar Assoc. ■ **Sue Ellen Thompson** (M.A. '74) was selected to be the 1998 resident poet at the Robert Frost homestead-turned-museum in Franconia, NH, where she is spending July and August planning the theme of her next book. ■ **Eve Lewis Perera** (M.A. '75) (pereras@aol.com) was honored at the 10th anniversary celebration of the Berkshire Institute for Christian Studies, where she has taught since 1988. Eve is a contributor to *Finding God at Harvard* (Zondervan '96) and has just published *Quiet Corner Days*, a book about her tea shop/bookstore near Tanglewood in Lenox from 1984 to 1991. ■ **Cynthia Huntington** (M.A. '83) has been promoted to prof. of English at Dartmouth, where she teaches literature and creative writing. This summer, she is leading a poetry workshop at the Cranbrook Writers' Retreat. Her most recent book, a collection of poems, *We Have Gone to the Beach* (Alice James Books, 1996), won the Beatrice Hawley Award. ■ English instructor **Stuart Robinson** (M.A. '89) has been appointed associate athletic director at SUNY New Paltz. He was also named coach of the year in the SUNY athletic conference. ■ **Jenifer Fox** (M.A. '94) (fjenx@aol.com) and husband **Nick Siewert** (Bread Loaf '94 and Midd '87) are moving to the Bay Area, where Jenifer has been named head of the Saklan Valley School in Moraga, CA, and Nick will teach humanities at the Head Royce School in Oakland. ■ After completing a six-month deployment to the Arabian Gulf with Carrier Air Wing Nine, **Stephanie Ruenzel** (M.A. '94) (sruenzel@gte.net) embarked aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Nimitz* (CVN 68). She served as an Air Wing Intelligence Officer for the '97-'98 World Cruise.

Bread Loaf Writers' Conference

Sydney Lea ('77,'79) has been awarded the Poet's Prize for his *New and Selected Poems*. His novel, *A Place in Mind*, was recently reprinted in softbound.

French

Helen Paddock Wenck (M.A. '36) recalls that "Dr. Freeman was an essential part of all those wonderful experiences" she had during her several summers at l'École Française. She has remained in touch with Dr. Freeman at Christmas. "He remembers me as a student only 10 years younger than he." Helen taught French, and her daughter is a French teacher in Chicago Public High Schools. She hopes her granddaughter will choose Middlebury. ■ **Richard "Dick" Hoyt** ('72) is "planning to retire (at last!), after teaching French, Russian, and Spanish all over MA and VT. Just ending a three-year term as selectman in Winchendon, MA, where Jean and I play at farming on an 80-acre colonial-era farm." ■ **Carol Kirkwood** (M.A. '72) recently celebrated her 25th year of teaching French at Laramie High School in MT. Carol offers evening study sessions for advanced placement students and frequently chaperones student trips to Europe. ■ **Maria Gonnella Traub** (M.A. '75) recalls Dr. Freeman as a visitor to Proctor dining hall. "He sat at my table often and would regale us with tales of Middlebury. I especially enjoyed his jokes about Vermonters. I still recall some and tell them." ■ **Hilary Sachs** (hgs6@columbia.edu) (M.A. '78) teaches at Columbia Univ. Hilary and husband Matt Kunkin have a son, Emil Zvi Kunkin (1). ■ **Cheryl Morgan** (M.A. '80) has been promoted to assoc. prof. at Hamilton College, where she also directs the junior year in France study program. ■ **Deborah Jennings** (M.A. '83) has been named academic dean of Montclair Kimberley Academy Upper School, where she has taught French since 1984. ■ In the south of France, **Robin McArthur** (M.A. '93) is a resident director for the Univ. of NC Year-at-Montpellier Program. After receiving her Ph.D. in French literature from UNC-Chapel Hill this summer, Robin will be a French lecturer at the Univ. of NC at Greensboro.

German

Old and Homeless: Double Jeopardy is the title of a new book by **Diane Wiatt Rich** (M.A. '70) and two coauthors. ■ **Timothy Allen** (M.A. '77) has worked for several newspapers in ME and is now the editor of the *Morning Sentinel*. He lives in Waterville. ■ **Bill Yanson** (M.A. '77) (babr@ix.netcom.com) has been appointed senior manager, corporate communications/North America, by Lufthansa German Airlines. Bill has offices at the company's corporate headquarters in East Meadow, L.I., and at 680 Fifth Avenue in NYC. This June Bill was relocating from Atlanta to Long Island with wife Anne and sons Craig (13) and Dillon (10). Bill would love to hear from old friends via e-mail, and he "hopes to be spending a lot more time in VT!" ■ **Susan L. Piepke** (M.A. Spanish '84, D.M.L. '86) has been promoted to prof. of foreign languages at Bridgewater College in VA, where she has taught since 1988.

Japanese

Jim Bilbao ('83) likes to read news in the magazine about his classmates from the Chinese and Japanese programs, and encourages them to send their news to the alumni editor.

Russian

Steven W. Block (M.A. '85) has joined the transportation and logistics practice group of Betts Patterson & Mines P.S. in Seattle.

Spanish

James W. Robb (M.A. '50) is now prof. emeritus of Romance languages at George Washington Univ. in DC. His recent publications include *Más Páginas sobre Alfonso Reyes*, a four-volume collection of studies on the Mexican writer. ■ The American Translators Assoc. has re-elected **Jo Anne Dines Englebert**

(M.A. '57) to a three-year term as director. Jo Anne chairs the Spanish/Italian dept. of Montclair State Univ. in Upper Montclair, NJ. Her most recent translations of Spanish American writers appear in *Latin American Essays* (Oxford 1997). ■ **Brian O'Dwyer** (M.A. '67) was honored in the 1998 St. Patrick's Day Parade in New York City. Brian has served as commissioner of the NYC Commission on Human Rights and has received special citations for his work as an advocate for immigrant groups. Now a partner in the law firm of O'Dwyer and Bernstein, Brian was a Spanish instructor at George Washington Univ. and chaired the dept. of foreign languages at Malcolm King College. ■ **Chuck Ingelse** (M.A. '89) has retired after teaching Spanish, French, and English in the Cedar Grove-Belgium School district of WI for 30 years. ■ Starting her fourth career at age 55, **Georgia Nucci** (M.A. '71) drafts bills and shepherds them through the legislative process, serving as counsel to a NY State Senator. A former Spanish and French teacher, Georgia now works for a Hudson, NY, law firm. Tragedy struck in her life in 1988, when both of her children were killed in separate incidents. Daughter Jennifer was an 18-year-old exchange student in Ecuador when she died of hepatitis. Son Christopher was 20 when he was killed in the Pan Am Flight 103 explosion over Lockerbie, Scotland. Georgia and husband Anthony adopted four abandoned Colombian children in 1990, and when the youngest started school, Georgia entered law school. As she puts it, "Bad events happen to most people and life presents us with choices. We can sit around and feel victimized, or we can use the bad experience as an opportunity for furthering our lives." ■ **George Henson** (M.A. '87) (ghenson@fs7host.ccccd.edu), who served as assistant to the dean for the summers of '87 and '88, is a prof. of Spanish at Collin County Community College in Plano, TX. "It would be understatement if I said my Middlebury degree helped me get the job," he writes. He enjoys reading about fellow language school classmates in the magazine. ■ **Michael McGrath** (M.A. '90) , an assistant prof. of Spanish at King's College, Wilkes-Barre, PA, has successfully defended his doctoral thesis ("Dramatic Activity in 17th Century Segovia: Study and Documents") in Spanish at the Univ. of KY in Lexington. ■ **Malena Armstrong** (M.A. '92, D.M.L. '96) has been teaching literature courses at the Cervantes Institute in Munich. She is also teaching a course in Civilization and Culture at Munich's Advanced Technical College. She has published several short stories and her D.M.L. dissertation (Edition Reichenberger, Berlin, 1998). ■ **Albertina Meadows** (M.A. '96) and Cameron Walton were married on March 28 on the campus of the State Univ. of West GA, where she is a faculty member. She was chosen by the Spanish Embassy as one of 50 U.S. teachers to attend summer school at the Univ. of Santiago de Compostela. ■ **Paul Buck** (M.A. '97) traveled to Dakar, Senegal, as a part of a Fulbright Teacher Exchange Program in 1997-98. ■ **Diana Ridao** (M.A. '97) and **Chris Page** (M.A. '97), who met in VT during the summer of '95 and became Spanish teachers, met again in the Madrid year-abroad program, "fell in love over linguistics and the history of the Spanish language," and were married on May 23, 1998.

OBITUARIES

1924

ARTHUR N. FERRY, 95, of Hackettstown, NJ, on August 4, 1997. He held a degree from Yale (1925) and an M.A. from Columbia Teachers College (1932). He was a high school teacher in NJ, served as an instructor in navigation in the Army Air Corps, and served as chief of educational therapy at Lyons (NJ) Veterans Administration Neuropsychiatric Hospital from 1946 until 1967. His wife, Agnes (Armstrong) predeceased him in 1982. They had a daughter, Jean; two sons, Brownell and Daniel; and eight grandsons.

1925

ALICE BLANCHARD CARPENTER, 95, of Montpelier, VT, on May 13, 1998. A graduate of Bouve Boston School of Physical Education as well as Middlebury, she was an assistant prof. of physical education at UVM until her marriage to John B. Carpenter in 1934. She was predeceased by her husband and by three sisters. Survivors include daughters Leslie Carpenter Weiger '57 and Sara Smith, six grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

DORRISICA B. CASWELL, 93, of Manchester, NH, on March 17, 1998. A teacher for many years at Manchester West High School, Miss Caswell was a graduate of the Goethe Institute in Munich, the Alliance Française in Paris, and the Univ. of Paris. She also did graduate work at Boston Univ. and Radcliff College and was a violinist in a branch of the Boston Symphony. Survivors include two nieces.

1928

MARJORIE C. DEWING, 92, of East Franklin, VT, on April 3, 1998. With a master's in library science from the Univ. of RI, Miss Dewing taught English, math, and sciences in New York state and at Franklin (VT) High School. She was also the librarian at Missisquoi Valley Union High School in Swanton. Predeceased by her brother, she is survived by her sister-in-law, a niece, and a nephew.

MARIAN GRACE HINMAN KEMP, 91, of Newtown, PA, on March 18, 1998. She was a dietitian at Good Samaritan Hospital (now Temple) in Philadelphia; a metabolic dietitian at Philadelphia General Hospital; a home economist with Philadelphia Electric Co.; and director of the Home Service Bureau, Acme Markets, which sponsored her television program, Marian Kemp's Kitchen, on WCAU-TV. She was predeceased by her husband, Victor Kemp, whom she married in 1931. Survivors include a brother, Floyd Hinman '31, and two nephews.

1930

LUCY HAGER BIDWELL, 89, of Lexington, MA, on May 25, 1998. With a master's in library science from Simmons College, she was a librarian in the Littower Center at Harvard Univ. and served as supervisor of technical services at the Watertown Library. She leaves her husband, Franklin A. Bidwell, son Douglas F. Bidwell, and a sister.

1932

HENRY B. PLATT, 88, of Batavia, IL, on March 7, 1998. He retired from the American Paper Institute where, as executive secretary, he helped pioneer the process of paper recycling. During the 15 years he lived in Mt. Dora, FL, he founded the National Bicycling Florida Touring Festival. He was also the 1978 Florida State Lawn Bowling Champion. Preceded in death by wife Mary, he is survived by children Penny, Tim, and Prudy, and four grandchildren.

1933

DOROTHY CORNWALL CHENEY, 86, of Middlebury, VT, on May 21, 1998. Married to Willis F. Cheney in 1935, they lived in Mahwah, NJ, for 38 years before returning to Middlebury. She taught elementary school for more than 20 years, traveled and studied on six continents, and participated in many College alumni and cultural events. Survivors include sons Bill Cheney and Henry Cheney, daughter Carol Cheney Wyatt '71, six grandchildren, sister Frances Cornwall Hutner '40, and several nieces and nephews, including Daniel E. Hutner '70 and Simeon H. Hutner '81. Other Middlebury relatives included her brother, the late Henry R. Cornwall '35, and two deceased cousins, Britton A. Everitt '18 and Mary Hastings Oppliger '37.

1936

CLIFFORD T. CONKLIN, JR., 83, of Thomaston, CT, on May 6, 1998. A battalion surgeon during World War II, he received the Bronze Star, the Philippine Liberation Ribbon, and the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Ribbon for his service as an Army captain. He taught internal medicine at the Waterbury (CT) Hospital and for 30 consecutive years served as public health officer, school physician, and assistant medical examiner. In 1986, he received the Paul Harris Rotary Club award for community service. He leaves son Clifford T. Conklin III; daughters Susan Carlson, Christina Grelo, and Sara Conklin; brother Richard K. Conklin '41, and six grandchildren.

1937

PIERCE G. COUPERUS, 82, of New London, NH, on May 25, 1998. With a master's from the Univ. of MI, Mr. Couperus was an assistant prof. at Middlebury and did research at Harvard and Penn State. He was head of engineering at Sharples Corp. in Philadelphia and was technical VP for Gaulin Corp. in Everett, MA, for 25 years. He was also an operations manager for APV Franklin, Inc. Predeceased by wife Ruth Duffield Couperus '38 in 1988, Mr. Couperus is survived by son John M. Couperus, daughters Alice Couperus Gross '62 and Judith Couperus Radasch '65, four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

1938

HERMAN N. BENNER, 81, of Kennebunkport, ME, on March 12, 1998. He served 48 years as an American Baptist clergyman, including 26 years as an Army Paratrooper Chaplain from the Battle of the Bulge in World War II until his retirement in 1970. He was awarded 18 medals and decorations, including the Army Commendation Medal and Chaplain of the Year Award by the American Baptist Church. Predeceased in 1955 by son Bruce Benner, he is survived by his wife of 54 years, Helen (Stowell); son Rodney Benner; daughters Roslyn Esty, Drianne Perry, and Brenda Lee Benner; a brother; four sisters; and seven grandchildren.

WILLIAM D. MUNDELL, 84, of South Newfane, VT, on December 24, 1997. He died in the same room in which he was born. He served as a Marine Corps radar operator during World War II. The author of six volumes of poetry, he was elected poet laureate by the Poetry Society of VT in 1989. He was also a contractor, mason, road foreman, selectman, auditor, justice of the peace, ski-area owner and operator, geologist, naturalist, and photographer. His photographic studies of ice crystals were published in *Life* magazine in 1971. Survivors include companion Miriam Andrews, three nephews, a niece, and many distant relatives.

1940

MARJORIE GOOCH DAVIS, 79, of Exeter, NH, on April 27, 1998. She taught at Kendall Hall School in Peterborough, NH, served as principal of Exeter (NH) Day School, headed the middle school in Scarborough, NY, for eight years, and

taught at the Greenwich (CT) Country Day School. Her mobility was limited after she was felled by a spinal infection in 1972. Her first husband, Edward J. Drew '40, was an Air Force navigator who died in 1946. Her second husband, Walter A. Davis, whom she married in 1961, died in 1974. She is survived by daughter Patricia Drew McDaniel, two grandchildren, sister Constance Gooch Perry '37, and brother Robert Gooch.

Claire Chapin Sages, 79, of Greenwich, CT, on March 28, 1998. With a master's from Columbia, she taught Latin and French in Branford (CT) High School and then became head of the foreign languages department at Greenwich High School, where she taught for many years. Predeceased by her husband, Danyel, she is survived by sons Ronald and Gregory, a sister, and six grandchildren.

1941

Edward R. Loftus, 79, of Oshkosh, WI, on April 2, 1998. He received his M.D. degree from Albany Medical School of Union Univ. (1945) and served in the Army Medical Corps (1953-55), receiving the Army Commendation medal for his part in the repatriation of American POWs during the Korean War. Continuing his service in the Army Reserve, he received the Meritorious Service Medal, commanded the 44th General Hospital in Menasha and the 452nd Evac Hospital in Milwaukee, and retired as a colonel in 1978. His civilian career as a physician spanned five decades in private practice until retirement in 1990. On August 23, 1941, he married Barbara G. Warren '41, who survives him with children David Loftus and Lydia Roger Anderson, a grandson, a sister, and a nephew.

1943

Robert J. Adsit, Jr., 78, of South Burlington, VT, on May 7, 1998. After serving as a Navy LCI captain in World War II, he began a career in the paper industry in VT. He also served as general manager of the Champlain Valley Exposition and assisted his son in the training of harness horses in Saratoga Springs and Pinehurst, NC. Active in local and state politics, Mr. Adsit was also a great sports participant, spectator, and organizer. He founded the Burlington Tennis Club and served as president of the Burlington Boys' Club. In addition to his wife, Mary Louise (Robinson), he is survived by sons John, Robert III, David '76, and Eric; nine grandchildren, and a brother.

Arthur E. Grosvenor, 76, of Venice, FL, on April 16, 1998. A lieutenant during World War II, he was involved in the D-Day Invasion of France and the Korean War. He was a sales manager for Norton Co. in Worcester, MA, and a member of the Thomas Talbet Masonic Lodge in Bellerica for more than 50 years. Survivors include his wife, Ethel, sons Arthur Jr. and Richard B., and six grandchildren.

Jane Whitman Van Blarcom, 76, of Sherborn, MA, and Brunswick, ME, on April 13, 1998. She met her husband, William A. Van Blarcom, Sr., while stationed in the Philippines with the Red Cross during World War II. They celebrated their 50th anniversary in June 1997. She taught school in PA and continued to be active as a Red Cross volunteer throughout her life. In addition to her husband, she is survived by sons William A. Jr., Kenneth W., and Thomas B. Van Blarcom; four grandchildren; a sister, and a brother.

1944

Anne Bowns Sayre, 74, of Bridgewater, NJ, on March 13, 1998, of scleroderma, a rare rheumatoid disorder. She wrote many short stories and a novel, *Rosalind Franklin and DNA* (1975), which concerned the role played by British crystallographer Rosalind Franklin in the discovery of the structure of DNA. A 1978 graduate of NYU Law School, she served as town justice in Head of the Harbor until illness forced her to step down in 1996. In 1987 she received an environmental award for individual action from the Long Island Sound Association for a program she initiated to protect Long Island harbor. Among her many activities, she was chair of the Associates of Marine Sciences Research Center (SUNY at Stony Brook) and served on the governing board of the Stony Brook Foundation. She is survived by husband David Sayre.

1945

Everett K. Hicks, 74, of Port Washington, NY, on September 28, 1997, of brain cancer. His education was interrupted by service in the Navy during World War II. He received a master's in journalism from the Univ. of MN and was an executive for American Express for 25 years. After working for the NY Stock Exchange for 10 years, he became treasurer of the Reformed Church of America. He is survived by sons Mark and Jeffrey Hicks, daughter Lindsay Reeves, seven grandchildren, a brother, and two sisters, including Helen Hicks Coulter '48.

1946

G. Walter Webb, 74, of Abington, PA, on November 28, 1997, from complications of cancer. Serving in the Army during World War II, he fought in the Battle of the Bulge and was twice decorated for bravery in combat and received a Silver Star. Returning to Middlebury, he graduated in 1948 and became a medical photographer in Houston, TX, and then for Smith, Kline and French Laboratories in Philadelphia. He later directed the media and communications department at Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine. He is survived by his wife of 51 years, Jane Billings Webb '46; sons David, Douglas, and Timothy Webb; daughters Nancy Cole and Rebecca Gillard; a sister, and 11 grandchildren.

1949

Alexander J. Smith, 73, of Burlington, VT, on March 25, 1998. Graduating in 1951 from General Theological Seminary in New York, he was ordained to the priesthood in the Episcopal Church that same year and served as a parish priest in VT, most recently at St. James Church in Essex Junction from 1964 until his retirement in 1990. He served in the Navy during World War II, and was active in diocesan, ecumenical, and community affairs throughout his life. Predeceased by two brothers and a sister, he is survived by wife Janet Rice Smith '48, daughters Jennifer Ogelby and Pamela Chisholm, sons Craig and Mark Smith, a sister, a brother, and 10 grandchildren.

1950

Alfred L. Allen, 69, of Guilford, CT, on May 15, 1998. After serving in the Army during the Korean War, he worked as a sales representative for Ryerson Steel Corp. of MA and Standard Tube Sale Corp. of Woodbridge, NJ, retiring in 1992. He was active in the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Sons of the American Revolution, and many other historical and genealogical organizations. Survivors include wife Rose (Moquin), sons Jeffrey, Jonathan, James, and Joshua; daughter Deborah Dufour; a sister, and nine grandchildren. He was predeceased by first wife Betsey (Barstow). A nephew, Edward Walton, graduated from Middlebury in 1984.

1954

Edgar A. Kniffin, Jr., 65, of New Canaan, CT, on April 8, 1998. A Navy veteran and retired architect, he held a master's in architecture from Yale Univ. School of Architecture and was employed by S.M.S. Architects in New Canaan, where he had lived for more than 41 years. He sang in the choir at the First Presbyterian Church and was a member of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing, the Watch Hill Yacht Club, and the Mayflower Society. Survivors include his wife, Anne-Marie (Peper), son Edgar A. Kniffin III, daughter Catherine A. Kniffin, a brother, and two grandchildren.

1959

Robert H. Calef, 60, of Keene, NH, on May 14, 1998. While in college, he played in the Vermont Symphony Orchestra and the Keene City Band. A graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, Mr. Calef traveled the world in conjunction with his business, Calef Associates, a consulting group. He leaves his mother, Dorothy Calef; sons Robert S., Matthew, John, and Joseph; a brother, and a sister. He was predeceased by his father, Robert G. Calef '31, and an uncle, Richard T. Calef '24.

Faculty

C. Leonard Hoag, 90, of Raleigh, NC, on April 27, 1998. From 1947 to 1973, he was a professor of political science at Middlebury. He was active in Middlebury's civic and church affairs, serving terms as justice of the peace, town moderator, member of the local school board, chairman of the Democratic Committee, and church deacon. He is survived by his wife of 57 years, Mary (Graham), daughter Mary M. Hoag, and son Charles L. Hoag.

Staff

Rufus S. Jewett, 91, of Middlebury, VT, on May 3, 1998. During his 45 years of service to Middlebury College, he became a licensed journeyman plumber. He was an active lifelong member of the Weybridge Congregational Church, where he served as sexton for 50 years. Predeceased by wife Clara (Little) and brother Paul M. Jewett, he is survived by sons Wesley and David, six grandchildren, and three sisters.

Language Schools

1930

Ruth M. Bunker, M.A. French, 98, of Middlebury, VT, on March 28, 1998. With a doctorate from Columbia (1939), her teaching career at several colleges extended from 1928 until her retirement in 1966 from Green Mountain College.

1934

Vernon B. Hagenbuckle, M.A. French, 96, of Brattleboro, VT, on November 17, 1997. During World War II, he served as a Navy liaison officer with French units in Morocco.

1950

Mary Firth O'Brien, M.A. Italian, 88, of Woodstock, CT, on April 12, 1998. She was director of occupational therapy at

the Instituto Neurologico in Milan and taught at Ospedale Meyer in Florence.

1962

Saville M. Allnutt, M.A. Italian, 93, of Alexandria, VA, on March 12, 1998. Fluent in five languages, she was employed at the Library of Congress for 30 years.

1963

John J. Bevilaqua, Jr., M.A. French, 65, of Attleboro, MA, on May 6, 1998. He taught French and Spanish at North Attleboro High School, retiring in 1994.

1965

Elise Spencer Salinger, M.A. Spanish, 56, of Phoenix, AZ, on March 16, 1998. A part-time Spanish teacher at Glendale Community College, she was a first-term representative in the AZ state legislature.

1966

Hester Hastings, French, of Lynchburg, VA, on March 21, 1997. With a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins (1934), she joined the faculty of Randolph-Macon Woman's College in 1941 and was named professor emerita in 1978.

Andy L. Simon, M.A. Spanish, 54, of Germantown, MD, on April 26, 1998, in a helicopter crash. He taught Spanish at MI State Univ. in the '70s before becoming a real estate broker and flight instructor.

1971

Sonia Gross Moore, M.A. French, 57, of Raritan Township, NJ, on April 19, 1998. She headed the language dept. of St. Johnsbury (VT) Academy from 1965 to 1973.

1973

James J. Kane, M.A. English, 53, of April 20, 1998. He taught English at Boston College High School. He ran 10 marathons and, as a Jesuit priest, he said standing-room-only Masses before Boston Marathons.

1976

Douglas E. Giffels, M.A. German, of East Stroudsburg, PA, on December 6, 1997, of pancreatic cancer. He taught for several summers at the German School and was a teacher in the East Stroudsburg School District.

(Continued from page 9)

the overthrow of the Allende regime in Chile. Indians were wild; would they be next? In a cable from Delhi, leaked in Washington, I wrote:

> And of course the news from the United States, as printed in the Indian press, repeatedly confirms her worst suspicions and genuine fears.
>
> Nothing will change her unless she is satisfied that the United States accepts her India. She does not now think we do. She thinks we are a profoundly selfish and cynical counter-revolutionary power...
>
> She will accordingly proceed to develop nuclear weapons and a missile delivery system preaching nonviolence all the way.

A quarter century goes by. A Hindu Nationalist Party comes to office, the Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP), as the head of a multiparty coalition. The Party's Political Manifesto, issued before the four day February/March elections is explicit:

> The BJP rejects the notion of nuclear apartheid and will actively oppose attempts to impose a hegemonistic nuclear regime. We will not be dictated to by anybody in matters of security and in the exercise of the nuclear option.

And, to say again, they have done just that. Pakistan may be next. A nuclear coalition led by China with North Korea and Pakistan as adherents is already a fact of life in Asia, as are the Chinese nuclear weapons in Tibet aimed at India.

It does not follow that there will now ensue Armageddonic encounters. Michael Kelly writing in the *National Journal* is surely correct in his view that the collapse of the Soviet Union deprived India of a nuclear umbrella, which diminished the danger of Chinese aggression, and so made it more urgent for the Indians to emerge as a "declared" nuclear power in the parlance of arms control. Surely India is no threat to the United States. Indeed Indian leaders continue to talk of joining in the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (CTBT). On Monday the 18th, Jaswant Singh, a close aide to the Prime Minister said, "We are ready to engage in meaningful discussions for India's subscription to the CTBT subject to our reservations." Almost word for word as Prime Minister Gandhi put it a quarter century ago. India has proven an exemplary power in terms of controlling the proliferation of nuclear gadgetry. The immediate threat to world peace comes from "rogue" states, such as Iran and Iraq, which would get nuclear weapons for the purpose of using them. In the long run, danger almost surely will be an overconfident and expansive China; arming Pakistan such that an "Islamic Bomb" appears in the Middle East, provoking a necessary response from Israel, and so on and so on.

Whatever else, this wholly unexpected set of events cries out for attention and maturity. It is half a century and more since the United States first exploded a nuclear device at Alamogordo, New Mexico. Looking on the mushroom cloud that followed the incredible blast, J. Robert Oppenheimer quoted the Hindu God Shiva from the *Bhagavad Gita*, "I am become death, the destroyer of worlds."

The same could have been said at the Pokaran test site in India two weeks ago. We started all this; and surely we must in our efforts deal with this ultimate danger, a danger not just to ourselves but as President Kennedy said, to the planet itself. Somehow our attention has wandered off in other directions. The United States Senate has yet even to ratify that Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty which we first proposed. Events in South Asia may get our attention back. Let us hope. And as you go out into the world it is urgent that your generation insist we get on with this first priority of modern civilization, but for now, let the games begin. ■

(Continued from page 35)

numbers, images, ideas, and words in my head in the same way I was manipulating the cards, and yet keep track of the whole. Why, before I had become sick, I had always done a fair amount of my writing in my head while I drove in the car or waited for children at dentist appointments and piano lessons. I was confident I could recall it hours, even days, later; however, now, I could not do the simplest math in my head or envision a strategy for a chess game or visualize a route to follow in my car between two points or even conjure up a picture of my family. I had given up writing altogether. I couldn't hold a thought in my head for a minute.

Yet another time, I struggled to explain what it was like a dozen times each day to have my mind go blank in the middle of a thought, as if the plug had been pulled and the stream of my ideas had drained completely away. There was never any hope of retrieving those ideas. I had lost not just my thoughts but the entire conversation. Repeatedly I had to ask, "What were we talking about?" but even with a reminder, I could rarely pick up where I had left off and start over. Thinking, I was reminded repeatedly, is a complex interaction of ideas and language, and to have only one or the other is worthless. My husband and doctor learned to read these "blank screen" moments on my face, which suddenly went limp, the intellectual energy of my conversation instantly erased from my eyes and the corners of my mouth. Invariably they were patient and understanding, but I did not understand it myself. To me, these moments were frustrating and terrifying proof that I had lost my mind as completely as I had lost that single thought.

Toward the end of my hospital stay, I had a roommate, a gentle, soft-spoken young woman in her early twenties who had suffered from auditory hallucinations for more than a year after nearly a decade of fighting anorexia nervosa and bulimia. In order to drown out the voices that haunted her, she slept with a Walkman plugged into her ears. One night, when she was having trouble falling asleep, her restlessness kept me awake and eventually we started talking. We lay in the dark like two girls away at camp and talked. She told me about the course of her illness and about what it was like to have crude, hostile voices shouting at her wherever she went. What frightened her the most, after the fear that she might have to listen to these vile voices for the rest of her life, was the awareness that they came from within her own subconsciousness. They were, she had realized with a shock one day, her.

All of us in the psychiatric ward had journeyed toward the outer banks of our psyches, to an unbearably lonely place full of ideas and ways of thinking that no well person could possibly consider normal or sane. The view from this place is different; anything is possible, and most of it is terrifying.

Later in the week, my roommate thanked me for being one of the few people who was not afraid of her. The truth, however, was that throughout my stay in the psychiatric ward, I was rarely not afraid, and not just of her, although she never gave me any specific cause to be frightened of her.

I feared everything I did not understand about my illness, from the loss of my ability to think clearly to the extent and object of my anger. I feared, too, everything I was learning about my illness, including the fact that it was likely to be a chronic condition. I feared not just the demons in my troubled dreams but everyone else's demons, too, the sad and frightening thoughts of an entire carnival of characters who, like me, feared their lives as much as they feared *for* them.

When I moved finally to a single room, I welcomed the solitude, but I did not anticipate how terrifying the long nights would be. Every night I felt like my seven-year-old daughter going through the ritual of safety checks as I looked in the shower, carefully closed the bathroom door so I wouldn't have to look at the black maw of that opening, cracked the curtains to let in a little light for reassurance, and then lay down to sleep facing my door, which could be closed but not locked against the terrors I knew from my own experience would be loosed by the darkness.

My own journey to the outer banks took me to places I could never have imagined existed within me, to places where I was utterly and absolutely unreachable. I thought of trees exploding into fire in my dreams and of the threadlike pair of scars on my left wrist. I thought of the look of hurt and disbelief on my 11-year-old son's face two months earlier when, during a disagreement, I had slapped him hard across the face. I had acted unthinkingly and out of frustration because my mind was incapable of keeping up with his reasoning. Never before in my life had I done anything like that. I thought of my husband's pale, drawn face crumpling the day I had walked into the house after disappearing for several hours. He was certain that I had killed myself, and, make no mistake, that had been my intent. I handed him the note, but the pills were locked in my hand with a grip of iron, as if to loosen that grip would release my final grip on life itself.

For a long time after my roommate and I stopped talking that night, we both lay awake, sobered and silent beside these thoughts of the dark places we had been and the excruciating pain our illnesses had inflicted on those around us. I cannot say even yet if my family will survive my illness intact, but I know something of the other costs. My first round-trip ticket to the outer banks ran about $50,000 and cost me a year of my life and all of my self-confidence. Other patients I met would have counted themselves lucky if they had paid twice that.

I went home abruptly after four weeks on the ward, despite the protests of my doctors, when my insurance company informed the hospital that I had reached the limit of my mental health coverage, and I had no money myself to pay for more treatment. It was a bureaucratic decision made without the slightest regard for me or my illness, but I survived. On the whole, I had received excellent care. I came home in late February with new medicines and new ways of dealing with some of the stresses in my life. The days were getting longer, the sun was stronger.

My first week home, I slept until noon every day and often went back to sleep in the afternoon, grateful not to have someone shining a flashlight in my eyes every hour of the night to ensure that I had not hurt myself. A month passed before I was able to read anything more challenging than a newspaper and remember it an hour later, but I could fix dinner again and greet my children with a smile when they arrived home from school. It felt good to be home. In time, I began dreaming again, not the grotesque and troubling visions symptomatic of my depression, but the ordinary, benign dreams of someone who is no longer afraid of who she has become. I went out and about the small city where I live as I had not done in six months, and I answered honestly almost all of the questions I encountered about where I had been and how I was.

Still, certain things could throw me and did. Two months after my discharge I broke down crying in a town an hour away when I could not remember the way home. All I had to do was ask for directions, and I did, but I cried anyway because I was still frustrated and frightened by having information lost and inaccessible in my mind. Well into the spring, I was asking my son to vacuum the lawn when I meant "mow," or pointing out red-winged butterflies to my daughter when I meant "red-winged blackbirds." Four months passed before I felt clear-headed enough to try writing seriously again. Seven months later, I was still being visited occasionally at the moment of sleep by the sort of odd visions that I had had the previous winter. In the most haunting one, the cards of a Rolodex flipped by me at a steady clip, each one bearing a face. I didn't recognize a soul among them. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of faces flipped by before I finally fell asleep. Who were those people? Why did they appear to me? I try not to jump to conclusions about what such visions might portend. It does no good to be afraid.

By late summer, I felt better than I had in a long, long time: good-natured, even-tempered, engaged again with life, but beneath that exterior I was a different person from the one I had been 18 months earlier. More than two years later, with another acute depressive episode behind me, I am no longer the self-confident, outgoing woman I once was. I am tentative, as if each day I must test the ice beneath my life to see if it will hold. I am also diminished, my intelligence less reliable, less quick, less manipulatable than it was before this experience began. My memory is slower, my vocabulary smaller, my future as a writer less certain. I no longer speak before groups nor trust my composure in charged situations, whether it is speaking with my children's teachers or discussing a good book with a friend. Like a wing walker, I must constantly adjust my position, fight for poise, and be sensitive to the slightest wind shifts in my life.

But I am wiser, too. I once thought it was impossible to walk beside the dark abyss my depressions represented without falling in. Now I know otherwise. I have come to appreciate the critical difference between the possibility of falling and the much worse experience of actually falling. All the possibilities of our lives will not be realized, and this includes some of the worst ones.

I have come so far on my journey, I fear looking petty if I insist on regaining the final yards back to my starting point, but what fills that distance was once a part of the whole against which I took the measure of myself, and I mourn its loss. My husband and psychiatrist say they can still see evidence of my cognitive impairment from time to time—in how long it takes me to recall a name, for example, or in how completely I can forget a conversation we've had—but no one else seems to notice. This is a private loss, a redefinition of self that I will have to contend with alone.

Meanwhile, I have retreated from my determination to confess my state without embarrassment or shame to almost everyone who asks how I am. Most people are compassionate. They shake their heads and reassure me that they, too, have been depressed, or they laugh sympathetically at how we all start to forget

names as we grow older; and indeed, almost everyone has been depressed at the end of a bad day or groped for a name to put with a face. When I first encountered this, I felt challenged to make it clear that my illness went far beyond what they had experienced, but this often meant parading before them scars and episodes that, frankly, were too personal and sometimes humiliating to share. I have learned to accept their naiveté as one more of my illness's challenges, to let them depart believing they are made of sterner stuff.

Perhaps what we need is a new term for clinical depression, one that would clarify the difference between (and make it easier to talk about) the depressions we all experience in the day-to-day course of our lives and the kind that requires us to be hospitalized in places where the glass in the mirrors and windows can't be broken even if a chair is thrown at it. But perhaps I ask too much. Perhaps only a true pilgrim can recognize a fellow traveler.

Certainly, there is considerable misinformation still widely believed about clinical depression, moderate and acute. The most common is that it is a perversion of nature or nurture, curable by a few sessions with a therapist or the tonic of love. If this were true, many fewer people would suffer from depression, me included, for I am surrounded by love. But it is an illness, no more curable with love than cancer is, and quite often no more curable by talk than the common cold.

The second is that its victims are nothing but misanthropes suffering from sheer lack of willpower. Again, if this were so, many more of us would be well; Sylvia Plath might still be writing poetry, and Edgar Allen Poe's stories would not be filled with the haunting hallucinations that I have come to know so well. But I have seen at close range the fierce willpower it takes to hang onto life in the face of indescribable despair, and I can bear witness to how false the assumption is.

And finally, I'm aware of widespread scorn that the pharmacy of drugs used to treat depression is no more than an anesthetic to numb people who are incompetent to cope with life. Numerous times, by the most well-meaning people, I have been advised to "just stop taking all that medicine," as if by some miracle I could throw aside my crutches and walk. But in recognizing depression as a biochemical illness with complex physiological causes, one must accept the medicines that treat these chemical imbalances as a critical part of the cure. As much as I love my husband, my parents, my whole family, and as ardently and desperately as that love is returned, the only things that have kept me alive for the past three years have been my children and my medicines.

Unfortunately, all of these misconceptions conspire to humiliate victims of depression, suggesting to the ignorant and the misinformed alike that like the victims of AIDS, we are all suffering from no less than we deserve for our weak characters. Most heartrending of all, I have seen the innocent, shattered families of suicide victims, already consumed by guilt, turned into malefactors, defending themselves against the whispers that if those who had finally succumbed to the despair of depression had been loved better or more or differently, the tragedy could have been averted. That is usually not the case. If I have learned one thing in all of this, it is that love is a gift of grace to the acutely depressed, but it alone cannot rekindle the light of life after the loss of all hope has finally buried the soul in darkness.

Often the breaking points are related only obliquely to the terrible symptoms of mental illness. Time and again over the past three years I have asked myself why my husband has not left me, for he walks through the door each evening not knowing who will greet him. Too often, I feel like a burden, not a partner, and it is a role I find almost impossible to live with after knowing myself once as a more-than-competent mother, a successful writer, and an active member of my community. When we have talked occasionally about separating, I have regarded it as the ultimate gift to him, an opportunity for him to walk away from a mountain of debt and start again with a woman who is everything I once was. But the discussion alone nearly stops my heart from beating for I am frantic that my mental health history would cost me custody of my children and access to his health insurance, the loss of either of which would take away any options I had for the future. And besides, I still love him. That is one of the few things that has remained unchanged. I love him for all the reasons I married him 20 years ago and because he has stayed. When I have walked through those doors at the hospital and heard the click of the lock behind me, his hand has always been in mine.

There are those people who act as if mental illness were contagious. I have watched them listen sympathetically when I describe the past three years, but I have also seen a number of them unconsciously shrink backwards, as if I were a leper asking to shake their hand. All of this leads to preoccupying questions: Who will love me, no matter what happens? Who will forgive me if, in the end, I need forgiveness? What will survive, not just of me but of my family? What is my future? After a lifetime of

believing that self-control is a measure of good breeding—which is a pathology in and of itself, upon which my doctors and I have spent considerable time in therapy—how does one express the rage that comes from discovering at the age of 39 that one's life has taken an irrevocable turn away from the light and possibilities of life toward a bleak place where the center does not hold?

My psychiatrist cautions me to be patient, and I have come to appreciate the irony of the relationship between his use of the word and my status as one. But three years have passed since I was first hospitalized. I feel the rush of time passing and the fragility of my existence in a way that I never did when I felt strong and carefree. I take 12 pills a day on a good day and have been hospitalized again, this time for a briefly successful series of electric shock treatments that taught me there are terrors beyond anything I have yet imagined and that erased from my memory a whole year of my life. My psychiatrist encourages me to be optimistic. He still believes a cure is possible, but I also know that my depression could return tomorrow or next month or next year, and that, in fact, it is highly likely to strike again, each episode potentially more devastating than the last, although that seems hard for me to imagine. As each day passes without my regaining the last full measure of my mind's facility, I find it harder and harder to believe that I will ever again be what I once was. And I cannot help feeling cheated. I tell a friend that I feel as if I have gone through a windshield and suffered a terrible head injury. Now it is her turn to look blank. I look fine; she has no idea what I am talking about. She waits for me to make her laugh. It was always one of the things I did best.

I am looking now for ways to reinvent my life and not be bitter or unhappy over the way things have turned out. I am still luckier than many others. I see my psychiatrist, take my medicine, make plans the color and texture of hope, and pray that I will be able to see the life ahead of me as worth living.

Five months after I was discharged from my first hospitalization, I received a telephone call from someone who had been a close family friend when I was growing up. We had not been in touch for almost 20 years, but he had heard of my illness from my parents, and he was calling to tell me what my mother apparently could not: that she had suffered from depression when I was a child and so had her mother, my grandmother. I was stunned by the confidence but not surprised, if that is possible. My mother still cannot talk about it with me. When I called her several weeks later, after my initial anger had passed and I had come to terms with the knowledge that she and others had made me carry the burden of my illness at every hospital interview by disclaiming any family history of depression or mental illness, she would admit to me only that she had had her "down times." But this euphemism hardly does justice to the genetic tie that binds us. We are not talking about descending a staircase but about scrabbling desperately at the bottom of a well while the water rises inexorably about us. I have been able to forgive her and the others only by remembering that they come from a generation when the unmentionable subject of mental illness shared the shame of incest and rape, all of them damning the victims for being involved.

In the first rush of emotion after that unexpected telephone call, I felt better about my experience, vindicated somehow that my depression was not my fault. As the weeks passed, however, and I had time to consider the information more carefully, I found less and less comfort in the knowledge that I was probably suffering from a genetic inheritance that also puts my children at risk. Perhaps there are no explanations that could satisfy me.

I am grateful that medical advances are being made every year in the treatment of mental illness. I also know that my generation is more willing to regard at least some forms of mental illness as valid medical illness, as real and as treatable as diabetes or heart disease. In that spirit, my husband and I have been open and frank with our children (they both know as much as they seem able to understand about my illness), and I have written this article and quit wrestling with whether to put my name on it. But I am not naive; I know prejudice is still widespread, skepticism common.

Moreover, I have come to appreciate the pain of my mother's burden. Within me, as within her and her mother, there is very likely a mutated combination of DNA capable of destroying any or all of us, our marriages, and the people we love most, or, most agonizing and unthinkable of all, our children. As I type near an open window, the laughter of my two bright and happy children wafting in the window like music, that knowledge makes my blood run cold. Their precious lives may rest someday on two pieces of information it is my responsibility to convey to them, regardless of whether a cure for this particular form of mental illness comes in my lifetime or not. The first is that mental illness is not their fault. The second is that there is no shame in seeking treatment. If I could be certain they understood those two things, I would give anything, anything at all. ■

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EDUCATED OPINION

By Carlos A. Brown

WHEN THE MOUNTAINS OF CHILDHOOD ARE GONE

When I was a student at Middlebury College, Professor Bob Pack asked my English literature class, "What happens when you go home and the mountains of your childhood are gone?" When no one else in class answered, I leapt into the breach, "I had no mountains in my childhood; I grew up in the Bronx." (Ha! Deal with that, I thought.) Years later, Professor Pack told me that I'd caught him a little off guard; he'd meant the question rhetorically. I confessed to him that I hadn't taken the question seriously. The subject matter of the course was pastoral literature, and while I enjoyed the literature, I couldn't see what was so damned compelling about the woods, or their absence for that matter. I was 20 years old, literal minded, and thought I knew just about everything.

I am 25 years old now; I am very proud of my shiny ironic sensibility, yet the question, "What happens when you go home and the mountains of your childhood are gone?" is perpetually skittering about my brain, helping me or laughing at me (I'm never certain which) when my assumptions about the world evaporate. And evaporate they did when I returned to Middlebury last May and learned that Bob Pack, poet and professor of English, was retiring.

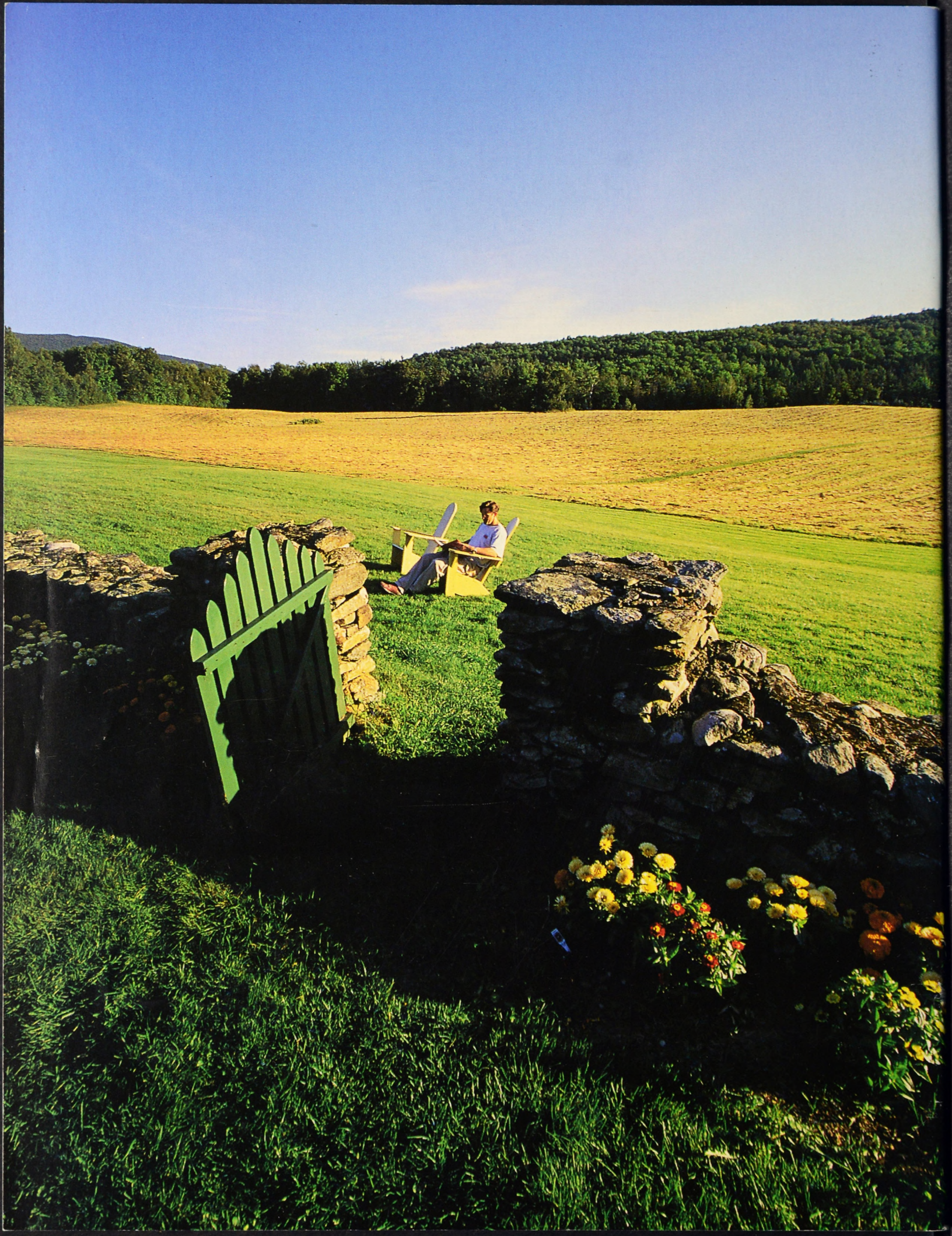
Contemplating Bob's retirement as I walked Middlebury's campus last May, I felt what I must describe as a sense of loss. Middlebury without Bob Pack would be like Vermont without its mountains. I sat under a tree outside of Munroe Hall, letting memory have its way. It's a familiar spot for me, that tree. I began studying its branches through the windows of a classroom on the third floor of Munroe during one of Bob's courses. Staring at that tree helped me to focus on his voice. Sometimes, if I looked hard enough, I lost my awareness of the other students, and it was as if Bob's voice, raspy and welcoming like a strong breeze through the woods, was there for me alone.

I remembered the day that he read us (*me*) Wallace Stevens' poem, "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird." It was winter and there was snow outside. As Bob's voice gave us that poem, I stared at the tree, its branches boasting alternating segments of black bark and white snow, and it was as if I'd never seen that particular tree before. It wasn't just the difference of that morning's snow or the way the thinner branches swayed with the wind or the way that certain branches looked different from the corner of my eye. It was all those things, and more, and together they made that tree new.

Some time after that experience, someone asked me what art is. I recalled Bob's voice and Stevens' poem and that tree, and thought, "Art is anything that demands an intensity of observation beyond the ostensible that helps us to truly understand and appreciate what we observe." One of art's quotidian utilities is its insistence that being alive means hearing "The beauty of inflections / Or the beauty of innuendoes, / The blackbird whistling / Or just after."

What am I to make of the fact that I miss who I was before I came to that conclusion? I miss the process that took me there, and I have never since experienced the triumph I felt upon finding that one answer. I think that Bob's retirement has forced me to say goodbye to the uncertain boy that I was—and that does feel like some sort of death—and to begin acquainting myself with the very uncertain man who has shown up in his place.

The poet, Bob Pack, was my mentor and will always be my friend. He sometimes seems larger than life to me. In some of my moments of profound doubt, he urged me to listen to and honor my own voice. He taught me that "skepticism is the chastity of the intellect." He taught me the value of confrontation and an appreciation of poetry that rejuvenates me in times of abysmal spiritual depletion. He taught me that it is fine to cry for myself and for others when I feel the need to, in the words of Saul Bellow, "[sink] deeper than sorrow, through torn sobs and cries toward the consummation of [my] heart's ultimate need." He gave me much that my own father should have, and never has.

The mountains of our childhood may always be present in our lives, but now that Bob has retired, they will never seem quite the same to me. ■

Carlos Brown, who attended Middlebury from 1990-1996, is an aspiring writer in New York.